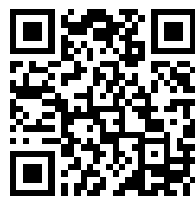

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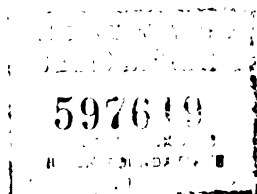
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME IX,
FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.
1846.



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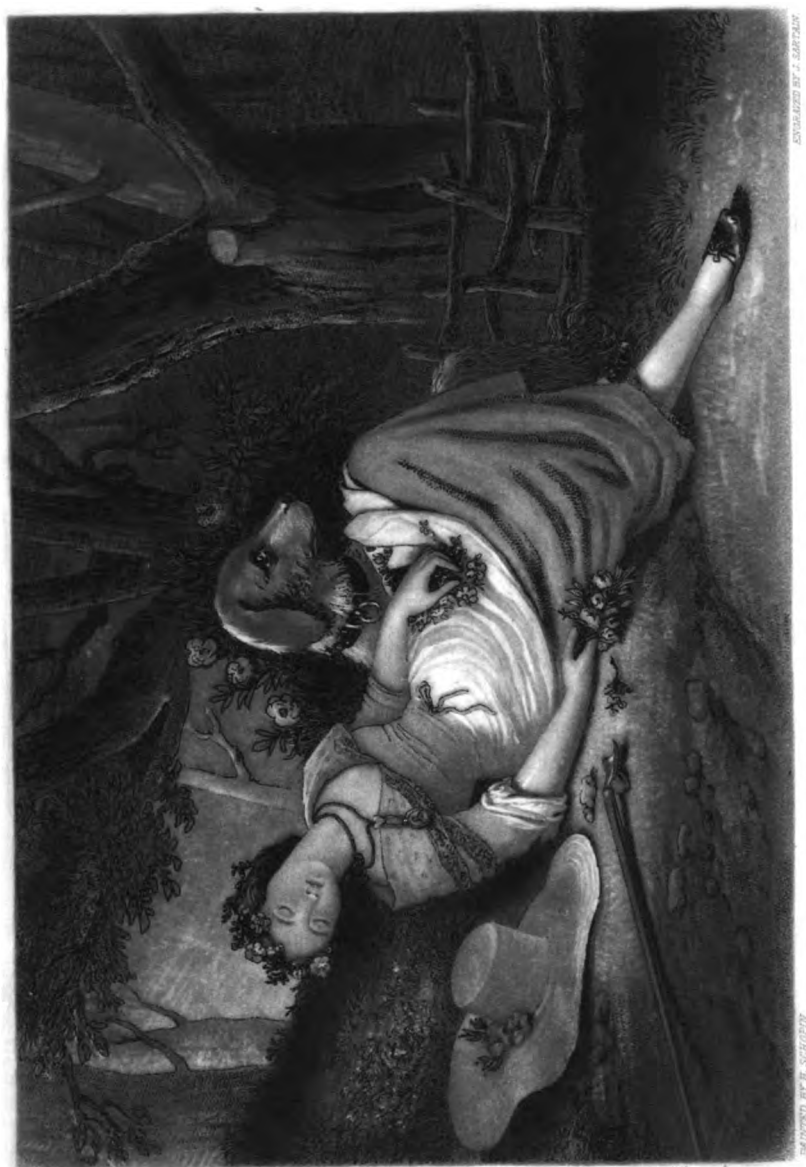
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BEAUTY ASLEEP.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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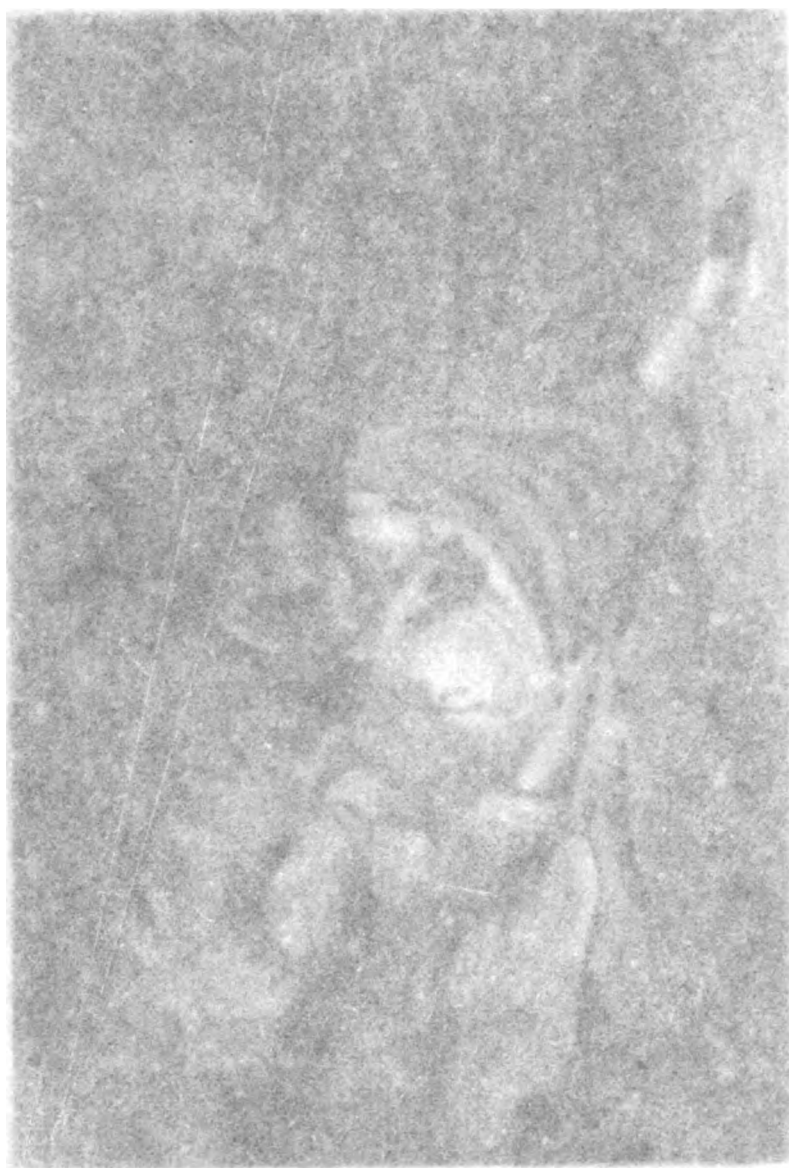
philosophy and nonsense by the yard—not only in the vernacular but in all the unknown tongues?"

"If she does I never heard her. As to having learned Greek and Latin, if that is one of the unpardonable sins, I suppose it must be laid at

the same inclination—herra no, —
rose from the comfortable arm-chair in which he had been lounging, stretched his long limbs before a mirror, arranged his fine curls, and sauntered out upon the portico.

Vol. IX.—1

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18 years ago*



LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1846.

No. 1.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"Now, Walter, dear Walter—do be reasonable."

"Am I not reasonable?—Is it not the most reasonable thing in the world for a man that has been wandering about for three years, and is tired to death of staying at home, to determine to go off again if it is but for a fortnight, to stretch his inactive limbs?"

"Yes—but just at this time, dear brother, when Augusta Hastings is coming, and I want you so much to be at home," urged Elizabeth Graydon—a sweet, winning creature she was too. "How shall we ride, or walk, or drive about without you? Papa is always so busy, and old Cyrus is such a stupid escort."

"Not half as stupid as I should be in the company of your fine blue-stocking friend. I never can speak a word before these dear, delightful pieces of frigidity, and as I have no idea of being proclaimed from Dan to Beersheba as one of the dullest fellows in the universe, I shall take good care to keep out of the learned lady's way. What put it into your wise head, my little Bess, to ask this pedantic Miss to stay with you in the country, where she will have no one to whom display her acquirements? Why did you not wait until we moved into town, and then you could have invited all the 'learned bears' about there to hold intellectual conversations with her? Her awful presence would strike me dumb instantly, for of all things in nature I most abominate a blue-stocking."

"But who told you she was a blue-stocking?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yourself—everybody. Does she not understand Greek and Latin—and Hebrew and Syriac too for aught I know?—and does she not talk philosophy and nonsense by the yard—not only in the vernacular but in all the unknown tongues?"

"If she does I never heard her. As to having learned Greek and Latin, if that is one of the unpardonable sins, I suppose it must be laid at

her father's door, who chose to teach them to her."

"More fool he for his pains," said Walter. "Just think of the absurdity of a woman's undertaking to correct that ridiculous pretender to learning, Jim Benton, in the reading of a passage in *Æschylus*, which, pedantic fool that he was, he quoted to her one evening at a party. Mrs. Sanford heard her and told me of it."

"Well, if she did do it," replied Elizabeth, "which I doubt, for Mrs. Sanford is not the best authority, it was only because he was a ridiculous pretender, and wanted to be taken down. Augusta is the very person to do that, for she abhors pretension as much as any one. Indeed, indeed, Walter, it is wrong in you to be so prejudiced—only stay at home and see Augusta, and I am sure you will agree with me in thinking her one of the most delightful persons in the world. There is something so superior, so elevated about her, and yet so simple and unaffected. I am neither a wit nor a savante, and yet she paid me a great deal of attention when I was staying with my aunt last winter."

"She might have had some good reason for that," said Walter.

"What reason could she have, but that she liked me? Oh, brother," added Elizabeth, after looking earnestly in her brother's face, "I have found you out—you think she may have heard of your transcendent charms and courted me for your sake—inufferable coxcomb that you are, I wonder how I can love you half so well as I do."

"Nay, Bess, not quite such a coxcomb as you would make me out. But she *may* have heard—mind I only hint at the possibility—of the hundred thousand dollars uncle George left me, bless his old bachelorship for that mercy; and may have a slight fancy to appropriate them. If so, she is not the first lady that has shown the same inclination—heigh ho," and Walter rose from the comfortable arm-chair in which he had been lounging, stretched his long limbs before a mirror, arranged his fine curls, and sauntered out upon the portico.

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Elizabeth followed him, put her arm within that of her brother, and looked beseechingly in his face with her bright, roguish eyes. "Now, Walter, have you really taken up this odd, this absurd idea? Do you really think that we women are always so on the look out for fortunes that a handsome, accomplished, gifted and wealthy girl like Augusta Hastings, would take the trouble to come more than a hundred miles for the chance of captivating a man she has never seen, and to whom she might very possibly take not the slightest fancy?"

Walter waived this rather embarrassing question in the usual style—by asking another. "Pray how old may this handsome, accomplished, and gifted young lady be?—if it is fair to ask."

"You don't deserve that I should answer you, but lest you should take it into your head that she is thirty, I will tell you—she is just two and twenty."

"Hem," said Walter musingly, then suddenly turning to his sister, added, "you may depend upon it, Elizabeth, she will be an old maid."

Elizabeth laughed till her blue eyes glistened with tears.

"What are you laughing at?" said Walter.

"At the solemn manner in which you uttered your awful prophecy. One would suppose you were foretelling a most fearful doom. It is a comfort, however, that it is one she might have escaped had she pleased, for she had no less than three very devoted admirers last winter to my certain knowledge."

"Indeed? who were the courageous knights?"

"That is telling," said Elizabeth, "I can keep some secrets, rattle-pate as I am. But come, Walter, finally and decidedly, won't you stay at home and help me entertain my friend? there's a good boy—do."

"I cannot, Elizabeth, I really feel unequal to it. I am no Solomon to answer the hard questions this queen of Sheba might take it into her head to propound in this warm weather. I don't feel quite well, and a trip to Canada will do me good. I shall be absent about a fortnight, and do not intend to write a line home while I am gone—writing is such a bore."

"Then you don't want me to write to you?"

"Not unless something happens, for I shall be flying about, and would not get your letters. You and your friend will have a far pleasanter time without me, for if my good manners would prevent my being positively uncivil to her, I should, I know, be enough so to make her hate me and you ashamed of me. Besides—a word in your ear, Bess—Harry Howard perhaps might be persuaded to ride and walk with you sometimes, if you crave the honor right humbly—eh, Bessie?"

"You wicked creature, let me alone," said Elizabeth laughingly, struggling to disengage herself—and as she hurried off Walter cried after her, "don't let the blue-stocking cut you out, my innocent, unsuspecting sister."

Walter was as good as his word. The very day before the expected arrival of Miss Hastings at his father's beautiful country seat on the Hudson, the young gentleman set out on his projected tour, and did not return until he was quite sure that the guest, so unwelcome to him and so cherished by his sister, had taken her departure.

Though a spoiled child of fortune, a little vain, not a little conceited and very prejudiced, Walter Graydon was essentially a noble fellow. Handsome, intelligent, affectionate and generous, with a refined taste, a cultivated mind and great wealth, he had been caressed and courted both by old and young until many of his fine qualities had been so obscured by a coxcomby of manner by no means natural to him, that the undiscerning many had little thought of his being anything better than the frivolous man of fashion he appeared. After several years spent in foreign travel, he had taken a prominent place in New York society, where those who had, like his sister Elizabeth, witnessed the anxiety of a few manoeuvring mothers and foward daughters to gain his attention, might forgive his suspicions of the mercenary views of the sex in general. Seeing many he felt to be his superiors in all but the accident of wealth neglected by those who courted him, he fully appreciated their motives, despised them accordingly, but still continued to amuse himself with the fair damsels who so perseveringly determined they would make themselves agreeable to him. His mother and sister saw and regretted this, and it was some slight hope Elizabeth had entertained that her friend might produce an impression that would remove these blemishes from his otherwise fine character, that made her feel so bitterly disappointed when he declared his intention to be absent during her visit.

Walter travelled very leisurely, lingered wherever taste or inclination led him to stop, and the intended fortnight had become a month when his baggage was deposited at the tavern of the village near his father's residence.

"All well at Beaulieu?" was the only question of the smiling landlord who heartily welcomed him back.

"All well, sir."

"Then send my trunk down as soon as you can. I am so cramped riding in that deuced stage that I will walk over through the woods," and our hero sauntered homeward.

It was but little past noon, and as the day was

very warm Walter did not hurry himself, and soon after he had crossed the bounds of his father's estate, he sat down on a stump to rest and look about him. It was near a spot that had been a favorite haunt of Elizabeth and himself from childhood, and a path before him led down the steep bank on the top of which he sat, to a brawling stream there broken into a thousand tiny falls by the large stones that obstructed its course. Just below there was an opening in the rocky bank, which, when a boy, he had made into a grotto for Elizabeth, and here, even now, she often came with book and work to spend a quiet hour. Walter was not, therefore, at all surprised when a moment after he heard her rich, musical laugh ring out freely through the wood, and was just hastening to meet her when he heard her exclaim,

"Come, Augusta, this is delightful," and in an instant the awful idea of the blue-stockings presented itself, and he retreated behind a tree—taking good care, however, that it was one that did not conceal the young ladies from his view.

Many of my readers may doubtless think it very childish for two grown women to amuse themselves by wading in a brook on a summer morning, yet truth obliges me to state that Walter thus saw his sister and another person. She certainly could not be the learned lady—his ears must have deceived him in the name—for this was one of the roundest, fairest, most bewitching looking creatures he ever laid his eyes on. She, as well as Elizabeth, were laughing, carolling forth the merriment of their hearts as gaily as the birds above them.

Walter could not take his eyes off the stranger. She was a little above the middle height, and exquisitely formed. Her long fair hair divested of the comb, was falling in rich waves round a figure, whose grace and symmetry perfectly enchanted him; the long curls in some degree obscured her face, but Walter felt it must be a lovely one, and only longed for a nearer view of it. A log was thrown across the stream a little above, and when they reached it the young ladies seated themselves, and letting their delicate feet just touch the water, began to chat merrily together. The stranger now threw back her luxuriant curls, so that Walter could see her face and a pair of large, lustrous dark eyes contrasted beautifully with her dazzling complexion and golden locks; and a pale, broad forehead, one of the most piquant little noses, and richest, loveliest mouths in the world, completed the enchanting picture. While Walter stood gazing on the fair vision, the stranger began to hum a tune, and presently sent forth the rich volume

of her voice in a lively Swiss song, of which he was particularly fond, but had never before heard sung in a manner that so completely delighted him. When the song had ceased the young ladies quitted their rural seat, and Walter, supposing they were preparing to return, made the best of his way home.

His mother met him in the hall, and he scarcely returned the warm embrace with which she welcomed him before he exclaimed, "dear mother, who is that charming creature with Elizabeth in the woods?"

His mother smiled. "So you have met already?—poor fellow, it is the enemy before whom you retreated so valiantly."

"Miss Hastings!—impossible—I thought she was a tall, dark haired, classic beauty, and this is one of the sweetest little hours I ever saw in my life."

"Had you not better set off on another tour, Walter? for here Miss Hastings certainly is, and here we hope she will remain for a fortnight at least."

"And has she been here all this time?" asked Walter.

"She arrived but three days ago," replied his mother, "having been prevented coming when she intended by the unexpected arrival of some friends to stay with her. I pity you, Walter, but indeed you must try to endure her presence, for we are all charmed with her, your father particularly. I tell him that if he becomes much more fascinated I shall be really jealous for the first time in my life."

"I am sorry—very sorry," said Walter, and he paused.

"That your father admires her?"

"No—not that—but—that the sweet creature I saw just now is Augusta Hastings. I was so much in hopes it was somebody else."

"Now, Walter! you cannot surely be so foolish. Well, go and dress for dinner, and perhaps you may have the happiness of disliking her after all; for I assure you she is very blue, entirely too much so for your taste, I know."

"Very blue! I knew it," muttered Walter as he proceeded with his toilette. "I am sure I shall not like her—it is a great pity she is so handsome—just the style of beauty I most admire—what could have put it into my head she had dark hair? Perhaps it was Elizabeth's raving so about her splendid hazel eyes. Plague take this neckcloth! I can never tie it—my hair too curls up like a negro's this warm day!" and Walter did at last contrive to get dressed just as the dinner bell rang.

He had hardly time to greet his father and Elizabeth, when Miss Hastings entered. She

was dressed with much taste, her long, fair hair was now arranged in a knot behind her classically formed head, and there was a quiet dignity in the high bred air with which she acknowledged the introduction to Walter, so different from the unrestrained joyousness of the laughing nymph of the woods, that he again repeated to himself, "I shall not like her," and ate his dinner scarcely saying a word.

Mr. Graydon, who was quite an intellectual man, led the conversation to literary subjects, and even Walter was obliged to acknowledge that he had never heard a woman converse more agreeably than his sister's friend. She gave her opinions freely and decidedly, without any effort either to display or conceal her acquirements, and in so sweet and graceful a manner as to disarm the most inveterate opponent of feminine superiority.

"My mother is right," thought Walter, "she is *very* blue, but it is beautifully so."

Presently the conversation changed to other topics. The news of the day—dress—and even housewifery, on all of which Miss Hastings entered with the same animation and interest as on the more elevated ones which had before been discussed.

When they returned to the drawing-room after dinner, Augusta seated herself at an embroidery frame, on which was spread a most elaborate piece of worsted work, at which she immediately employed herself with the greatest diligence, chatting, however, all the while with Mr. and Mrs. Graydon and Elizabeth; Walter still continuing most determinately silent. At length Elizabeth came up to him and whispered,

"For pity's sake, Walter, say something. Augusta will think you possessed with a dumb spirit."

"I have nothing to say," he replied, "besides you all keep up such a steady fire, there is no getting in a word if I wanted to."

"Do join us at any rate, and don't keep moping in this corner."

Walter did as he was bid, and joined the group at the embroidery frame. Just then there was a pause in the conversation, and Walter scarcely knowing what he said, observed—"your work, Miss Hastings, I suppose—very beautiful indeed—and yet ladies of your superior talents and acquirements generally despise these trifling occupations."

Augusta colored, and then replied in a careless tone. "Really superior people despise, I hope, nothing but what is in itself despicable."

"There, now," said Walter to himself, "was there ever such a stupid blunderer created. I intended a compliment, and made it almost

affronting by my awkwardness." And satisfied with this display of his conversational powers, he muttered something about shades and grouping, and then made good a retreat.

"Walter seems quite fatigued with his journey," said Mrs. Graydon, "or else something is the matter with him—he is not like himself to-day."

"Mr. Graydon certainly looks very well," replied Augusta. "You never told me, Elizabeth, how very handsome he was."

"Do you really think him handsome?" said Elizabeth delighted, and she soon ran out of the room to scold Walter, and to tell him of the compliment Augusta had paid him.

The instant Walter heard it he thought of his hundred thousand dollars, and the idea "she wants to catch me," was again presented. He acknowledged to Elizabeth that he thought her friend was beautiful, and much less disagreeable than he expected. But he added, "that she must not ask him to like her, for he knew he could not. She did not like him either—that he saw at the first glance—there was a decided antipathy between them."

And so indeed it seemed; for charming, fascinating, and attractive as Augusta's manner was to every one else, toward Walter she maintained the same well bred indifference as when she first saw him. They did not seem to get on together at all. Walter was coldly civil, and Augusta half the time did not appear to see that he was in the room. Still *in the room* he generally was, if not either walking or riding with his sister and her friend, though on these occasions he generally kept close to Elizabeth's side, leaving Augusta's conversation to be monopolized by Harry Howard, who he insisted had transferred his affections to the beautiful stranger. At the end of three weeks Augusta returned home, and a few days after her departure the brother and sister were seated alone in the drawing-room, when Elizabeth observed,

"I hoped, Walter, that after Augusta had left us 'Richard would be himself again.' It was distressing to me to see what an effort it was to you to be civil, and you are so unused to concealing your feelings that it changed you entirely. Indeed if fairies had the fancy for young men they are said to have for babies, I should think some provoking elf had stolen you away, and put a stupid, conceited fop in your place. But now that 'the enemy,' as mamma calls her, has gone, you should sing, 'Io pæan' over her departure, and be the same merry fellow you were before."

"I don't see anything to be merry about," said Walter gloomily.

"Not when a person you dislike so has quitted the house?"

"I do not dislike her," said Walter—"it is she that dislikes me."

"Indeed—it would be very strange if she did like you, when you think her pedantic and conceited, and blue, and I know not what besides," said Elizabeth.

"I do not think her pedantic, or conceited, or blue," said Walter.

"Then, for pity's sake, tell me what you *do* think of her?"

"I think her the most beautiful, the most excellent, the most divine creature that ever trod the earth—does that satisfy you?"

"Now, Walter, be serious, and tell me truly."

"As surely as there is truth in man, that is my opinion."

"Then why did you behave so coldly to her?" asked Elizabeth.

"Because I saw that she thought me the vain, frivolous coxcomb that I am; and I hate myself because I know that it is true. Yes! I have made an effort since she has been with us—but it was to keep from loving her as deeply, as devotedly, as despairingly as I do," and Walter hid his face in his hands, his whole frame trembling with emotion.

"Walter! dearest Walter!" cried Elizabeth, throwing her arms about his neck. "I am too, too happy."

"Happy!" exclaimed Walter, "that I adore a woman who despises me?"

"But she does not despise you, she cannot despise you when she knows you as you are—she must love you then, for you are the noblest, the dearest, the best of brothers."

"Hush, Elizabeth, you must not flatter me—I know too well how far she is above me in all that is good and great to cherish a single hope of winning her—for I have wasted my talents, abated my acquirements, and led the life of a selfish egotist instead of that of a Christian man. But that is over—though we may never meet again—from this moment she shall be my inspiration—"

"But you will meet again," interrupted Elizabeth, "and that before long—for—for—don't look so at me, Walter," she added, hiding her blushing face in her hands—"she has promised to come again at Christmas and be my bridesmaid."

"Ha!" said Walter, "so I was mistaken in thinking Harry had proved a recreant?"

"Just as you have been mistaken in every thing else; and if Christmas does not prove me right I have no true woman's insight."

"But till Christmas is a long—long time,

Elizabeth—it already seems an age since she has left us."

"Oh—I thought just now you never expected to see her again. There are no steamboats and railroads, I suppose, between here and Philadelphia—and no aunt who has been begging you for a visit ever since you came from Europe?—but there is one thing you have forgotten, Walter," said Elizabeth gravely—"that she has read *Æschylus*."

"So much the better for her."

"And talks philosophy and nonsense by the yard in all the unknown tongues."

"It is a wicked falsehood," cried Walter.

"And is only fit company for learned bears, and—stop, don't interrupt me again—that you have a hundred thousand dollars that she may have taken it into her head to appropriate to herself."

"Oh, Elizabeth! spare me, spare me," cried Walter—"fool, idiot, traducer that I was."

Christmas came, and with it a brilliant wedding in one of the most aristocratic circles in New York. The bride, our sweet Elizabeth, had never looked more lovely; but even lovelier than she, and the belle of belles, was her charming bridesmaid, Augusta Hastings. Walter, handsome, brilliant, polite to all, and devoted heart and soul to one, was groomsman, and never was lady fair more faithfully attended to. Walter had paid more than one visit to Philadelphia in the interim, and though he could not flatter himself that he had made the slightest impression on Augusta's heart, it was quite evident she no longer disliked him, and received his attentions with the same frank gaiety as she did those of the other young fashionables who surrounded her. But it was in vain that Walter watched for some word or look on which he could hang a hope for the future, and more than once he would have given up to despair had not Elizabeth, his better genius, urged him to persevere. Elizabeth well knew that a heart like Augusta's was not to be lightly won, she knew her friend's high ideal of manly excellence, saw that Walter was striving to attain to it, and with all the partiality of a sister's fond affection, felt assured that he could reach it at last and bear away the prize he coveted.

But of this there seemed no present prospect. Augusta returned home without having given her desponding lover sufficient encouragement to induce him to venture upon a declaration; and convinced of her indifference, Walter devoted himself to his long neglected studies and other more active duties, determined to forget her—but in vain. He found it was for her he studied, and for her he strove, until at length he

resolved to chase away the small lingering hope that kept alive his passion, by running the risk of a rejection.

"And was he indeed rejected?" my fair reader, I hope, will ask.

Come with me to that beautiful mansion on the Hudson, not very far from that in which we first met our hero, and listen to a conversation between the "lord and lady there." Augusta is sitting on a low seat near her husband's side, her hand is clasped in his, and her fair, round cheek is resting upon it as she says—"and so it was only because I happened to be handsome that you forgave me my acquirements? What if I had been ugly, Walter?"

"Possibly I might not then have discovered their value, for like most of my sex I bow to the influence of beauty. But I can say this much, that long before you eased my torments by accepting me, I felt that the worth of the jewel within far outshone the beauty of the casket—and now that you have been four years my wife, I feel that the loveliness which still charms my senses is but dross compared with that which daily and hourly elevates my soul."

Tears stood in Augusta's eyes as she pressed the hand she held to her lips. Presently she said, "I have told you a hundred times, dear husband, that 'your torments,' as you call them, on that occasion could scarcely have exceeded mine. I loved you at first, even against my better judgment, and when that judgment decided in your favor you seemed to have forgotten me—a woman's trials under such circumstances is harder than a man's."

"Well, here comes our little Harry, so we will not talk of trials any more. One thing I know," said Walter, as he took the smiling cherub in his arms, "that I have the best wife and Harry the best mother in the universe."

"And she a blue-stocking," said Augusta, laughing.

WINTER.

BY HENRY B. FIEST.

THEY paint the Winter as a pale, old man,
White-haired, white-bearded, trembling like a reed—

A plant that once has bloomed and gone to seed—
Saturn his type since the first cycle ran

Its shadowy round: but since this globe began

Winter has been a warrior stout and stern,

And not a thing beside a funeral urn,

Built by himself to hold his ashes. Man

Will one day do him justice, and will shrink

(If he shrinks not even now,) when he shall hear

His Boreal clarion, and avoid with fear

His sleety arrows, seeing Winter link

In fetters land and water, and shall quail

To hear the whistling bullets of his hail!

THE TEST OF LOVE.

A STORY OF THE LAST WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONQUEST AND SELF CONQUEST," &c. &c.

WHEN Mr. Sinclair, the rector of St. John's, in Havre de Grace, took possession of his pretty parsonage, and persuaded the fair and gentle Lucy Hilman to preside over his unpretending *ménage*, and to share the comforts that lay within the compass of his salary of one thousand dollars per annum, he felt that his largest earthly desires were fulfilled. A daughter was given to him, and with a grateful heart he exclaimed—"surely Thou hast made my cup to overflow."

But he too was a man "born to trouble." He too must be initiated into those "sacred mysteries of sorrow," through which the high priest of his profession had passed. In the succeeding ten years, three other children opened their soft, loving eyes in his home, made its air musical with their glad voices and ringing laughter, and just as he had learned to listen for the pattering of their dimpled feet, and his heart had throbbed joyously to their call, they were borne from his arms to the grave, and the echoes which they had awakened in his soul were hushed forever. Still his Lucy and their first born were spared, and as he drew them closer to his heart he could "lift his trusting eyes" to Him from whom his faith taught him no real evil could come to the loving spirit. The shadow of earth had fallen on his heart, but the light of heaven still beamed brightly there. Years passed with Mr. Sinclair in that deep quiet of the soul which is "the sober certainty of waking bliss." His labors were labors of love, and he was welcomed to repose by all those charms which woman's taste and woman's tenderness can bring, clustering around the home of him to whom her heart is devoted. But a darker trial than any he had yet known awaited him.

War is in our borders, and that quiet town in which Mr. Sinclair's life has passed is destined to feel its heaviest curse. Its streets are filled with soldiery. The dark canopy of smoke from which now and then a lurid flame shoots upward, shows that their work is destruction, and that they will do it well. Terrified women flit hither and thither, mingling their shrieks in a wild and fiend-like concert with the crack of musketry, the falling of houses, and the loud huzzas and fierce outcries of excited men. At a distance from that quarter in which the strife commenced, stands a simple village church, within whose shadow many of those who had

worshipped in its walls during the last half century, have lain down to rest from the toils of life. No proud mausoleum shuts the sunshine from those lowly graves. Drooping elms and willows bend over them, and the whispering of their long pendent branches as the summer breeze sweeps them hither and thither, is the only sound that breaks the stillness of that hallowed air. Near the church, on the opposite side from this home of the dead, lies a garden, whose roses and honeysuckles perfume the air, while its bowers of lilac and laburnum, of myrtle and jessamine, almost shut from the view the pretty cottage to which it belongs. All around, all within that cottage is silent. Have its inmates fled?

The neighboring houses have been long deserted, and those who left them would gladly have persuaded their pastor to accompany them, but when they called to urge his doing so, he could only point to the bed on which, already bereft of sense, and evidently fast passing from life, lay one "all lovely to the last." Mrs. Sinclair's health, delicate for years, had rapidly failed in the last few months, till her anxious husband and child, aware that a moment's acceleration of the pulse, a moment's quickening of the breath from whatever cause, might snatch her from their arms, learned to modulate every tone, to guard every look and movement in her presence. But they could not shut from her ears the boom of the cannon which heralded the approach of the foe—they could not hush the startling cries with which others met the announcement of their arrival, and the first evidences of that savage fury which desolated their homes, and left a dark stain on the escutcheon of Britain. Mrs. Sinclair uttered no cry when her terrors were thus excited, she even strove to smile upon her loved ones, to raise their drooping hearts, and in this, woman's holiest task, the springs of her life gave way—not with a sudden snap, but slowly, gently—so that for hours her husband and daughter stood watching the shadow of death steal over her, hoping yet to catch one glance of love, one whispered farewell ere she should pass forever from them.

"Fear not, my child," said Mr. Sinclair, when their sad vigils were first interrupted by those who urged their flight—"they are enemies, it is true, but they are Englishmen. A peaceful clergyman, a defenceless woman are safe in their hands—they will not harm us."

"I have no fear, no thought of them, father!" said Mary Sinclair, as she turned weeping to the only object of fear, or hope, or thought at that moment.

But soon others of Mr. Sinclair's parishioners

came to warn him that his confidence had been misplaced, that no character, no age, no sex had proved a protection from the ruthless fury of their assailants. He would now have persuaded his daughter to accompany her friends to a place of safety, and when persuasions proved vain he would have commanded her, but, lifting her calm eyes to his, she said, "father, have you not taught me that in all God's universe, the only safe place for us is that to which our duty calls us—and is not my duty here?"

A colder heart would have argued with her, and might, perhaps, have proved to her that her duty was not there—that her father could watch the dying, and that it was her duty to preserve herself for him, but Mr. Sinclair folded her in his arms, while his lips moved for an instant in earnest prayer, and then, turning to his waiting friends, he said, "go, go, my friends—I thank you—but God has called us to this, and He will care for us."

When the work of desolation had been completed in the quarter first attacked, parties of soldiers straggled off from the main body in search of further prey. Fearful was it to meet these men—their faces blackened with smoke, their hands stained with blood, fierce frowns upon their brows, and curses on their lips. The parsonage presented little attraction in its external aspect to men whose object was plunder, and they turned first to larger and more showy buildings. These were soon rifled; the noise of their ribald songs, their blasphemous oaths and drunken revelry penetrating often the chamber of death, yet scarcely awakening an emotion in the presence of the great Destroyer. At length the little gate is flung rudely open, and unsteady but heavy steps ascend from the court-yard to the house. They cross the piazza, they enter the parlor where life's gentlest courtesies and holiest affections have hitherto dwelt, the door of the room beyond is thrown open, and two men stand upon its threshold, sobered for an instant by the scene before them. There, pale, emaciated, the dim eyes closed, and the face wearing that unearthly beauty which seems the token of an adieu too fond, too tender, too sacred for human language from the parting spirit to its loved ones, the wife and mother, speechless, senseless, yet not quite lifeless, lay propped by pillows. At her side knelt Mr. Sinclair: the pallor of deep, overpowering emotion was on his cheek, yet in his lifted eyes there was an expression of holy faith, and you might almost have fancied that a smile lay upon the lips which were breathing forth the hallowed strains of prayer—"Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our

enemies, that we being armed with thy defence may be preserved evermore from all perils to glorify Thee, who art the only giver of all victory through the merits of thy son, Jesus Christ our Lord—Amen."

Dark, sinful men as these were, fresh from brutal crime, those strains touched a long silent chord in their hearts—a chord linked with the memory of a smiling village in their own distant land—with a mother's love and the innocence of childhood. Faint—faint, alas! were those memories, and Mr. Sinclair's "amen" had scarcely issued from his lips, when the eyes of the leader rested on the beautiful face of Mary Sinclair, as, pressed to the side of her father, she stretched her arms out over her dying mother, and turned her eyes imploringly on their dreaded visitors. The ruffians sprang forward with words whose meaning was happily lost to the failing sense of the terror-stricken girl. Mr. Sinclair started to his feet, and with one arm still clasped around his daughter, stood between her and the worse than murderers before him, prepared to defend her with his life. For the first time he thirsted for blood, and looked around for some weapon of destruction—but his was the abode of peace—no weapon was there. Unarmed, with that loved burden—loved at this moment even to agony, resting on him—he stood opposed to two fierce men armed to the teeth. A father's strength in such a cause, who shall estimate?—yet, alas! his adversaries were demons, relentless in purpose, and possessed of that superhuman force which passion gives. Weary of killing, or influenced by that superstition which sometimes rules the soul from which religion is wholly banished, they did not avail themselves of their swords. With fierce threats they unclasped his arm from that senseless form which sank instantly to the floor at his feet, and drew him across the room. They would have forced him into the parlor, but his resistance was desperate, and ere they could accomplish this, the sound of a drum beating the recall was borne faintly to their ears. Leaving his comrade to hold the wildly struggling father, the bolder ruffian turned back toward the still prostrate Mary. At that moment, before she had been polluted by a touch, the door was thrown violently back, and a tall, manly form strode through it. The gilded epaulettes and drooping feather told his rank, before the step of pride, and countenance of stern command had conveyed to the mind the conviction that you stood in the presence of one accustomed to be obeyed. The man who grasped Mr. Sinclair loosed his hold and shrank cowering away. He went unnoticed, for the eye of the officer had

fallen upon him who was in the act of stooping to lift Mary Sinclair from the floor. With a single spring he was at his side, and catching him by the collar of his coat, he hurled him from him with such force that he fell stunned against the farther wall. Mr. Sinclair was already bending over his daughter. As he raised her on his arm her head fell back exposing her face, around which her dark hair swept in confused masses. Her features were of chiselled beauty, and had they been indeed of marble they could not have been more bloodless in their hue, while her jetty lashes lay as still upon her cheek as if the hand of death had sealed her eyes forever. Mr. Sinclair had no such fear. He knew that she had only fainted, and rejoiced that God in his mercy had spared her the worst horrors of the scene; but as Captain Devaux's eyes rested on her, a deeper scowl settled on his brow, and in a hoarse whisper he asked,

"Have they harmed her, sir?"

"Not by a touch, thank God! not by a touch," exclaimed the father as he pressed her with passionate joy to his heart—aye, joy, even in the presence of her so long the light of his life, now passing forever from earth. For a few minutes the dying had been forgotten, for what was death—a death of peace—to the long misery into which man's base, brutal passion would have converted the life of that pure and lovely girl? Now, however, she was safe, and still supporting her on his arm, Mr. Sinclair turned to his wife and tenderly moistened her parched lips. What a mockery of all human cares seemed that pale, peaceful brow—peaceful, while he whose lightest sorrow had thrown a shadow on her life was suffering anguish inexpressible, and the child who had lain in her bosom, to the lightest throb of whose heart her own had answered, lay senseless from terror in his arms. It was a scene to touch the hardest heart, and Captain Devaux's heart was not hard. He looked around for the men whom he had interrupted in their hellish designs—they were not there.

"Is this their work?" he asked of Mr. Sinclair, pointing to his scarce breathing wife.

"No—no—this is the gentle hand of our Father," said Mr. Sinclair, as he bent his head and touched with his lips the sunken cheek dearer to him now than it had been in all its girlish roundness. The blood had begun to cast a slight tinge of red into the lips of Mary Sinclair before Captain Devaux left the room in search of the men whom he was unwilling to leave behind him, and when he returned, the tremor of her form and the close clasp with which she clung to her father, proved that her consciousness and her memory were awake.

His step had startled her, and as he entered he heard Mr. Sinclair say, "fear not, my daughter, that is the step of your deliverer, and though he is an English soldier——"

"I pray you, sir, judge not Englishmen by ruffians like these—a disgrace to the name of man. Believe me, every country has within it wretches, who, at moments such as this, when all social restraints are withdrawn, become demons. But I must leave you, sir, in safety, I trust, as I have sent to the ships all whom I could discover in your neighborhood."

"Farewell, sir," said Mr. Sinclair, extending his hand—"God reward you for the timely aid you have this day brought to the defenceless. Look up, my child, and join your thanks with mine."

Mary Sinclair raised her head from her father's bosom, and lifting her eyes for an instant to the face of Captain Devaux, unclosed her lips to speak, but voice and words were denied her.

"God bless you, lady!" he exclaimed, as taking her hand he raised it to his lips, and relinquishing it with one glance of sympathy at the dying, turned away and passed from the room. He returned once more, but it was only to leave his pistols with Mr. Sinclair.

"They are loaded, sir, and in such a cause as you needed them in just now, even a Christian minister may use them."

Captain Devaux spoke rapidly, only glancing at Mary, who was already bending with self-forgetful devotion above her mother's pillow, and before Mr. Sinclair could answer, he was gone.

All was again silent in that deserted suburb, and for long hours nothing disturbed the solemn stillness of the chamber of death, save the low sob or earnest prayer of parting love, though sounds of tumult had not ceased wholly in the village. The invaders had been interrupted in their work of destruction by an alarm from some of their own party of an approaching foe. They hurried to their ships with mad impetuosity, conscious that their acts deserved only war to the knife, and that they were not prepared to cope with any regular force. Only those, who, like Captain Devaux, had held themselves aloof from the brutal barbarities which they had striven vainly to prevent, were now composed enough to take any steps for the safety of others. To collect those who had struggled off was the first business, and while the recall was hastily beaten, Captain Devaux, selecting a small party of men on whom he could depend, went to patrol the more distant quarters of the town. Having seen no trace of an enemy on his way to the parsonage, he had somewhat hastily concluded

the alarm to be false, and, therefore, did not hesitate, before returning with his pistols to Mr. Sinclair, to send forward his men in charge of those whom he had found, promising to join them before they reached the point of embarkation. Without a thought of danger he traversed the silent and deserted streets on his return, and had arrived where a single turn would bring him within view of the rallying point of his companions in arms, when the sound that met his practised ears told of something more than the hurrying tread and mingling voices of soldiers rapidly embarking. Had his men been opposed? If so, they should not be without a leader—and with that thought he sprang forward. He was too late. Already they had fought their way through the band of villagers, who, maddened by the desolation of their homes, had gathered together such weapons as they could, and led on by one gallant and experienced soldier, whom their burning houses had lighted to their aid, were seeking to cut off the retreat of some amongst their invaders, and thus to revenge those whom they had been unable to protect. Captain Devaux's men had, as we have said, fought their way through this band—not without loss. He now stood alone—one against many—with only his good sword to aid, for the pistols he had given Mr. Sinclair were his own. To retreat unobserved was impossible, for his own cry of "forward—forward, my men!" uttered as he rushed to the scene of the just decided contest, had betrayed him—to fight against such odds with the faintest hope of success was equally impossible, and to yield was an alternative which there seemed to be no intention of offering him. In an instant twenty swords flashed before his eyes—twenty guns were pointed at his breast. That instant had been his last had not Major Scott, the leader of whom we have spoken, sprung forward and placed himself before him. Himself a brave and generous soldier, he could not tamely witness such butchery, and pale with the terror for another which he had never felt himself, he exclaimed, "yield yourself, sir, quickly—a moment's delay and I cannot protect you."

Captain Devaux's sword was in the hand of his noble foe, who, linking his arm in his, turned to face his own band, shouting as he did so, "back—back on your lives—he is my prisoner, and who touches him makes me his enemy."

The day had passed with all its exciting incidents. The glow of sunset had faded into twilight's soberer hues, and these had deepened into the darkness of night. With the darkness silence had settled upon the streets of Havre de Grace. Those who had trodden, for hours,

with burning hearts around the sites of their desecrated homes, retired to some charitable and more fortunate neighbors, to seek such rest as misery may hope. They went with sullen as well as sad brows, and as they passed one house in the village they muttered "curses not loud, but deep." This was the house in which Major Scott had found a refuge for himself and the prisoner, whom all his influence had scarce been able to protect. To remove him from Havre de Grace in the light of day, and under the eyes of his infuriated enemies was too hazardous a project to be attempted, and by the advice of some who seemed disposed to second his efforts for his safety, he had delayed his departure till night should veil the obnoxious features of the British officer.

At the parsonage, death had accomplished his work, and the room in which we have already seen Mr. Sinclair, bears the solemn impress of his presence. Beside the bed on which the lifeless limbs have been composed with tender care, the pastor kneels. His prayer is no longer "let this cup pass from me"—he is struggling for power to say, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." In an upper room lies Mary Sinclair. Tears are falling fast as summer rain drops from her closed eyes, but she utters neither sob nor moan, and by the dim light of the shaded lamp she seems to the two women, who, with well meant but officious kindness, have insisted on watching with her through the night, to sleep. A slight noise in the street causes one of these women to start, and she whispers to the other, "I am feared of everything to-night—the least noise puts me all of a tremble, for I'm thinking of my Jack. He's gone to guard that British soger, and I shouldn't wonder if he had a skrimmage about him before morning."

"And I must say, Miss Dunham, if he did, it would be nothin' more than them deserves as would go for to guard them cruel British."

"But they do say, Miss Caxton, that this Capin—for Jack says he is a Capin—was better than the rest—that he took the part of our people everywhere when he found there wasn't any fair fight, and that he was drivin' his men to the ships when we caught him."

"Them may believe that that will, but for my part I think that it must be a poor, mean speritted American that will hold guard over one of them British——"

"Not so mean speritted as you think perhaps," said Jack's mother with a flushed face.

"Well, I must say, Miss Dunham, I never thought Jack would do such a thing—if I had——"

Mrs. Caxton stopped abruptly, but her com-

panion would hear the whole—"well, ma'am, if you had—what if you had?"

"Why, then, Miss Dunham, I should 'nt have been so well pleased to see him keepin' company with my Sarah—but after this, of course, that 's at an end."

"May be, Miss Caxton, you may think to-morrow mornin' that it would have been just as well to wait till the night was gone before you said that—when you see the British Capin hanging by the neck in his fine regimentals, and hear that his guard were the men that did it—as I know they've sworn to do—you may think after all they a'nt so mean speritted."

"Miss Dunham! if they'll do that, I'll unsay every word I've said, and proud enough I would be to call one of 'em my son-in-law—but now do tell me all about it—she's asleep you see," glancing at Mary Sinclair, "and there a'nt no body to hear."

"Why, there a'nt much to tell. You see the major wouldn't give way no how at all about this here man—so, as they didn't want to fight him, they agreed that some of the real true blues who a'nt afeard of nothin', should seem to help the major and persuade him to keep the man here till late in the night, and that they would guard him—but they were to take care to have the key of his room, and when the major goes there he'll find it empty, or at best only a bloody corpse there. They'll hang him if they can get him out of the window without too much noise, but if there's any danger of his waking the major with his screeching, they'll stop his voice quick enough."

Any further conversation between these discreet watchers was prevented by a sudden movement on the part of Mary Sinclair. Springing from her bed she was hastening to the door when her steps were arrested.

"Dear me, Miss Mary! where are you going? Now do lie down again, my dear young lady!—be patient—it's the Lord's will, you know." Such were the remonstrances of her officious attendants, while, one on either side, they strove to lead her back again, but Mary persisted.

"I must go to my father, Mrs. Dunham, pray let me go, Mrs. Caxton, I must speak to my father."

"Well, then, my good young lady, just put your wrapping gown round you first, and put your feet in these slippers."

Mary complied silently, and then was suffered to proceed. Rapidly she flew to her father's room—it was unoccupied, and a glance at his bed showed her that it had not been disturbed. Mary was at no loss to conjecture where she should find her father—but as she approached

that room her steps grew slower, lighter—she was treading on holy ground. With difficulty she nerved herself to turn the latch of the door, and in an awed whisper she entreated her father to come to her. Mr. Sinclair rose from his knees, but he lingered a moment to cast one look on that still lovely face, to press his lips to that cold brow, and then, reverently veiling it, he approached his daughter.

"Come quickly, papa!—not a moment is to be lost if you would save him from death, and such a death—oh, papa! papa!—it may be even now too late."

Her tale was rapidly told, and before it was concluded Mr. Sinclair was ready for action.

"But the house, Mary—what house is he in?"

This Mary could not tell, but rapidly ascending the stairs to her room, Mr. Sinclair obtained from the two gossips the information he sought. Startled as they were by his appearance, they revered the rector too much to question his designs. Leaving his daughter to forget even her own heavy sorrow in the imminent danger of another—of one whom, without any very satisfactory reason, she as well as Mr. Sinclair had at once concluded to be her deliverer of the morning—let us follow his steps.

The church clock tolled eleven as Mr. Sinclair passed, and the sound made his fleet movements fleet still. Street after street was traversed without a voice or tread, save his own, breaking the stillness of the night. At length he reached the point of the day's devastations. Dismantled and roofless houses, from which a dull glimmer showed that the fire was not yet wholly extinguished, were seen rising here and there, while in intervening spaces a charred and smouldering heap alone gave evidence that man had had his dwelling there. A rapid glance as he passed without a pause over this ground told its desolation. But see—what object meets his eye and causes every nerve to thrill with apprehension? From the midst of one of those blackened heaps a single post shoots up—wildly Mr. Sinclair casts his eyes upward to its summit—gracious heaven! is he too late? To that post, at about thirty feet from the ground, a cross piece is attached, to which a rope has been secured, and from that rope a dark object hangs motionless. Sick with horror he stops—he gazes—no! it is no illusion—dimly defined against the star-lit sky, his eye, dilated by terror, traces the form of man, and fancy supplies the traits of him who stood before him but a few hours since in all the flush of manhood—every movement replete with energy, every look full of proud resolve and generous feeling. With a searching glance Mr. Sinclair looks around for the murderers—but they are gone—again, his

strangely fascinated eye turns to that object of horror. Is it the agitation of a death struggle which causes it now to swing to and fro in the dusky air? The thought that life may not yet be extinct gives him new strength—he runs—he flies to Major Scott's lodgings, for from him alone is he secure of aid in his present purpose.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

SEED SOWING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

GREEN in the farmer's furrow springs the grain;
And he who follows Adam in his toil,
That garden toil which makes the spirit young—
Doth find, with mystic change, the blacken'd mould
Transform'd and pencil'd in the tulip leaf.

The rich carnation, the imperial rose—
The wondrous cactus, with its countless forms,
While the ungainly sapling spreads its boughs,
Laden with bloom and fruitage.

Nature's self

Without man's aid, doth make the desert glad
And deck the wilderness. The winged seed
Which to the husbandry of gales she trusts,
Taketh due root, and up the daisy comes,
The pallid grass-flower; the fresh violet,
The water-loving lotus—the fair vine
Clasping the grey rock with a thousand arms—
The arbutus, creeping low in leafy grove,
Yet cannot keep the secret of its birth
For its sweet, blabbing breath.

The willows fringe

The water-courses, the majestic elm
Roundeth its temple arch, the forest oak,
And that which is a forest in itself
The mighty banian, all with pride attest
The unconstrain'd fidelity of earth
Unto her trust.

Thou too, oh, human heart!

God-sown, heaven-dew'd—what witness dost thou bear
Of faithful stewardship? Seed of good thoughts
Was scatter'd in thee, by that Book which makes
The simple wise. Is there no evil germ
Admitted by thee?—no dark motive made
Welcome with foul and bat-like wings to cling
Amid thine imagery?

Seed of good words

The Holy Spirit o'er thy soul did strew,
Breathing upon them. Do they blossom there,
In peace and wisdom? Ah, thou busy tongue,
So frivolous, so loud with idle mirth,
So eloquent in trifles, and so dumb
Oft times, when piety doth ask thine aid,
Be true, and tell!

Seed of good deeds was sown

Beneath the beams of His example pure,
Who trod the narrow way in loneliness,
Nor shrank from homeless poverty and toil
So he might save the lost.

Pilgrim!—whose span

Is shortening every moment—are there none

Who hunger, or are naked?—none who thirst
 For knowledge? pine in prison? or are toss'd
 Without Heaven's compass on the stormy sea?
 None who do idols worship, groping dark
 After an unknown God?—or wear the chains
 Of vice, which human love might breathe upon
 And melt away?

Haste, ere the gather'd shades
 Fall on thee from the tomb where none may work,
 And throw a shelter o'er the orphan head,
 Cheer the sad mourner, light the heathen soul,
 And justify thy Maker's husbandry;
 So that His angels who go forth to reap
 Earth's ripen'd harvest for the judgment day,
 Put not the sickle in with tears to find
 The tares for burning overtop the wheat.

THOU NEVER THINKEST OF ME.

BY ELLEN D. W. BUSH.

THERE's not a pulse that stirs my soul,
 There's not a thought I own,
 There's not a wish without control
 But turns to thee alone,
 And thus I ever think on thee
 While not a thought is cast on me!

I never look upon thy name
 Familiar as it was of yore,
 But mem'ry sighs to see again
 Those joyous days that come no more,
 And yet my name thou'lt often see
 And never cast a thought on me!

When thoughts like these dwell in my heart
 'T will sadly beat and almost break
 From dreams of love, how can I part,
 And words of joy e'er learn to speak?
 Yet thou canst tell of love for thee
 And never cast a thought on me!

Aye! tears are gushing, crowding fast,
 My hand is feeble as I trace
 These lines which echo back the past,
 No look of love bends o'er my face,
 And now till death it thus must be,
 For thou dost never think of me!

Well! be it so, I soon shall rest
 Within the quiet, welcome grave,
 Where not a pang can rend my breast,
 From one I would have died to save,
 But blessings, blessings love, on thee,
 Ah! then, perchance, thou'lt think of me!

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! from the bare and ghastly trees
 A wailing voice comes sad and low—
 The old year in the wood lies dead,
 His sepulchre the icy snow!
 But morning dawns, and o'er the hills
 A golden burst of light is spread—
 Look out—for lo! the New Year comes
 A halo glittering round his head. B. F. T.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

OF THE FEUDAL AGES.

THE most gorgeous volumes in existence are the illuminated manuscripts of the feudal ages. One of these was lately exhibited in Philadelphia. It was a prayer-book of thick vellum, and the characters were so admirably written that, at first sight, they seemed to be engraved. The initial letters were executed in azure, gold and other colors, in the style of the title-page in the present number, which we have had prepared, at a great cost, to give our readers an idea of these superbly illuminated manuscripts.

The art of illuminating manuscripts had a very early origin. Among the Romans it was used to embellish their poems. It principally flourished, however, from the fifth to the tenth century, and was employed in adorning prayer books and copies of the Scriptures. Wherever the beginning of a gospel afforded opportunity, the artist executed some appropriate picture, into which the initial letter was generally introduced. At other times the initial letter was surrounded by arabesques, or graceful designs, as in our title-page. These pictures were executed with the precision and finish of the nicest miniatures; and years were often consumed in producing a single copy of the Holy Scriptures. This was one cause of the high price of books at that early period.

During the darkness of the feudal ages, the illumination of manuscripts fell almost entirely into the hands of the monks, some of whom spent their lives in the production of a favorite volume. The libraries of Europe still contain specimens of this species of writing which are the wonder of the world. In many instances every leaf boasts a painting, the design and execution of which must have consumed weeks. Some of the pictures display a genius of the highest order. In general, however, during the feudal ages the taste of the illuminators was barbarous and uncouth. But on the revival of art in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, several works of this class were produced of the most exquisite description. They still show, in the royal library at Paris, illuminated manuscripts every page of which contains a picture, executed in a style of art that could not, even now, be surpassed.

The title-page, in this number, is the best imitation of the illuminated style we have ever seen in America. It is executed, not only in azure and gold, but in three other colors. Nothing of the kind has ever appeared before. We have spared no cost in getting it up, and our friends may boast of it as a very great curiosity.

THE COBRA DI CAPELLO.

A SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCH.

BY T. MAYNE REID.

"*Ve! Señor! la casa del mio padre!*" cried my companion, who had reached the top of the precipice, and stood pointing downward toward the south east.

"For heaven's sake, Enriqu , a little help, or I shall never get over this ledge—oh, God!"

I could not help looking back. A huge mass of porphyry loosened by my exertions, was leaping from crag to crag. It was fearful to watch its descent tearing away the vines and parasitical plants, until dashing into the very apex of a mountain palm it rove the broad leaves from the stem, and with a noise like thunder rolled into the dark abyss of the valley. The parrots and monkeys that had chattered at us as we were climbing up, screamed with terror. I was not less terrified myself. I felt dizzy, and clung to a wild grape vine that grew from the rock, repeating my request for assistance. I ventured to look up. Not ten feet above me, on the brow of the precipice, stood the young Caraquin, with his head uncovered, still looking toward the south east. He seemed in a reverie, and I could distinctly hear him mutter while he crossed himself,

"*El valle del mio natiidad,*" (my native valley.)

"*Por amor dios, Señor Enriqu !*" I shouted as loudly as my fears would permit me, "help me up this ledge!"

"*Ha—ha—mio amigo,*" cried he, starting at my voice, and laughing heartily at my terrified looks. "*Americanos no son montaneros!* here, lay hold!" and he swung me one end of his *serap * which he had twisted into the form of a rope. I eagerly grasped the depending mantle, and was soon deposited upon the edge of the precipice. My curiosity for the picturesque being fully satisfied, I scrambled nearly ten paces from the brink before I ventured to look back.

"Thanks, Senor Enriqu , I can now breathe freely!"

The expression of the student's face was irresistibly comic—mine was no doubt equally so—though from a different cause—and the rocks rang with our mutual laughter.

"*Ve, Senor! la casa del mio padre! alli-en el valle!*" repeated he, pointing to a beautiful valley that opened to the south east. I looked in the direction indicated. Was it an earthly scene? It was more like a landscape of heaven! The valley, formed by two ramifications of the

cerro we had just climbed, and clothed in the soft, voluptuous verdure of a southern clime, gradually sloped downward from our feet, until it terminated in the still blue waters of Lake Valencia! Broad fields of sugar cane, interspersed with clumps of cocoa trees and bananas, all in full blossom, lay in the bottom of the valley, with here and there a blooming rice field, amidst whose fringes of flowers a small stream like a silver serpent wound its tortuous course toward the lake. Negro and Indian laborers in blue and white cotton dresses, and broad Guayaquil hats, were at work in the fields, and their merry songs and frequent "*vayas*" to their mules, lent to the scene an air of peculiar animation! Up the sides of the valley, from the bright green foliage of the orange, or the darker lining of the olive grove, peered forth the gay walls of smiling cottages, while the blue smoke rose tapering upward, as though it sought to blend and mingle with the deeper blue of a cloudless sky—and away far down, and seemingly on the edge of the water, and amid a forest of variegated colors, purple and yellow, and orange and green, sprung the bold cupola and terraced roof of a princely mansion, to which the student Enriqu  pointed as "*la casa del mio padre,*" (the house of his father.)

I had known Enriqu  about six months. He was a student at the university of Caraccas. I always believed him to be a "gentleman born," (as he was a gentleman bred) but I never imagined that he was heir to a whole valley comprising a magnificent *hacienda*, several hundred laborers, and a splendid *casa*. Accident introduced us. It was my luck to have saved his life, and I think I may say that he was grateful. But for his attentive nursing the *vomito prieto* would have "done" for me some three months before.

Having little to attach me to Caraccas, (or to any place else) I agreed to accompany him on his semi-annual parental visit, and this leads me to where I had left off. No—it only brings me to the foot of the mountain cerro. Arriving here at ten o'clock in the morning, Enriqu  proposed that we two should scale the precipice by a path well known to him, while our servants should take the mules and baggage round by the road—the only practicable one leading to the lake. Our journey would be three miles—they would have to travel fifteen before reaching the hacienda. The proposal was accepted, the precipice scaled—and now we had arrived where the reader first found us, on the top of the cerro.

We remained for some time silent as if by a mutual understanding, both of us, though with different feelings, gazing upon the beautiful

scene. I could imagine those of the student and envy him their enjoyment. Ten years before, I too, having escaped from the cloister-like walls of my college, from the summit of a distant hill had looked upon my home, and hailed it with enthusiastic joy—the dark grey roof and chimney peering above a clump of patriarchal oaks, the old windows, the lawn, and a thousand well known objects, rushed upon my sight and into my soul, filling it with pleasant fancies—I could see the hand of my father stretched forth to welcome me. I could feel the kiss of my still youthful mother blending upon my cheek with her tears of joy. I could hear the prattle of my pretty sisters, of my brothers, (all younger than myself) and then—oh, God! are these scenes never more to return? No! not now, even in fancy! Ten years of toil and travel—ten years of contact with all that constitutes world—wild wanderings of body and soul—the mind grasping vainly, and to its own destruction, at the very elements of thought that have worn them, almost burned them from the book of memory—all—all—all! But I wander.

Enriqu   is still gazing on the lovely scene. I shall not interrupt his waking dream—no, not for the world! I can almost read his thoughts: the half suppressed breath, the steadfast, distant look tells that his soul is yonder. The landscape upon which lay *my* native home bore the wintry aspect of a northern clime, while here the view is warm and sunny—but are his emotions warmer than mine were?

“*Quien sabe?*” I said aloud.

“*Quien sabe?*” repeated the student, “who knows what?”

“Nothing, nothing, Enriqu  , I was thinking what a beautiful spot is your native place—you may be proud of it.”

“True, Senor; it is beautiful.”

“And you were thinking——”

“Of what, Senor?”

“Of your father’s welcome—your mother’s blessing.”

“Anything else?”

“Your sister’s kiss.”

“You are right, Senor, I was—the little Isidore will be so happy to see her brother, and,” after a pause he added, “to welcome the preserver of her brother’s life.”

“You have no brothers, Enriqu  ?”

“Not now—one I had—he perished in the revolution, which, as you know, has carried off some of the best and bravest Caraguins. He died for his country, for liberty, and by the cruelty of the monster Boues, but he was well avenged. We will now descend into the valley, it is but two miles to the house, *vamos!*”

We commenced making our descent. The trees as we advanced toward the lake became taller and thicker, and the woods grew darker and more umbrageous. We followed a cool, shady avenue, made by the *peons* as they went back and forward to the hills. As we approached the house, the avenue opened into a beautiful lane, bordered by rows of tall palms, with hedges of jessamine and orange trees between.

“Let us follow this lane,” said the student, “it will bring us right upon the house, and unless we be so unlucky as to meet some of the servants, we will have the pleasure of surprizing mother and sister. I wish it very much—let us approach with silence.”

We entered the lane. As we proceeded, the tall jessamine hedges and orange boughs met, and were interwoven above our heads. The sun could not penetrate their thick foliage, but the bright rays appearing through the leaves gave them a deep yellow hue, and it seemed as though we were walking beneath a canopy of gold! The jessamines were in full bloom, filling the atmosphere with a delicious fragrance, and humming birds of every hue and species, green and gold, and rose-colored, and topaz, flew up and down the lane, and whirled in our faces, like wandering sun-rays, or regardless of our presence, balanced themselves on the nearest flowers. Other birds of brilliant plumage, parrots, paraquets and troupi  les, flashed across our path, or scared at our approach, flew off uttering loud screams, toward the adjacent woods. Occasionally a beautiful snake would drop from the pendent limb where he had been rifling the nest of the oriole, and glide swiftly and with guilty look under the protection of the thick shrubbery. We arrived at length at the end of the lane, where it opened into a beautiful garden or parterre, directly in front of the house.

This scene was indeed an Eden. Everything which the eye of taste could desire was here—the soft—the rich—the bright and the beautiful. Tropical fruits and flowers of every species flung their incense around—palms, plantains, orange, olive and caymete trees blended their brilliant leaves, and screened the hot sun from the dahlias and humbler flowers that blossomed on the rich soil—the tamarind drooped over the tank, filled with cool, clear water; and numerous fountains flung their crystal drops on the soft lilies beneath. It was indeed a bright scene of fountains and flowers, reminding one of sweet pictures in Persian fable—delicious dreams of the golden orient!

The house (I might say palace) in the background corresponded with the parterre in rich and tasteful outline. The architecture was

oriental, of light proportions, with cupola, terrace and turreted roof. Screening one wing and stretched toward the border of the lake, was a grove of citron trees. Scarlet vines, lianas and other parasites, reaching from the boughs of an old date tree, and weaving with the citron branches, had laid hold of the bamboo reeds that sheltered the piazza, and formed a cool and umbrageous canopy of leaves and flowers.

Through this citron grove, and among the flowers of the liana were thousands of humming birds—it seemed to be their favorite resort. The leaves were moving as though alive, and the little creatures twinkled among the blossoms like a troop of fire flies. The only sounds that broke the stillness were sounds of music and love—the voices of nature's brightest and most beautiful things. Passing on through the parterre we arrived, silently, in front of the piazza.

"Hush—soft," whispered the student, grasping me by the arm and moving stealthily on tip-toe. "Some one is taking *siesta* in yonder shade—I see the hammock through the leaves at the end of the piazza—stay and let me reconnoitre."

We were about entering the verandah—the student foremost. His foot was already on the step, (there was only one) when suddenly stopping he again motioned silence, whispering half to himself.

"Sister!—sweet little sister!—she is asleep!"

Suddenly the expression of his countenance changed, his face became deadly pale, his whole frame quivered, and drawing his machette, he bounded into the piazza. Here he stopped trembling fearfully, as if undecided how to act, the very picture of despair!

Curiosity could hold back no longer, and leaping on the piazza, I beheld a scene that I can but faintly portray, though it was impressed upon my memory with a fearful and horrible distinctness.

Stretched upon an Indian grass hammock which reached from the piazza railing to a limb of the date tree, was a beautiful female. A light dress was thrown over her, so light as to show the full development of her rounded limbs. Her bosom, partly nude, rose and fell with the regular breathings of innocence. Her lips like two rose buds stripped of their green casing, were slightly parted, disclosing a beautiful row of pearls, while the whole contour of her features was purely Grecian. One rounded and voluptuous arm fell over the hammock, and hung pointing downward, while beside it a thick fold of black hair, that had escaped from its fastening, almost reached the earth.

An Indian girl of slight frame lay upon the

ground beneath the hammock, stretched out upon a mattress. She was nearly nude, a single cloth of cotton concealing her olive colored limbs. She too, like her mistress, was asleep.

There was nothing so fearful in this picture, the various points of which came under my observation in a second of time, and I was about to turn inquiringly toward my companion, when I perceived a slight motion in an object directly over the hammock, that had hitherto escaped my notice. Oh, God! half warped in spiral rings round a limb of the date tree—half suspended, with head projecting, glistening eyes and flashing fangs, hung the fearful *Cobra di Capello*. His huge body, fearfully beautiful, gleamed and lubricated in the sun, flashes of which, at intervals, reached him through the leaves, while his neck and head curved over the unconscious sleeper, undulating backward and forward not ten inches from her face. His mouth was wide open, from which protruded two bright fiery fangs, while his eyes glistened with the fierceness of revenge. He seemed triumphantly to hold his victim under some fearful fascination, while he gloated upon her beauty with a horrible, yet human-like passion. It was a terrific picture, beautiful in the extreme, but of that beauty which fills the soul with agonizing fear. The slightest motion of that lovely arm, the slightest murmur of those pouting lips, and she is lost!

"Hold! for God's sake, Enriquê—stay!"

I saw, at a glance, that to approach the sleepers was but to seal the doom of her in the hammock, and I silently, but firmly restrained the almost frantic youth. There was but one way to save her, and I determined to try it.

Over my shoulder hung (what I had carried in all my travels through South America) a short "Yankee" rifle, and much practice had made me a fair shot. I knew that to hit the monster in the eye offered the only chance of saving the sleeping girl. Taking my position (there were not ten seconds of time wasted in all that I have related) I levelled my piece—my mark was the Cobra's eye, but his head so undulated backward and forward, and the orb glistened in such a manner that at first I could not gain a sight upon it. Presently, however, his head stood still—he was evidently about to make the spring—in another moment his fiery fangs would have been buried in the beautiful bosom beneath. I became satisfied with my view and fired.

A double scream followed the shot. The two girls had sprung from their sleeping position, and with the tortuous and spiral wanderings of the

snake, formed a fearful and changing tableau; we (myself and the student) rushed forward, but before we could reach the spot the Cobra had firmly wound himself around the slight form of the Indian girl, and was crushing her to death. Blood spouted from her lips and nostrils, and her delicate limbs crackled beneath the pressure. When Enriqu  severed the monster, which he did with one blow of his machette, and unwound the serpent folds from her body, the Indian girl showed no signs of life. Her limbs only quivered at being released from their dreadful fastenings. She was dead!

We examined the Cobra. The rifle bullet had passed through his eye, and by this means, no doubt, saved the life of my friend's sister, who afterward became my wife—but the shot, fortunately for her, was fatal to another, though an humbler victim!

MOTHER AND CHILD.

BY LYDIA J. PIERSON.

ON a low couch, in vestments white of death
Lay a young infant like a form of wax,
It was so fair, even to transparency,
And beautifully moulded. But the lip
Was livid, and the eyes closed heavily
In the eternal sleep. On the same bed
Its mother languished like a broken flower,
Breathing the treasures of its perfume out
At once in dying sighs. Her rich brown hair
Fell o'er the pillow in dishevelled curls,
Causing her high, smooth forehead to appear
More pearly in its whiteness, while her cheeks
Wore each a flush like a half withered rose.
The soft veined lids lay heavy on her eyes
So blue and deep, like fountains garnered up
In marble basins, 'neath cerulean skies.
But on the long, dark lashes hung the last
O'erflowing of their waters, for the ice
Of death was gathering o'er them. From her lips
Came low and fitful murmurings of prayer,
And praise to the Redeemer. Thus she died!

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

BY JANE WEAVER.

How wild the gale!—the snow falls fast,
The bare trees shiver in the blast;
Beneath their racks low crouch the kine,
Hark! at the door the house-dog's whine.
Yet o'er the fields, fatigued and slow,
A wan form struggles through the snow,
A sickly babe her arms enclose,
While through her rags the cold wind blows.
Alas! no welcome home she sees,
But on her cheek the tear-drops freeze:
Just heaven, teach us what they endure—
The lone, unfriended, homeless poor!

A PRESCRIPTION.

BY EDGAR WAYNE, M. D.

I.

OF HARRY HILLIARD.

HARRY HILLIARD was one of a thousand. He had a good report, not only of those that were without, but of those that were within his father's household. Of the former the poor declared him the best of friends; the old pronounced him the most considerate of young men; the rich submitted their plans and purchases to his judgment; the young sought his agreeable society and sparkling conversation. The serious admitted that such cheerfulness as Harry's was so far from being reprehensible that it was a model for those who would adorn their walk and conversation; and the gay quoted his example to show that a young man may be witty and accomplished, nay, a little erratic upon proper occasions, and still keep himself, like the Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur, et sans reproche*." Men admired his manly sense, women idolized his exquisite perception of the poetical and beautiful. Children pursued him as if he had been but a bundle of animate confections—and here, by the way, is a chance for a very proper remark in parenthesis, by one who is no chicken, and whose memory runs back through more than one generation of youngsters, who have risen to call his early play-mates *pore and mere*—

All folly, thine incomparable oil, Macassar!—

There is no balm in Columbia for grey hairs! But to our remark. It is merely to caution the ladies that though a man have all accomplishments, if he have no love and charity for children, he is a bad subject. Distrust him—unless you would have your own children (and his) the objects of his incessant torment. Well, Harry was wealthy, also. He was a dutiful son—and affectionate brother, and everybody said he would make an excellent husband. *But*: We will save what this but hinges upon for the last paragraph.

II.

OF HARRY HILLIARD'S GERALDINE.

Geraldine was pretty—of course. But every body ("of course," again,) did not concede that. Sometimes a blonde will praise a brunette, and *vice versa*, because either may admit that the other is beautiful, in *her* style, while the speaker reserves to herself the pre-eminence in her own. Oftener, however, praise of one woman is dispraise of others by comparison, and we cannot, therefore, desire or expect that ladies, however courteous and impartial they may be, will elevate rivals at their own expense—especially dangerous

rivals. Therefore it was that everybody did not admit Geraldine's beauty. Harry, however, saw and worshipped, not only what graces and excellences she really possessed, but, lover-like, he imagined many more, and blemishes were converted in his eyes into beauties or "agreeable oddities." Harry in the first paragraph cautioned the ladies, there is no harm in the second in warning the gentlemen. Analyze those same agreeable oddities wherever your happiness is concerned, before the fiat of ordering fealty compels you to shoulder them "for better for worse." Like the clown in Joe Miller, you may find them so much worse than you took them for, that the "agreeable oddities" of the honey-moon and moons precedent, will be rendered in your after life humdrum vernacular, into "disagreeable impertinences. Now *revenons!* If all did not consider Geraldine perfect, that did not discompose our hero. Men, and women too, have ever an expert way of getting over serious difficulties in this sort of affairs. If love were not blind, the single blessed would soon be so far in the majority as to vote a penal statute against matrimony. Geraldine was better than the multitude of the fair half of creation; and though she was not without faults, she was freer from them than many a wife is, with whom her husband lives happily. Odd Fellowship has not half the mysteries that happy matrimonial life requires a knowledge of. Geraldine was good tempered—equable—affectionate—of a correct tone of mind, and morals, not forgetting the minor morals. In heart she was a true woman. As the women phrase it (the young ones we mean) she was altogether of a nature to love her husband to *distraction*. That sort of affection happens not seldom, and very literally.

III.

OF THE TWIN, BECOME ONE FLESH.

The bride—for weeks enough had not passed to permit that euphemism to grow into the honest and frank bluntness of the plainer word, wife—the bride sat in her lonely bower—for boudoir is only the same thing in two unpoetical syllables. There were all the symptoms of "hope deferred" in her manner and attire. She wore an evening dress evidently elaborated for some special and immediate occasion; even to the carriage articles which were to protect her person and embellishments in the transit from her own house to that of the friend who was to be "at home," that evening, to Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard, and some hundreds of others. Geraldine had long been ready, and the hour had passed, the last at which the very highest of the *haut ton* could show its disrespect for its hostess, by the fashionable

impertinence of tardiness. And in the dining room, if you peeped in there, you would see a grate hook, supporting, beside the fire, a cover from the dinner table of hours ago, while preparations for tea, stood in all the stately gloom of untastedness upon the table, like two successive unpaid instalments of Harry Hilliard's neglected domestic devoirs. If you can show me a woman who would not, under such circumstances be as wickedly crabbed as the Rev. Sidney Smith himself, I will show one, who is either a great deal less than woman, being without her household virtues, or a great deal more than mortal, having an angel's patience.

IV.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAID.

Every couple, when first married, becomes the town-talk—the town meaning simply that part of it, whose members know the parties. All the matters pertinent to the newly wedded, and many matters impertinent are said of them and to them. On the whole, however, it is generally a very harmless and meaningless tempest of small talk, in which pleasant breezes predominate. After this storm comes a calm, uninterrupted, unless there should occur in the marriage experience of the pair, some circumstances out of the ordinary routine, on which Mrs. Grundy can hang her tropes, figures, and reflections—some unexplainable things, giving rise to dire imaginings, awful forebodings and very melancholy sighs of sympathy. In the case of our friends, Mrs. Grundy and company, some began to have troublesome surmises. Such things *thought*, were, of necessity *spoken*, for the case is not on record in which the imagination and the utterance of scandal were not instantaneously contemporaneous. All the cliques were at first *afraid* that Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard were not happy together. Then they proceeded to pronounce their fears *too well grounded*, and at last to state the circumstances as an actual and admitted *fact*. This threshold crossed, all future difficulty in the premises was removed. All the Mesdames Candors were full of talk. All the young people who envied Harry or his wife before or at marriage—all who disliked them or their set for any earthly reason, or for no reason at all—everybody who took pleasure in malicious gossip—all who liked chit-chat—the spitefully thoughtful and the giddily loquacious, by words, deeds, shrugs, direct statements, blind innuendoes, "I told you so," and "I expected it," gave wind and currency to terrible tales of the miserable life of the Hilliards. The women said *he* was a deceived and unfortunate man. The men declared she

was an abused and neglected woman. Each young lady thought "if, as he should, he had only married me!" Every young gentleman supposed the case, "if, as she might, she would but have preferred a man worth her while!" And Mrs. Grundy did not scruple to say, that she had good reason to know that Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard had been each heard to admit that if they had not married each other, each might have—married somebody else! Seriously and soberly, it must be admitted, that neither had found quite the anticipated paradise. What was the matter?

V.

WHAT A TRUE FRIEND DID.

Amid all this buzz of detraction, which had risen to such a pitch that the unlucky wedded were in a rapid way to become compelled to hate each other, by the mere force of ill-judged, and sometimes malicious commiseration, there was found one true and sensible friend of both husband and wife. He knew both intimately, and was astonished to perceive that things had reached such a pass as common fame trumpeted, and the carriage of the subjects of the scandal too well confirmed. He saw that the fiend indifference was creeping in to cool their intercourse, and that when this state of mind was varied, the variety came near—very near—to what must in plain terms be designated a quarrel. But this latter symptom was far from being considered by him a dangerous feature in the diagnosis of the disease, which, he studied as a skilful moral physician. He knew that anger, like an acute inflammation, is easier to treat than indifference, which is a chronic debility of affection. He examined his patients separately and together, without betraying his purpose, giving any hint that he knew or suspected all was not right, or permitting either to make him a set and formal confidant in the dilemma. He wanted to observe the *normal* movement of their respective pulses, not the *abnormal* or unnatural excitement which is always sure to arise in regular down-sittings to talk up domestic grievances. He discovered the first cause of the disease, and gave a prescription which, removing that, carried away all the other disagreeables, and put Mrs. Grundy to her wit's end to discover how two people who *had* quarrelled so, *could* live so happy together. But, as a rule of general application, given to the public without fee or reward, we reserve it for another paragraph.

VI.

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED.

Never keep your husband's breakfast, nor your wife's dinner waiting.

THE HEART.

BY ANNE P. DINNIES.

THE heart with its mysterious springs,
So varied, deep, and true,
Is like an instrument whose strings,
Stirred by each passing zephyr's wings
Makes music ever new!

It sighs beneath the autumn gale
O'er memory's perished hours,
As mourns the blast o'er flow'rets pale,
When hues depart and perfumes fail,
Which graced the summer bowers!

It bursts amidst rude winter's storms
In howlings wild and long,
As disappointment's ruined forms,
Which passion's breath no longer warms,
Stalk by, in contrast strong!

It gushes forth in early spring
On each fresh breeze that blows
With hope's glad voice, which loves to sing
Its welcome to each living thing,
Round which young fancy glows.

It murmurs out rich melodies
To summer's whispering breath—
Which tint the cheek, and light the eyes,
And bid all grateful feelings rise
To braid love's fairy wreath!

The heart! 'tis like a bird at morn
Chaunting its blythe lay
Ere care has touched—or sorrow torn—
Or its best impulses are worn,
Or hope hath passed away—

And, oh, 'tis like a stricken bird
That folds its shadowy wing
Above the wound—e'en while is heard
The last, the sweetest note e'er pour'd,
The requiem, proud hearts sing.

The heart! 'tis like a bud in May,
All wrapped in tender green,
But opening still from day to day
Beneath the sun's inviting ray,
'Till blooms the garden queen!

'Tis full of hope—'tis full of love
Till by rough hands 'tis brushed,
And then its richest odors prove,
Like incense rising soft above
The loneliness thus crushed.

The heart! 'tis like a flowing river
Of currents strong and wide,
Beneath whose surface rush and quiver
Into the dark, the great receiver,
Which bears them with its tide,

Down, down to one unvaried doom,
One vast, unbounded sea,
As passions—if of light or gloom,
Still hasten onward to the tomb,
To wait Eternity!

THE TRIUMPH OF COQUETRY.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

THE magnificent ball and supper of Mrs. Linwood were over, and the last lingering guest had departed; yet though silence reigned in the apartment, the brilliantly lighted saloon was not vacant. The tired servants waited to extinguish the lamps, which were even now growing dim in the faint approach of day dawn, but they waited in vain. Mute and motionless as a statue, Amy Selwyn, the beautiful niece of Mrs. Linwood, leaned against the open window, while the fresh breeze of morning played among her silken ringlets, and lifted them from a brow, whose sad and almost haggard expression contrasted strongly with the radiant happiness which shone in that sweet face one short hour before. Thought was busy with the past, and as memories of other days came thronging back upon the soul, she forgot the present. Again she was a happy child at her mother's knee, gathering for her the sweetest flowers of spring, or conning the daily task at her side, sure of that most precious reward, a fond kiss, or an approving glance from those soft eyes, so soon to be closed in death. Again she wandered with the companion of her childhood, the beloved cousin whose sex and age made him her natural protector, and whom she had never ceased to love with sisterly affection, though circumstances had of late estranged them from each other. Another image was before her too—one which was once associated with all her youthful dreams of hope and joy, and which even now brought the rich blood to her cheek, and caused her heart to throb so wildly, that she started and looked about her as though the object of her thoughts must indeed be standing at her side. At that moment a young man, who, until then, had remained motionless as herself gazing on her averted form, hastily crossed the room and addressing the young lady, exclaimed,

"So, Amy, you have sold yourself for wealth—you who were once so child-like and simple in all your tastes and feelings. Is it indeed true, what was so complacently asserted in this circle to-night by that heartless woman, that you are about to marry Colonel Winterton, whom you have known only for one short month? Amy, tell me it is not so, or I shall learn to look with scorn and loathing on your whole sex."

"George, do not speak to me in that harsh way; you know I cannot bear it. It is so long since I have had any one to love or care for me, and I was so glad to see my once kind cousin back again."

As she spoke, the beautiful girl looked up with

a timid and deprecating glance in the face of her companion, but she found there no answering glance of sympathy. His strongly marked, but handsome features were cold and stern in their expression, and he evidently shrank from the light hand laid tremblingly on his shoulder as he answered.

"I would not deal harshly with any one, Amy, and least of all with you. I believe you will find me more truly your friend than many, who would flatter and persuade you that you can do nothing wrong, but I cannot and will not conceal from you, that your treatment of my friend, Clinton Delamere, has destroyed forever my esteem and confidence in your character. I know him to be, at this moment, a voluntary exile from his country, ill and almost heart-broken, and can I feel otherwise than indignant when I see you lavishing your smiles on another, to whom, if report speaks truth, you are about to give your hand at the altar? Amy, have you a heart to give?"

"I did not forsake Clinton Delamere," she said, while she vainly struggled to force back the tears which filled her eyes—"he chose to distrust, to forget me. Surely you would not have wished me to seek to win him back again?"

"And why did he distrust, and seek to forget you, Amy? Was it not because that spirit of coquetry, which is the bane of your existence, prompted you to seek for the admiration of every one around you—to traffic for compliments—to barter looks for words, and words for feelings, in short, to make your lover miserable for the gratification of your vanity? Yet you might, had you so chosen, have won him back without the sacrifice of maidenly delicacy or dignity, nay, you might do so still."

"Win him back!" she indignantly exclaimed. "I have no need to make so great a struggle to be beloved; there are many as wise as Clinton Delamere and my cousin George, who can love me in spite of my faults. But pray, tell me, most excellent Merton, on what occasions I have played the coquette?"

"Can you seriously ask that question of me, Amy? Have you forgotten young Stanley and his costly gifts, which you coldly returned when weary of the giver? Have you forgotten poor Montague and his invalid sister, on whom you lavished such kind attentions, until you had gained the heart of the brother, when you left them both to their solitude? Have you forgotten the rich, but brainless young southerner, whose attentions you encouraged for months, for the sake of giving pain to an upright and honorable man, who loved you with his whole heart? I might name others whom you have it worth

your while to win," he added, while his countenance assumed a peculiar and confused expression—"but I forbear."

Miss Selwyn raised her eyes, and a smile of triumph lighted up every feature of her expressive countenance as she gazed on his.

"You are jealous, Mr. Selwyn," she said, "I might have known what kind of spirit it was that prompted those bitter words. A lover is not usually an impartial judge."

"I am not your lover, Amy Selwyn—God forbid that my happiness should ever depend on a being so capricious and heartless; and if I were your admirer, what would admiration be worth without respect or esteem, or confidence? Would it indeed be worth that smile? To your surpassing beauty no one can be insensible, but believe me, Amy, external attractions are valueless when unaccompanied by those higher qualities of heart and mind, which alone can give permanence to affection. Forgive my plainness of speech—we may not meet often again on earth, and I would not part in unkindness, but when I think on what you was before you knew the great and gay world, and on what that world has made you, my heart is full. By the memories of our happy youth; by the image of your sainted mother, I implore you to pause even now, and, if possible, retrace your steps. You have made the misery of one man; do not destroy the happiness of another, or the day will come when the triumph of coquetry shall have no power to comfort your agony. Good night."

He turned and left the room before the bewildered Amy could collect her thoughts sufficiently to answer. Mechanically she sought her own apartment, and throwing herself on a low seat, burst into a violent flood of tears. The last words of George Selwyn still sounded in her ear, and conscience told her they were just. Grief, resentment, tenderness and pride, strove alternately for the mastery, and in the wild chaos of her thoughts she was sensible only of one overwhelming feeling of utter wretchedness.

"Oh, that I had died in my childhood," was her passionate exclamation—"that I could die even now, for there is not one being on earth to love or pity me. Even George has become my enemy, and Clinton, dear Clinton, oh, God, forgive and help me, that love is sinful now."

The weary attendant who had been sitting up for her young mistress, started at the sound of her voice, and mistaking the cause of her grief, said kindly—"don't fret so, Miss Amy, we must all leave home some time or other, and I'm sure Colonel Winterton—"

"Home!" impatiently exclaimed Miss Selwyn,

"why talk to me of home? I have no home, no friends to leave. Home! oh, where is the home of my childhood, where the kind bosom on which I used to pour out all my childish sorrows? Where is the father whose counsels would have guided me, whose love would have shielded me from every ill?"

"Dear Miss," said the astonished maid, "I'm sure you have everything to make you happy, and as for your honored parents, why it's in nature for parents to die before their children, and she was always such a delicate lady. So do dry your beautiful eyes, Miss, or sure when Colonel Winterton comes to-morrow, you'll not be fit to be seen." Nothing restrains the outward expression of feeling like the consciousness of a total want of sympathy in those about us; Amy Selwyn ceased to weep and began to undress, after which she dismissed her attendant, and burying her head in her hands, resigned herself to sad and bitter recollections.

Amy Selwyn was an orphan, and had been for three years under the care of her paternal relative, Mrs. Linwood, who was a rich, fashionable and worldly wise woman. She had a magnificent establishment in town and country, was an acknowledged leader of ton, and prided herself on having made splendid matches for two nieces who had preceded our heroine as inmates of her family. When, therefore, the young and beautiful child of her only brother came to her soon after that brother's death, for protection and a home, she resolved to spare no pains to secure for her what she considered an advantageous settlement in life—and her plans were all laid accordingly. Amy, who had wit and talent as well as beauty, was most skilfully drawn out and exhibited when *un bon parti* was in question, but to gentlemen destitute of *golden* qualifications, Mrs. Linwood was so frigidly reserved and distant, that they seldom ventured a second time into the charmed circle of which her lovely niece formed the centre. And Amy—the child of nature and feeling, did she enter into those heartless and mercenary calculations? Alas! the world into which she had been introduced under such auspices, and at so early an age, had wrought a sad change in her character. The tendency to coquetry to which George Selwyn alluded as visible even in childhood, but which in one so young, so lovely, and so indulged, seemed only a childish caprice, had been developed by circumstances till it had become the ruling passion of her soul. She had loved Clinton Delamere well and truly, and he returned her love with a devotion as pure and intense as ever warmed a human heart. But when he saw the woman of his choice surrounded by

fops and dangles, on whom her smiles were freely bestowed; when he witnessed her eager desire for admiration, which grew perpetually by what it fed upon; his noble nature could ill brook the sight. He remonstrated and entreated—she ridiculed his jealousy, and turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances.

Clinton Delamere was proud, sensitive and ardent; Amy Selwyn was young, self-willed, and determined not to be controlled even by the man she loved—so the misunderstanding grew every day more serious until at last they separated, and his immediate departure from the country seemed to forbid all hope of a reconciliation. Mrs. Linwood rejoiced at the separation of the lovers, for a mutual distrust and coldness had always existed between Delamere and herself; and Amy's wounded pride led her to avoid even the mention of his name. When, therefore, the rich and elegant Colonel Winterton, who for the whole winter had been the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other, laid his heart and fortune at her feet, she was easily persuaded by Mrs. Linwood to accept the offer, though destitute of one emotion of affection, or even esteem for the man to whom she was to bind herself by irrevocable ties. Fortunately for her he was, though a man of the world, possessed of kindness, honor and generosity, and she soon found that with him there must be no flirtation, no trifling, no coquetry. Guarded by his eye, which seemed ever upon her, and almost indifferent to the future, Amy had persuaded herself that she was becoming all she ought to be, when the sudden appearance of her cousin, who had been for some time absent, and his severe rebukes opened her eyes, and compelled her to look in upon her heart without leaving her the power to turn away from the records there inscribed. We have seen the result, but the emotions then excited soon passed away, leaving no visible trace behind. "They have made we what I am," she said mentally—"they have made me what I am. The die is cast—my lot is fixed, and whatever it shall prove, I must bear it as I may."

Few would have recognized the pale and weeping form that knelt in agony that evening, in the bright and envied being who gave her hand to Colonel Winterton at the altar a few weeks after. Covered with pearls and blonde—flushed with triumph and excitement—and radiant with smiles which came *not* from the heart, the youthful bride imprinted a light kiss on the foreheads of her beautiful bridesmaids; gracefully received the congratulations of the glittering circle around her; listened politely to the stiff and self-complacent parting speech of

Mrs. Linwood, and descended the stair-case, leaning on the arm of her happy bridegroom. Once and once only was her self-possession disturbed. At the foot of the stairs stood her cousin George, who, as she passed, took her hand and murmured—"God bless and preserve you, Amy." Involuntarily she wrung the hand she held; thoughts and memories "buried in the far, dark past," filled her soul, and hurrying by the crowd of domestics who had come forward for one parting word, she sank back in the carriage and gave full vent to her tears.

"Surely, my own Amy," said her husband caressingly, "you have left nothing there for which my love cannot repay you?"

Conscious that she had no heart to give in return for this generous affection, Amy shrank from its expression, and a confused wish that she had never been born, or never met the man to whom she had just sworn eternal love and duty, was uppermost in her mind as the horses bore her away to her new home.

During the seclusion of the honeymoon, spent on Colonel Winterton's plantation, in one of the most delightful counties of Virginia, Amy was, if not happy, at least contented, and she had at times believed that (aside from Clinton Delamere) she might love her husband better than any other man living. His generosity was unbounded—his taste exquisite; his talents at least creditable, and his establishment decidedly the most magnificent in the county. She ought to be a happy woman and a good wife, and so she would be, in spite of the ill-natured predictions of her cousin George, who was, after all, but a disappointed lover. So in high good humor with herself, her husband and the world, Amy Winterton returned to town a brilliant and admired bride. But in spite of her good resolutions, the restless love of conquest, which had embittered her childhood, still remained, or rather, (since our feelings never become more simple as we mix with society) it grew upon her every day. Transported from a quiet and simple home in the country, to add by her transcendent beauty to the attractions of the gayest house in one of our gayest cities, at that period when

"Not quite a woman, yet but half a child,"

impressions are most easily received and most permanently retained, Amy Selwyn had early forgotten the lessons of wisdom taught by the pale lips of her departed mother. Among her rich and proud relatives the weeds, which maternal care might have eradicated, sprung up and choked the growth of better feelings, and the once simple and contented Amy, who had been accustomed to thank God for the blessings of an

humble home and the common comforts of life, learned to sigh for rank and splendor, and to look upon any man as beneath her notice who could not give her all the luxuries she now regarded as essential to happiness. By her marriage with Colonel Winterton Amy had secured all she could desire of wealth and splendor, and she had gained beside what she had no right to expect, a high-minded and honorable friend, whose love might have made her happy. But surrounded by all these sources of earthly enjoyment, she was restless and miserable. The necessity of concealing what she did feel; the policy of affecting what she did not; the contempt excited by the cringing servility of those who flatter for an equivalent to be rendered; the repeated wreck of hopes that seemed reasonable; the betrayal of confidence, the feverish struggles, rivalry, mortification and disappointment that beset her in the whirlpool of fashionable life; these are causes which the purest and noblest minds have found it hard to resist, and they had their full effect on a temperament like Amy's, naturally vain, ardent and excitable, and warped by circumstances to something worse.

At an assembly in — Place, Mrs. Winterton was first introduced to Henry Fitzallan, who had just returned with his widowed mother from Italy, where he had been spending a year for the benefit of his health. He was the last of his race, all of whom had fallen before that wasting scourge, hereditary consumption. Genius and intellect were stamped on his lofty brow, and a world of passion lay concealed in the depths of those dark, spiritual eyes, which seemed to read the soul of those on whom they gazed. His devotion to his mother, who evidently lived but for him, touched the better feelings of Mrs. Winterton, and his abstraction and indifference to general society rendered him an object of special interest to her. Accustomed to make her own impulses the rule of her conduct, she treated the interesting strangers with such marked attention that it soon became a subject of conversation among the different coteries into which her dear five hundred friends were divided. Some blamed, some pitied, and some envied her, but not one was found faithful enough to warn her of danger, or to whisper one word of caution. Her husband had become — not openly jealous; he was too well bred and fashionable for that, but coldly polite and reserved at times, and contemptuously reproachful at others. Her cousin George was away, and beside him she had not one disinterested friend and adviser on earth.

In the meantime, young Fitzallan was becoming gradually absorbed by his interest in

the beautiful being whose graceful attentions to his beloved mother had first awakened his gratitude, and then, as he saw her evidently unhappy, his sympathy and compassion. From these feelings the transition to love was easy, under the influence of a fascination which he had no power to resist, and from which he wanted moral courage to fly. That one so gifted, so worshipped, so beautiful, should devote her time, her talents, her attentions to him, was as singular as it was bewildering. His mornings were spent in her boudoir; his afternoons in riding by her side, and his evenings in wandering through the crowded assembly, restless, dissatisfied and unhappy, until her arm was linked in his, then all beside was a void. His widowed mother was almost forgotten in the intoxication which had seized every power and faculty of his soul. Occasionally indeed, when he saw her pale face and met her mild, but sorrowful glance, the memory of his cruel desertion stung him, and fondly kissing her cheek, he would murmur how gladly he could die to save her from vexation; but by degrees the delirium in which his senses were steeped, shut out every object but one. He saw not that the pale cheek became every day paler; that the sunken eye grew more dim, and that the devoted mother to whom his love was the sunshine and charm of existence, was dying under the dreadful consciousness that her soul's idol had thrown away the wealth of his affections on an unworthy object, whom to love was guilt—dishonor—despair. It is true Amy Winterton was not aware of all this, for the mother of her victim had withdrawn from society to bury her griefs in solitude, but she well knew the filial devotion of Fitzallan, and had sometimes been almost jealous of his love for her who gave him birth. Now, however, her vanity was more than satisfied, and she trembled at the strength of the passions she had taken such pains to secure, conscious as she was, that she had not one emotion of affection to offer in return.

It was now the height of summer, and a large party of the gay and fashionable were congregated at the Sulphur Springs, in search of pleasure, conquest and health. Colonel Winterton and his beautiful wife were there; and there too in her train was Fitzallan, who had persuaded his mother, in spite of her remonstrances, to accompany him. He would not believe her to be so very feeble—the springs would certainly revive her, and she would live many years to rejoice in the happiness of her son. The name of Amy Winterton was never mentioned between them, and he shunned every allusion to it so carefully that his mother could not venture to

utter the warning which trembled on her lip. So with a self-devotion that mothers only can understand, she listened in silence to his joyous anticipations, and prepared for her departure, with the firm conviction that she was going to a land of strangers to die. But it was something to have her beloved Henry all to herself once more, if only for a few brief days, and Mrs. Fitzallan was more cheerful during that short journey than she had been for many months preceding it.

"Amy," said George Selwyn, who had recently arrived at the springs, one day to his cousin, "did you know that Clinton Delamere has returned to Virginia, and will shortly be here with his *fiancé* and her family?" For one moment the burning blood rushed to the brow, cheek and bosom of Mrs. Winterton, and then retreated, leaving her so deathly pale that George Selwyn thought her about to faint. In a voice almost inarticulate, she said,

"Do not, I entreat you, George, jest about this before my husband. *You* surely are my friend."

"You may depend on me, Amy," he answered, "but others may not be so discreet. Why—oh why will you thus place yourself in the power of a malignant world? Why will you alienate the affections of a generous and honorable man by your unworthy——?"

"Say no more," she haughtily interrupted—"I will not bear censure and reproach from any one, not even from you, who profess to be my friend. I am not a child, to be lectured into propriety and good manners." Before he could reply she turned and was gone.

A few days after Clinton Delamere suddenly entered the hall in which Amy was standing, carelessly conversing with a stranger. He saw her, hesitated a moment, then crossed the room and stood beside her. A few words he spoke in a clear, firm voice, but what they were she did not hear. It seemed to her excited imagination as if there were reproof and contempt in the very tones of his voice, and without raising her eyes she uttered some inaudible sound in reply. When she ventured to look up, the stranger alone was at her side. Oppressed with the suddenness of the interview, overcome by previous agitation, and stung to the heart by the evident indifference of Clinton Delamere, she hastily excused herself, and taking refuge in her own apartment, burst into a flood of tears.

"I will see George Selwyn," she said at last, "and tell him how miserable I am, surely he will pity me."

Accordingly, she despatched a note to her cousin, requesting him to call on her the next

day; then dressed herself with more elaborate care than usual, and made her appearance in the drawing-room the gayest of the gay.

The morrow came, and with it came George Selwyn. Weary and dispirited, Amy Winterton complained of the coldness of Clinton Delamere—of the unkindness of her husband—of the attentions of young Fitzallan, of the ill-nature of the world; in short, of everything and everybody, including the person she addressed, and then exhausted by passionate complaining, sunk back and waited his reply.

"Amy," he said at length, "I have known you from childhood, and now that it is all over: I may say I have loved you as well, or better than any of your admirers. It is not, therefore, harshness which prompts me to give you the warning which I beseech you to hear patiently. You are listless and weary of the miserable life you are leading, and you complain of the coldness of Delamere, but what is it you would have? Suppose him to have returned home with the same devoted love which filled his bosom when he left America, and fled from a fascination he could not resist. Would you indeed, as the wife of another, encourage and return his love? Or is there so much of the heartlessness of coquetry about you that you would rather he were still miserable, than that you should not be irresistible? Do you, Amy, wish Clinton Delamere still your lover?"

"No, indeed," she vehemently replied, "but I do not wish him to think so very ill of me."

"Oh, my cousin, deceive not yourself on such a subject. If you could prove yourself without faults toward him, would not this explanation lead to regrets, and regrets to—oh, Amy, strive against this pernicious thirst for power over the hearts of men. Already you are entangled—you shrink from the approach of the cruelly deceived and infatuated Fitzallan—already you have begun to alienate the affections of a noble and generous heart, for the wretched shadow of worldly admiration. Where is the pleasure, where the triumph of conquests such as yours? What avails it to your comfort at home, or your respectability abroad, that you are satisfied with believing yourself virtuous, because you disappoint the hopes of the fools whose notice you attract? The wife who takes her stand on the very verge of feminine decorum and propriety, will have little credit because she does not make the final plunge which must inevitably consign her to disgrace and infamy. Is it indeed a satisfaction to collect about you a crowd of fops and idlers, who have no purpose in life but to kill time and display their own perfections? Is it a gratification to see that miserable Fitzallan

forsake his widowed and dying mother, to sun himself in your heartless smile? To follow you like your shadow, and at last, when you tire of his attentions, and cast him off for a newer plaything to curse you and die? Amy, you are warned—retreat while you may—have courage to do right. Think of your home, of your husband, and leave Clinton Delamere to be happy in the path he has chosen.”

There was to be a splendid entertainment at — Hall that evening, and in spite of the wretchedness that had oppressed her through the day, Amy Winterton was there the cynosure of every eye, the observed of all observers. She was standing on the stone steps that led from the portico to the illuminated garden when Fitzallan approached, and in evident agitation begged to speak but three words with her in private. Unconsciously she suffered him to draw her arm through his and lead her to a retired corner of the portico, where, in a few hurried words, he told her of his love, his deep devotion; what he had just heard of her attachment to Clinton Delamere—of their parting, and of her agitation on meeting him the day previous, and ended with conjuring her either to confess her love for Delamere, or at once to fly with him to the ends of the earth. At that moment a messenger was heard calling his name, with the information that his mother, who was very ill, had sent for him, desiring him to come to her immediately. He heard the words, but in his agitation took no note of their meaning, while he continued to press his suit, and to beg for one little word of reply. But another voice was in Amy's ear—another image filled her heart. As they stood in deep shadow, unseen by those walking in the garden, Clinton Delamere and a young lady passed so near them that their conversation was distinctly heard by Amy.

“Do not deceive me,” he said to his companion, “I have once been cruelly deceived, and I frankly confess to you that the disgust and loathing I feel toward the most profligate of her sex is weak compared with what I feel for the coquette, who with no temptation but a miserable vanity, trifles with the affections and happiness of——” the rest of the sentence was lost in the distance.

“He scorns me—he holds me up as an example—he—the only being I ever really loved!” thought Amy. She leaned against the portico too faint and wretched even for tears.

“Speak to me, answer me, beloved Amy,” said her companion, taking her cold hand in his. She withdrew it with a shudder as she exclaimed,

“Well may he scorn me! Let me go, rash,

infatuated man—you know not what you love! I know not what you have said, I have not heard you—I only know I am a wretch—a vain, miserable wretch. I have no love to bestow on any one, I have no heart—I am—oh, God, forgive me!”

“Fitzallan!” exclaimed several voices in a tone of alarm and horror. The unhappy young man hastened toward the crowd, and there learned that the mother who would have laid down her life for him without a murmur, was dead! Dead without giving him her parting blessing, or receiving his last farewell.

“Madman! fool that I was!” he cried—“I have murdered her! But for my accursed folly she might now——” he cast one glance at the pale and horror-stricken Amy, who had followed in the crowd, and rushed from the room. She met that glance and fainted.

Many years have passed since that night, and few who were then present remember that scene of sudden horror. Fitzallan soon died abroad, and Amy Winterton retired from the gay circles in which her name had become a by-word, to hide her shame and remorse in obscurity. Her husband, who in different circumstances might have made a valuable and useful man, became a dissipated, fashionable gambler, but his wife never returned again to society, and her name is a forgotten sound even with those who knew her best. But Clinton Delamere, now a happy husband and father, remembers her still, and in the privacy of his delightful home often repeats her sad story to his children, while he fondly presses the silken curls of his little Lucy against the cheek of her mother, and bids her guide and guard her well lest she too should be a COQUETTE.

SONG.

BY W. RUSSEL, JR.

AT eve I miss thee when alone
Beneath the darkling bough I stray,
To muse on hopes that all have flown
Upon Time's fleeting wing away:
We met—we loved—we parted ere
A cloud had o'er our pathway swept,
And when I saw the dewy tear
Upon thy cheek—I turned and wept.

A gentle sky with sunbeams warm
Will, Ella, soon above us smile,
And I shall clasp thy gentle form
Fair as the sylphs of Scio's isle;
And while I smooth the tresses dark
That o'er thy snowy bosom steal,
I'll pray kind heaven our fairy barque
Shall ne'er life's rugged tempests feel.

THE TRADESMAN'S BOAST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"How cruelly it wrings a broken heart
To see a mirth in anything it loves." WILLIS.

THE hour had long since passed when it was customary for the tradespeople of London to close their places of traffic and seek conviviality abroad, or the more sober pleasures of an evening fireside. But in the heart of the most populous trading district, one warehouse, that of a rich mercer, stood open and was brightly illuminated, for the wealthy owner had his residence in the upper stories of the building. The entrance was through his stall, and on the night our story commences he was in high revel with his friends and neighbors, for it was the anniversary of his wedding, and of his wife's birth-day. Every where through the long and narrow windows lights gleamed forth, sounds of music now and then gushed over the street when the outer door was opened, and a little knot of uninvited neighbors standing opposite, and looking wistfully up at the windows, could almost hear the tinkling of wine cups and the merry laughter that reigned within.

"By our lady, this neighbor of yours should be doing a thriving business if his coffers can stand all the cost," exclaimed a dapper little man, who was recognized as a cheesemonger from the wharves—"but you tradespeople of the city always contrive to fill the pouch whichever rose is uppermost."

"True," replied a thin faced worker in iron, who came up at the moment, "as our neighbor across the way can well testify. There is no estimating the gold cloth, the velvet of three ply and heavy satins that he has taken up to the tower with his own hands when Queen Margaret flaunted the red rose in its walls, and now that King Edward has his own, and mounts the white in his bonnet, our neighbor yonder puts a new coat of gilding on the crown over the door of his stall, dons his best houson, goes up to court, and so the young queen appoints him her mercer, though every one hereabouts knows that he is a rank Lancastrian as ever measured off an ell of cloth."

"Perhaps his wares are of better quality," said a sweet, silvery voice at the speaker's elbow, for a group of four or five men was passing at the moment, and the foremost a man of small stature, muffled in a cloak, had paused as if interested in the conversation, while his companions went on to a neighboring corner, where they halted and seemed waiting for him to overtake them.

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"Not so," exclaimed the little mercer, reaching forth his hand to grasp the speaker's cloak in his eagerness. The stranger stepped back to elude the familiarity, but not till the garment gathered carefully over his bosom had been somewhat disarranged. "Not so, not so, here are my friends," he continued, appealing eagerly to his companions, "born and bred within a stone throw of my own threshold. Every one of them can tell you that there is neither stuffs, velvet, nor cloth of gold like those in my stall, though I may not perch a crown of gilt over the doorstead. It is rank impudence—rank impudence! What else could have carried him directly into the presence of two queens, while I have spent half my substance in efforts to get a poor petition before one of them?"

"Nay, I doubt not the excellence of your wares," said the stranger, evidently somewhat amused with the pompous egotism of his new acquaintance. "But how is it that your neighbor yonder thrives so much better at court? Impudence, as you say, does much, but it hardly gives a man royal favor without something to back it?"

"Ah, he has a fair and cherry lipped wife!" exclaimed one of the group.

"And a daughter with eyes that make a man's heart soften as he looks into them—these are qualities that win favor at King Edward's court. Poor Henry of Lancaster who lies pining in the tower thought little of such gear."

The stranger turned sharply on the speaker, and even in the imperfect light those around felt the gleam of his eyes, but if he intended to speak the mercer did not give him time.

"Nay, nay, as for the beauty of Barker's wife beshrew me if I could ever see it. My own dame at home yonder weighs a full stone the heaviest. As for his daughter, it were rank folly and slander against our good king to say that her pale face could win preferment for her father. Why did we not send our own Margaret up to the tower, tired like a born lady in a boddice of maroon colored velvet, with a skirt of deep blue Flemish cloth, edged with silver lace? Yet she, who has cheeks like roses, could not win her way through the guards!"

"Perhaps they saw too much of the Lancaster rose in her cheeks, and so took pretty Margaret for a traitor and sent her home," said the tall cheesemonger jeeringly. "I wonder you could send my pretty gossip among the king's guard, they are roystering fellows one and all."

"I—how could I help it?" replied the mercer hastily, "it was the only way to keep her mother from going."

"A wise choice—a wise choice!" exclaimed

two or three voices, while a general laugh ran through the group. "When our city dames go up to the court they sometimes forget to come back again."

"It was not thus in good King Henry's time," muttered one of the group, shaking his head. Again the stranger glanced at him keenly.

"You should have said in King Margaret's time, for was she not king and queen both?" he said.

"At any rate she was the friend of us tradespeople. Poor lady, it was a sorry time for England when she was driven from its shores."

The stranger drew in his breath with a sharp respiration but made no reply, while the mercer caught his free spoken companion by the arm.

"Neighbor, neighbor, this is bold talk for the open street," he said, "and strangers by."

"Nay, I am no eves-dropper," said the stranger gently, "no spy to repeat the words that are let fall thus in careless fashion, and perchance I may love the reigning family no better than yourself."

"Nay, as to that," chimed in the mercer, "I for one have ever been with the Yorkists, though they seem more willing to protect their enemies than to reward their friends. Have I not talked myself hoarse in their cause? Have I not railed at her exiled highness, Queen Margaret, till my throat was dry as an empty ale can? And yet King Edward has his own, and there stands the crown of gilt over yon door, exactly as it did when the Lancaster rose bloomed reddest. It is enough to make an honest man turn traitor!"

"Ah, if your loyalty could but be made known to the queen," chimed in one of his neighbors, with affected sympathy. "If pretty Margaret had not been refused before she reached the royal presence——"

"There it is," broke in the mercer. "If I could but get my petition presented, there is that in it which would make her highness ready to tear the robe from her pretty shoulders."

"Indeed, what is that?" inquired the stranger in the same silvery voice which fell upon the ear with a sort of fascination.

"Step this way—step this way," said the mercer, all in a tremor, and brimful of an envious and gossiping spirit; "you seem a man of rare comprehension, so my secret will be safe with you. You have heard of Shore, the goldsmith."

"What—he whose wife is——"

"Hush—hush—speak lower—no one in this region dares say what she is now. But you are right. It is the same—the very same."

"Well," exclaimed the stranger in a low voice, but evidently taking a deeper interest in what had before only seemed to amuse him.

"Well, this mercer has a wife, they mentioned her but now, though for the matter of beauty, Catharine, my own dame, you understand, is worth——"

"Nay, nay, friend, I doubt not the rare perfections of your dame. But what has she to do with Shore's wife?"

"She, my Catharine—it is well she heard you not—oh, she is a woman of rare prudence. It would do your heart good to hear her rail against this cast-away. Why—it was but yester even——"

The stranger interrupted him, still with the same calm tone.

"Nay, friend, no one doubts that your dame is everything that is prudent, eloquent and comely. But what has this to do with your petition or the queen's mercer?"

"There it is, why his wife is sister, own sister to Shore. Think you if the queen were informed of this it would not shake yonder gilt thing from Barker's door? Would she ever order so much as a pair of gloves from him again?"

The stranger laughed, a low, sweet toned laugh that had not the slightest possible touch of sarcasm in it. The mercer who was expecting some more serious result to his important revelations, drew a step back.

"Why do you laugh?" he questioned suspiciously, leaning forward, and striving to peer into the stranger's face, which, however, the darkness prevented. "Why do you laugh?"

"Nay, I did but smile at your idea that Elizabeth Woodville—our generous queen I intended to say—might cross her humor in the color of a breast knot, because——"

Here the stranger broke off abruptly, and seemed to drop into a reverie, which lasted a full half minute, during which the poor mercer stood with open mouth and distended eyes, striving to gain a second glimpse of his features, for they had drawn a few paces nearer the illuminated house, and as the door was opened to admit some guest, a ray of light fell directly on the stranger. It was gone in an instant, but not till the practical eye of the mercer had detected that the cloak, disarranged by his own rude hand, was of the richest Genoa velvet, and had been almost blinded by the fire of a diamond star that flashed out from beneath it.

"Well, so you would supplant your master of the revels," said the stranger at length in his former gentle tone, for he was quite unconscious of the revelations that flash of light had made, "and if this were brought about, what service could you render in exchange for the boon?"

"What service my lord—that is, fair sir, what service!" cried the little man, all in a horror of

excitement. "Her gracious majesty, the queen, should have such rich stuffs to blazon her beauty withal, such faces, such"—

"Tush man! I spoke not of such gear, court favors are bestowed for other services than these, there is one which I doubt not you could render."

"Name it, noble sir, name the poor help by which Simon Mount may aid the lowest servant of the king, and so it but tosses down yon gilt thing and place it over his own door, see if he prove backward in the doing!"

"You are acquainted well in the city."

"Nay, for that—was I not born within a stone's throw of my own warehouse, was it not in this street I served apprenticeship, was I not wedded here—why the neighborhood has grown up, as it were, under my own eye; there is neither nobleman nor mechanic within half a mile that I could not call by his christian name."

"True, true; now hark ye Simon Mount, the king has need of such men in the city here, men who keep close tongues and open eyes. It is said that there is disaffection among the artisans and trades people hereabouts, that many of them incline more to the Lancaster than to the York. Nay, it is even asserted that some of your worthy compeers are excited to the verge of insurrection since this Jane Shore, the jeweler's wife, has found favor in the eyes of the king."

"It is likely, very likely, now I bethink me, there has been a stir upon the wharves, but the loyalty of Simon Mount is too well known; the churls dare not whisper their treason in his hearing, but here among the trades people there has been nothing but revel and good-fellowship. Shore is a popular man among his neighbors and one would think they sought to console him for the loss of his cast-away, with mirth and feasting!"

"May not this very merriment be a cover for disaffection. It would not be the first time that treason has been hatched in the wine cup," suggested the stranger.

"Ah, truly there is wisdom in this, and John Barker is brother-in-law to Shore. It is the third time his house has been lighted up within the fortnight and neither Simon Mount nor his dame invited. But their loyalty is too well known."

"You might be there, however," said the stranger. "Those old houses have nooks and hiding places enough. It were no difficult feat to glide in after some of the guests, and listen to what passes, especiallay in the king's service and for your own advancement."

"It shall be done, no man shall ever have it to say that Simon Mount shrunk from his duty in the king's behalf. I will but go home and whisper a word of my errand to dame Catharine."

"Be vigilant, discreet, and above all *silent*, not even to your dame must this be mentioned," said the stranger impressively, but without raising his voice.

"But dame Catherine, you know her not, she is a paragon of discretion, she—"

"Cannot babble of that, which she knows nothing," said the stranger, quietly interrupting him, "therefore be silent."

"But dame Catherine," persisted the little mercer, wretched at the thoughts of doing anything without the full council and sanction of his larger and stronger half.

Again the stranger interrupted him, and his voice, though subdued, was stern—

"The man for whom you undertake this, desires no women in his councils: be silent or another can be found to perform his wishes and take the recompense."

"I am dumb. Even Catharine shall not win a word from my lips."

"It is well; gather all the information you can regarding the true sentiments of these people touching the reigning house, and, hark ye, note well the faces of all that you meet in yon dwelling."

"Truly, that were no difficult matter, since they are all known to me from childhood."

"There may be strangers; if one unknown face presents itself, mark every feature well, all hopes of preferment may depend on vigilance in this matter. See, yonder goes a figure, some guest I dare be sworn, creeping softly under the shadow of the houses. Now is your time to gain admission! Go at once, gather what intelligence you can and bring it—let me think—ay, bring it to Baynard castle."

"Why that is easy, but who shall I inquire for? What security have I that some varlet belonging to her highness, the Duchess of York, may not spurn me from the portal?"

"True, I had forgotten. Ask for Hayford, master of horse to the Duchess of Gloucester. Means shall be found to notify him of your coming!"

"But," persisted the mercer, resolved, if possible to get some clue of the person he was conversing with, "will he know the conditions, has he power at court to ensure the reward you promise?"

"Content ye man, bring the desired information and your reward is certain as if the king had promised it!"

With these words the stranger gathered his cloak about him, and turned away hastily towards the men who were still waiting his approach at a little distance.

The knot of people stationed since nightfall



THE LAST LINK.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

It was a golden tress of hair, rich with the sunlight it once had borne on the head of its beautiful wearer, and how forcibly I re-called her in her pensive sweetness, as I took it for the last time from his hidden place, its holy of holies, to look on it the last time as my own, before giving it to another.

Golden remembrance!—dear moments! Did I not sin unvowing to give thee up to another hand, though that hand was loved as my inmost soul? I know not, and I have never dared to analyze the one passage in a short life that might be named as a departure from a holy trust!

How well I remember the parting night, when the hand of her who was with me no more, had severed from my head a heavy ringlet, and hid away in her bosom, and pressed tremblingly in my own hand this token, as a remembrance and a hope forever! How well I remember the broken words in which we swore to each other the love that knows no change! And was this the end? Was this my eternity of affection, to yield up to a second love all that was left me of her who was once mine in spirit?

But a darker image came over my mind, and I remembered bitterly the night I kneeled at her feet, and prayed her as I prayed for heaven, to give me back the love that had grown to be a stranger's, and I remembered her tale of by-gone love and youthful folly, with the cold words of friendship at the end, and the stunning blow of her betrothal.

I had flown from solitude, I had plunged into society, with the words of my agony yet warm upon my lips, I had sought and won the love of another, and loved her, aye! loved her before the canker spot was worn out from my heart.

I was the betrothed of a second love, a rose-lipped girl with raven hair, and an eye like kindling heaven; for months I had held her to my heart, and caressed her in her purity, and thrilled as her breath came on my cheek, when her red lips sought my own.

But there was a cloud between us.

And many a night when I had drawn her to my bosom, and sought to win anew the words of fondness I loved so well—I had seen the red lips tremble, and the bright eye glimmer, and a shudder run through her fragile frame. There was no word of reproach, no passing away from her gentleness and truth, but I knew that there was a shadow over that young heart, and blind that I was! I had known no thought of its origin.

But I stole one night on her solitude when she dreamt not of my presence, she leaned on her hands above the table with her face covered, and as I stooped to kiss her gently, I marked the tears that were trickling out among those taper fingers. I paused, and before her lay a song of other days, sung to her who had left me. The once dear name was at its top, and below it ran the breathings of my first love.

THE TOKEN.

TO *****.

I have brought the little token forth

To-night from its treasure cell,

There is no gem of all the earth

I cherish half so well;

My lips have prest it o'er and o'er,

And how much my eyes have striven

To lay it back in memory where

It rested ere 't was given;

There is a rich and a noble pride

In this little link, to me,

And it brings thee ever to my side,

For it is a part of thee!

Nearer, yet nearer, let me look

On the circlet once again,

So like the ringlets it forsook

To form such a fairy chain;

Sorrow and joy! it is a tress

From that remembered head,

My fingers may clasp, my lips may press

The token, ne'er forbid:

'Tis joy to think where'er thou art,

And where'er my lot may be—

I hold a talisman for my heart,

For I look on a part of thee.

Seldom we gaze on a guarded scene

But it groweth very fair,

And heaven ne'er shows the clouds between

But we sigh to enter there;

'Tis sorrow to think the heart that yearns

To hold thee for its own—

Alone to this for its memory turns

And looks on this alone;

'Tis very sad that there is no more

The watcher's eyes may see,

Nought to caress and linger o'er

But so little a part of thee!

Oh! blind heart, that I had not known this! That I had not dreamed that woman claimed from me what I asked as a right from her, first love and full affection. For the one, it was past forever, but the other might be given, and I swore in my heart of hearts that that sweet face should smile again as once it had smiled on me, and that the holy trust should be once more my own.

I bent before her, and asked as those deep eyes were looking into my soul, if the fears of my lingering love for another had filled those

eyes with tears and clouded our summer sunshine.

Sad, unutterably sad, but sweet were those eyes as that proud head was bent in answer, and I read that the love of that fond heart had not left me even in its fears. I took the record of old affection, the song I had treasured once as my inmost thought, and crushed it in my hand as one crushes a hated thing, and swore to her as her ear was bent to my passionate pleading, that I would keep no longer a memorial of my by-gone love.

My vow was to be accomplished, and I took that sunny tress of hair from its sacred keeping, to leave it in hands more pure, and it may be worthier. There was a pang of sickening anguish in the memory of by-gone times that crept over me as I gazed upon it, but from that hour forth I sealed up that one fountain of my heart, and was prepared to forget.

And I bent once more before my second love, and sung to her this song.

THE PLEDGE.

TO *****.

I have forgotten her,
Dear as she was,
Dim is the picture
That memory draws;
Thou hast her beauty,
And thou hast her place;
Never again
Shall I look on her face.

I have forgotten her,
Only for thee
Rolls the dark shade
Over memory's sea;
I have been desolate,
Dearest, 'tis o'er,
While thy pure love
Is a light on the shore!

I have forgotten her;
I have cast by
All that recalls her
With tear-drop or sigh
In the far heaven,
The last pledge is known
That I will love thee,
And love thee alone!

There were tears in her eyes, but I knew them not as tears of sorrow. I laid the sunny ringlet in her fair white hand. My lips bent down and preest the last link of my departed love as it passed from me, and I looked to read the varying feelings in that changing face. There was a shade, a shade of sorrow, perhaps of pain, on her brow, and I deemed the eyes were cold.

I looked still, as if I sought to cast my very

spirit into hers, and to read the very depths of that fluttering heart. And there was a change. Slowly and almost imperceptibly crept the little hand into my own, and I read in the eyes that looked on me the deepest, the holiest feeling that glows in the bosom of woman—love unchangeable, and trust, unutterable trust.

White arms were on my neck, and warm kisses on my brow, and the words were "love forever and ever!"

I promised love to one alone, and the breath of coldness is not yet upon my heart; I promised to forget, and who shall say that I have not kept my vow!

LINEs

TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY HUSBAND.

BY MRS. J. W. MERCUR.

THOU mak'st me sad, lov'd image, when I gaze
Upon thy radiant features!—lo, my mind
Scans every lineament around which plays
That beam of sunlight, and I gazing find
New beauties written on that polish'd brow,
Whose broad expanse glows with undying thought—
But I am thinking of the future now,
And scenes which time perchance may then have
wrought.

When thou, the impress of immortal art,
Of life's bright summer, and of manhood's pow'r,
Shall be no longer cherished as a part
Of earth's most valued treasures, of a dower,
On which the heart exultingly doth pour
Its living waters of affection deep,
That fountain soon will pass to be no more,
Oh! then thy image, who will kindly keep?

Who watch and guard thee?—years may pass away,
And for his sake still thou may'st still be dear,
But time will come when no recording lay,
With thee will mingle memories bright and clear.
Oh, deeply graven on my inmost heart
Is every feature of that form and face,
And time, nor change, nor distance can impart,
No dimming cloud to darken or efface.

Semblance beloved! of him whose lips have known
But tones of kindness, and whose voice has pow'r
To rouse my spirit, when is darkly thrown
O'er it the shadow of a grief-fraught hour,
Whose words, though rife e'en with reproof, are dear,
They flow so gently from a noble heart,
Oh, would that thou in no swift coming year
Might be less cherish'd—type of glorious art!

That prayer is vain! I know that all must fade
Who here have known thee—all must pass away,
And time, alas! I feel was truly made
To leave no record of the lov'd, no ray
To light the past which noiselessly will sweep,
Down that still bourne to which all nature tends,
But I amid Time's wrecks shall calmly sleep,
Nor mourn for what the future darkly sends.

EMILY HOWARD.

BY ANNA E. FARRAND.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 68.

CHAPTER IV.

—
 "Tender vows were given,
 Were they all for this?
 Ah! heart-breaking bliss!"
 —

"WHAT is the matter with your cousin, can you tell me, Julia?" asked Helen Morton, as the three girls were strolling arm in arm at the close of a lovely summer's day. "Here we have been walking this half hour, and scarcely a word has Emily spoken, she looks so melancholy, I positively believe she is in love. Is it not so? and with that fascinating coz too; she feels so sad because he has left her to return to the south."

"Oh! no—there is nothing in that, I am pretty sure," replied Julia. "But really, I can give you no information as to the true state of her feelings, she must answer for herself."

"Well then, it is some one that is left behind she is mourning after," persisted the gay girl. "I'll venture that Cupid has been playing her some trick, for she is so dull and mopeish, when she always used to be very lively."

"Now, Helen, give me a chance to speak," said Emily, roused from her reverie by the above conversation, "can't one look sad without being in love? Really, I was not aware that I appeared so dull, but you know that I have been quite unwell for some time past, and as the mind suffers with the body it will naturally depress one; and I confess I am a little homesick; but that will wear off in a few days, and I trust the pure, fresh air here will soon recruit me, when I shall be quite as lively as ever."

"True, there are allowances to be made for you, my dear girl; still I have a lurking suspicion there is some love affair in the way, for," continued she, looking ironically in her face—"you did not look particularly sad when your handsome southern cousin was here."

"Oh! nonsense, Helen, pray do not talk to me of love, and with cousin Frederick too—truly, I have not thought of him once during our walk. Come, now, don't tease me, and I'll be cheerful as ever."

But it was hard to struggle against her feelings. She felt that there was indeed a cause for her really melancholy looks. However, a few days found her more reconciled, and with a determination to be as happy and contented as possible, trusting that the time might yet come, though far distant, when brighter days

would dawn upon her. Such are the cheering consolations of hope. Oh! with what gloom and horror would our world be filled were it not for hope, sweet harbinger of peace.

"Cease, every joy to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave—oh! leave the light of hope behind."

Removed from the scene by trials and reproaches, while new objects and pleasures daily presented themselves, a beneficial change was soon wrought on Emily, both in health of body and mind, and she returned home after an absence of three or four months greatly recruited.

New trials now awaited her. Reports of a slanderous nature calculated to throw a blemish on Frank's character were whispered in her ear, and from a source too which could imply no doubt as to the truth of the assertions. At first she listened with indignation, and would not for a moment harbor a suspicious thought against him, but upon reflection, considering his disposition, and that he was easily influenced by others, she was fearful it might be true; if so, a termination of all intercourse with him must necessarily be the result. Under these circumstances she could not forbear treating him coolly.

Frank, distressed and perplexed at this sudden change of manner toward him, and perfectly innocent as to the cause of it, begged her at once to relieve him from suspense, by giving a reason for such apparently unjustifiable coldness, for true love could never flourish in so unpropitious a clime.

Convinced of the impropriety of treating him thus without making known the cause, she disclosed all that had been told her with regard to him, together with the doubts and fears she entertained as to the truth.

Astonished and vexed, he could for a moment scarcely control his feelings. How reports so injurious, so utterly false, so entirely destitute of any particle of truth could ever have originated, was a matter of great surprise and perplexity to him. But still more was he pained that the girl he so devotedly loved should have been persuaded to listen to and believe them.

Perhaps if it had been one whose trust in man had never been disappointed, who had never known by sad experience the vanity of all earthly promises, that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked"—such an one might have repulsed with indignity the tale of slander, but Emily had been sufficiently tried to feel that little dependence could be placed on the fairest promises, and but little confidence in the most sacred vows. It was not strange then that she should listen and partly believe the stories in circulation. But in this state of doubt she was not left long to suffer.

Frank left no means untried to clear himself from every foul aspersion, and to have every thing satisfactorily explained, that her confidence might be perfectly restored in him, which he was enabled to do to the great happiness of both, and they loved each other better perhaps than ever.

Every day's intercourse increased their attachment, their tastes and feelings were continually becoming more and more assimilated, and their only wish was that propitious fortune would hasten the hour, when, every obstacle and barrier removed, they could be united, never more to be separated but by death.

But now arises another cause of agitation, proving true the old adage, "the course of true love never runs smooth."

The hand of Emily had been sought by a young Divine of promising talents and good family. Her parents approved and desired her to accept him, but though she respected, yet she could not love him. She did not dare tell them her affections were engaged to Frank. Knowing they were desirous of seeing her well settled in life, and that by refusing to comply with their wishes they would consider her blind to her own interest and wilfully obstinate, she was sometimes almost tempted to sacrifice her own happiness to their good opinion and satisfaction; but as there was another who would be made miserable as well as herself by such a step, surely filial duty could not require so great a sacrifice.

His addresses, therefore, were consequently rejected. Her parents were disappointed, still they did not wish to see her united to one she could not love, but they were not aware of her predilection for any one else without it was the long lost Lecor.

To a disposition like Emily's, events of this kind are calculated to harass and depress one. The path of duty seems to be marked out, yet impulse of feeling carries us far on the other road. It is difficult to know in such trials what is our actual duty, and much more difficult to practise its requisitions when it is contrary to every disposition of our nature.

Frank, suspicious that all was not right, soon drew from her by his winning persuasions a confession of all the circumstances, which, when he had heard them, produced a spirit of resentment against her parents, for wishing to influence her to an act that would render her wholly miserable; at the same time arose rebellious thoughts against fortune, for not placing him in a situation where he could at once declare himself the accepted suitor of his Emily. Still he cheered her with the hope that the day would soon arrive.

"Thou art mine, dearest one," he exclaimed in the ardor of his passion, as he folded her to his heart, "no earthly tie shall separate us—do not despair, only be true to me, and all will yet be well. Promise me that you will never give your hand to another till I prove unworthy of you, and I will be satisfied."

"To another! oh, Frank, the very thought is agony. Thou or none is my motto. I am unalterably yours, you cannot—no, you will not doubt my truth!"

Moments like these repaid them for all they had endured, and they could part happy in each others faith.

Never were two hearts more wholly concentrated in one, every thought and feeling seemed to be known before expressed.

In all her intercourse with Lecor Emily had never experienced so much true pleasure, although she had loved him devotedly, as in a few short hours spent with Atherton.

The former being naturally retiring and diffident, it required the study of years to become perfectly acquainted with his character and disposition. He never could be approached with that familiarity which to a sensitive being like Emily was so necessary. The latter was open and winning in his manner, keenly alive to the finest susceptibilities, with a soul so sympathizing and tender, that upon a short acquaintance one seemed to know his very nature. Indeed it were hardly possible for two such kindred spirits to repel the influence of love.

"In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?"

Possessed of a sanguinary temperament, Frank generally looked on the bright side of the future, but at times when prospects became dark and cheerless, he would for a moment, get discouraged, and his generous nature shrank from the thought of binding one to himself whose hand he might never be in a state consistently to claim, and thereby debarring her from advantages which, if released, she might at some time accept:—yet even to tell her so would be like yielding her up, the very thought of which was agony to him, and he knew would be to her also. But no disturbing thoughts could long be withheld from his sympathizing Emily.

He was, however, soon comforted by the assurance that she was acting voluntarily, that no blame could possibly rest upon him, that no motives of worldly interest, nothing but his inconstancy could tempt her to swerve from her engagement—then he was very sure it would never be broken. He was convinced their happiness depended on one another. It was, therefore, folly to talk of advantages and happiness to

be derived from any other earthly source, and that upon his success in life it mainly rested.

These reflections imparted a fresh impulse, and he resolved to leave his home, determined that fortune should smile upon him, or he would never return. He could not be more miserable if separated from the object, than he was by seeing and yet fearing he could never possess it. While the enthusiasm of youthful fancy painted a bright career before him, and hope whispered the consummation he so devoutly wished.

To Emily the idea was almost insupportable. She trembled to have him leave her: with separation was connected the thought of inconstancy. It seemed but the resurrection of former sorrows, and she was ready to sink in despair. Her weakness almost changed his resolution, still he felt it was for the best, and tried to cheer her with fair prospects of the future.

"But, Frank, were I only sure that you would be true to me, I could then willingly submit, sustained by the reflection that though absent, your heart was still with me."

"Dear girl, why harrass yourself with thoughts so distressing? Have I not promised?—and I assure you I will perform. Believe me, Emily, you do not understand my nature if you can indulge for an instant the idea that absence can eradicate the deep settled passion of my soul. Have you any fears of proving false to me?"

"Oh! no—impossible—do not speak of it."

"Then talk not to me of inconstancy—judge not all mankind by one, and conclude that because one has deceived you, another of necessity must. I will love you to the end of life, for my very existence is centered in you. Although we may never realize the happiness we anticipate, yet no exertions shall be spared on my part to secure it. Never believe me false till you hear it from my own lips. Trust me then, dearest, and doubt not."

Imprinting a kiss on her burning bow, and casting a last, long lingering look behind, he tore himself away from all that was dear to him, and hastened to the ship that was to bear him to the land of strangers. Overcome by excited thought and feeling, he threw himself on the deck, and gazing into the deep waters almost wished they might swallow him in oblivion, while the rippling waves bounded gaily by as if in very mockery. The storm of passion subsiding, hope once more re-kindled its bright burnings, and animated by its cheering consolations, he occupied his mind in laying plans and projects for the future.

Emily meanwhile, awakening from the lethargy which seemed to have overpowered her at Atherton's abrupt departure, felt more keenly

the misery of her situation. Separated from the only object which made earth desirable to her, and indulging in sad presentiments, she was almost tempted to yield to despondency, but it was the decree of fate, and she must acquiesce. It was but right that the object so idolized, and which had engrossed entirely her thoughts and affections, while her God and Father had been neglected, should be removed.

She was surprised and grieved when reflecting on the different trying circumstances of her life, that she was not wholly weaned from earthly objects and things, and that her heart, which had received so many pangs of sorrow, was not altogether fixed on heaven. With a feeling of penitence and unworthiness, she cast herself upon the Divine favor, earnestly imploring that every dispensation of Providence might be sanctified to her present and eternal good, and that her heart and affections might be regulated by the will of the Supreme Being. Soothed and comforted, she endeavored to be as happy as possible, submitting entirely to the disposer of events "who ordereth all things well."

Mr. and Mrs. Howard had been silent spectators of the workings of Emily's mind. They suspected that she felt a more than common interest for young Atherton, indeed it was impossible on all occasions to conceal it, and they were relieved from considerable anxiety when he took his departure.

Mrs. Howard was resolved that as far as her influence could be exerted, Emily should profit by her experience, and not be permitted to give her hand to one who had yet his fortune to make.

Weeks and months sped on. Emily lived between alternate hope and fear, sometimes fearing that Atherton had forgotten her, and yet hoping to the contrary. She occasionally heard through his parents that he was well, but nothing was said of his circumstances.

CHAPTER V.

"As the ivy and oak in forest entwined,
The rage of the tempest united must weather,
My love and my life were by nature designed
To flourish alike, or to perish together."

NEARLY four years had now passed away since Atherton's departure. His parents, having removed from the city, Emily had now no opportunity of hearing about him. She had made up her mind that he would never return; that either he had been unsuccessful in his undertakings, or had ceased to love her, else he would surely have sent her some tokens of good.

A settled melancholy had taken possession of her, all hope seemed to have expired. Still the remembrance of his last words, "never believe

me false till you have it from my own lips," would sometimes rekindle for a moment faint anticipations of distant happiness, while the next would be succeeded by greater doubts and fears.

Her parents mourned over their disappointed expectations in her. She had refused all solicitations that might have been advantageous, and no persuasions or inducements could alter her purpose. She might have made them happy, and they accused her of ingratitude. Mr. Howard's circumstances were much embarrassed, and he was vexed at Emily for not considering her own interest. Sincerely they regretted the day she ever met with Edward Lecor, for to her lasting attachment to him they attributed her unwillingness to listen to any favorable proposition, and her repugnance to the thoughts of a union with another. But while there was the faintest possibility of Frank's return, she was resolved to gain her own subsistence rather than sacrifice all hopes of happiness to worldly motives.

It was not long after this determination was formed, that Mr. Howard perusing, as was his custom, the morning paper, looked up in some surprise, and said—"Emily, do you know what has become of Frank Atherton?"

"I do not," she replied, as she sank tremblingly into a chair, almost overpowered by so unexpected a question, while her inquiring gaze manifested the deepest anxiety in whatever communications were to be made. Mr. Howard noticed her agitation, and in a moment the truth flashed through his mind.

"Why Frank has been getting up in the world. I perceive in the list of appointments that he has received one of the highest offices under government. The paper speaks very highly of his character, talents, and influence, and of his having acquired by persevering industry a fortune."

"Who could have thought," exclaimed Mrs. Howard, with a look of utter amazement, "that Frank Atherton would ever become so distinguished; one that appeared to have so little ambition as he had. Wonders will never cease. Well, I believe as a general rule, those from whom you expect the least, eventually become the greatest. He used to think a great deal of you once, Emily," she continued, casting a searching eye at her daughter, "but I suppose, like the rest of the world, now in his prosperity he has forgotten you."

A flood of tears was the only response. Indeed fear whispered it was too true. He had promised to return as soon as a fair prospect of continued support presented itself. But now he had attained far more than ever could have been expected, and yet he came not. To Emily it appeared very probable that in the midst of

affluence, courted and admired, perhaps, by all, tempted by beauty and distinction, his heart and affections had been given to another, and she in her humble situation had been forgotten.

Oh! the conflicts that tortured her almost bursting heart. While her parents, convinced of the cause of all her trouble, wondered that after having once been so severely disappointed she should ever have trusted in one so long again. They could offer no consolation, and thought it best not to mention the subject. They were surprised and confounded. They had never imagined she so loved him, which was very evident from the effect the conversation concerning him had produced upon her. They knew not what had transpired between them, but if even an engagement had taken place, Frank being young when he left, and having passed through a variety of scenes and circumstances, and not corresponding with Emily, it was more than probable that he had forgotten her.

To Mrs. Howard, who always looked on the dark side of everything, all hope of seeing her daughter happy was at an end. She looked forward only to new scenes of trouble and distress; every expectation with regard to her had been blasted, every desire frustrated. There seemed to be nothing left worth living for.

Seeing her mother's unhappiness, Emily tried to put on a cheerful countenance, even when most sad, while the reflection that she was the cause of it added greatly to her misery.

But turn for a moment to Atherton. Had he proved a second Lecor? Ah, no! Though for a time discouragements and difficulties beset him on every side, still his heart was firmly fixed, and in all his troubles and emergencies he was animated by the pleasing thought that he should be doubly repaid by the smiles of his Emily, whose constancy he never for a moment doubted.

For this he toiled and struggled. It was the ultimatum of his ambition—the goal which every power and energy were put forth to reach. Not all the temptations by which he was surrounded even for a moment changed the settled purpose of his soul.

However great might have been his possessions, they would not have been valued by him, if deprived of the object for which they were attained. Even while his good fortune, which he had but just acquired, was published to the world, he was on his way with a heart beating alternately between hope and fear, to secure the consummation of his earthly happiness.

The nearer he approached his native shore, the more restless he became. He had lately heard that Emily was living, but knew not

how she was situated. She might possibly be another's—a thousand agitating thoughts which had never been suffered to intrude before, now rushed through his mind, and his feelings were wrought to the highest state of excitement, when he landed on the spot where, four years before, he had set out under most disadvantageous circumstances in pursuit of fortune; she had bestowed her best gift upon him, and he had now come to seek another boon to perfect his earthly bliss.

He hastened to a hotel to compose for a moment the tumultuous emotions which had nearly unmanned him, but was greeted at his entrance by an old associate, who, reclining on an ottoman with the familiar ease of a man of pleasure and fashion, was busily engaged in eyeing each new comer through a quizzing glass, and anon lazily poring over the contents of a daily journal.

"Ah, Atherton, my fine fellow," he exclaimed, catching hold of him as the latter was passing heedlessly by into a more retired part of the building, "I am rejoiced to see you. But where under the heavens have you come from? I verily thought you were in the remotest part of the land, and, for aught I knew, your good luck had placed you in the garden of Paradise. Really, Atherton, you are one of the luckiest fellows in existence."

"I cannot agree with you, Hamilton, until I have secured the object I am now in pursuit of. By the way, do you know anything of my old flame, Emily Howard?"

"Yes—yes—just looking over the news, saw her marriage—supposed she was not within the recollection of so fine a gentleman now-a-days, and that you would no doubt be glad to hear she was safe off the carpet."

"Married!" exclaimed Atherton, snatching the paper with the fury of a madman from his astonished companion—"it is false—by heaven it is false!"

"Why, Frank, what the deuce has got into you? I verily believe you are suffering under a nervous affection. But read for yourself if you will not believe me. Suppose that she is married, where is the use in taking on so about a poor, pretty girl. Why a man of your standing can have half a dozen of the reigning belles of the city at once, if he wants them, and with a 'thank ye too.'"

"Hamilton provoke me not to madness! I am wretched, miserably wretched." And he paced the floor with hurried step.

"Pon my word, Frank, you are making a perfect fool of yourself—I tell you the girl is not worth minding. Come, now, I will introduce you to one of the loveliest Hobes that

ever blessed the sight of mortal man. Surely I should think in four years you had entirely got over that old attachment."

"Four years, got over old attachment. Cease, oh, cease your endless harangue, you'll drive me to distraction. I tell you if I should live a thousand years I should love the same. Is it for this I have labored through seas of difficulties? Cruel girl! Is it thus you have requited my untiring affection?"

His companion finding that he could offer no consolation was about retiring, when Frank stopped him by a phrenzied grasp.

"Tell me where she lives, I will go to her and hear from her own lips that she is false to me."

CHAPTER VI.

"Despair is never quite despair,
Nor life, nor death, the future closes,
And round the shadowy brow of care
Will hope and fancy twine their roses."

It was a cool, but pleasant evening in the latter part of September, 18—, that Mr. and Mrs. Howard with Emily were sitting together.

They had just returned from a short jaunt in the country, whither they had gone, hoping that a change of air and scene would revive the drooping spirits of their daughter. But alas! hers was a disease beyond the power of nature's art to heal, and beyond her own strength to baffle. We may triumph over all weakness but that of the affections.

She appeared more than usually sad this evening, and her parents were trying to convince her how wrong it was to yield to her feelings, and thereby make both herself and them unhappy, when the door suddenly opened, and Atherton stood before them. "Frank!" Emily faintly articulated, and fell senseless on the floor.

"False girl! Well may a sense of your treachery overcome you," he exclaimed, while he could not forbear raising the lifeless being in his arms.

Those cruel words restored her to consciousness. She gazed on him wildly.

"Treachery! What mean you?"

"Did you not promise to be mine? To trust me until convinced of my unworthiness? And have you not given your hand to another? Tell me truly! Trifle not with me! Are you not married?"

"Oh! no. Believe me I am not. I am true to you as ever!" she answered in tones that carried at once conviction to his heart.

"Then I have been deceived! Oh! blessed reality, you are my own devoted one still!"

And he pressed her to his bosom with rapturous delight.

Emily was the first to break the thrilling pause.

"Dear Frank, what induced you to think I was married?"

"It was the first news I heard on my arrival, and even then I would not believe it till I saw your name in the paper."

"Oh!" said she smiling, "the mystery is explained. It was Emily Lueretia Howard, a distant connexion of ours. Through some mistake or inadvertency, the middle name was left out, and that has occasioned us all this trouble."

"I thought so all the time," said Mr. Howard, who with his wife had been silent spectators of the scene, "but concluded I would let you clear up your own difficulties. So Emily has been engaged to you all this length of time, and never told us. Well, I did not think it possible for a woman to keep a secret so long."

"There is no necessity for concealing it any longer," replied Atherton gaily. "I have come to claim the hand of this dear girl. We have loved long and devotedly. I wait now for your and Mrs. Howard's consent."

"It is freely given," they answered in one voice. Then turning to Emily, and imprinting a kiss on her lips—

"I suppose you have no objections?"

She raised her eyes sparkling with returning gladness, a blush suffusing her countenance, and faintly whispered—

"Have I not lived only for thee? Am I not truly thine own?"

"Really," said Mrs. Howard, turning to her husband, "could you have thought that our daughter, who always appeared so pure and free from guile, would have been guilty of practising such gross deception? Positively, I have a great mind to be heartily displeased with her."

"Forgive me, dear mother—forgive me," interrupted Emily, throwing her arms round her neck—"I never, never will deceive you again. You will trust me, won't you?"

"Well, I suppose I must," said Mrs. Howard smiling proudly.

The day soon arrived which saw these two devoted ones united. Happiness once more shed its brightest rays upon them. "Hope had changed to glad fruition." And as they recounted over all their past troubles and difficulties, they were more than counterbalanced by the realization of their fondest anticipations.

Mercy and goodness surrounded them, and to the service of that Being who had bestowed on them such unmerited blessings, they dedicated the remainder of their days.

While faithful in the performance of every duty, and zealous in every good word and work, they sought for that happiness which never ends, and for a "crown of glory which fadeth not away."

"Many a green isle there needs must be
In the deep, wide sea of misery."

EARTH'S BEAUTIES.

BY HIRAM KELSEY.

Oh! yes, 'tis very beautiful,
This gay, glad earth of ours;
With its mountain, plain and woodland,
Its streamlets and its flowers.
While the birds are ever singing
Their wild notes rich and rare;
And balmy Spring is flinging
Sweetest fragrance on the air.

In the freshness of the morning,
We have seen the pearly dew
Glance in enchanting brightness,
With the rainbow's every hue:
'Till rose-buds open brightly
Their hearts to morn's embrace;
And our bosoms beat as lightly,
In our young and joyous race.

We trace the gentle leaflets,
In their garb of forest green
In dalliance with the zephyrs
Waving in the Summer's sheen.
'Till blossoms, through them peeping,
Unroll their folds of white,
Like bright stars sweetly sleeping
On the darksome brow of night.

Or when sunset, with its fringes
Of bright and burnished gold,
Its broad and glittering banner
Shall athwart the west unfold.
Then the mountain, high and hoary,
Is bathed in mellow light,
And the earth is clad in glory
Ere it sinks into the night.

And the jeweled arch of Heaven
Breath with a trembling ray,
As the stars come forth together
To hail the closing day.
And each gem that softly trembles
Upon the darkling lea,
In its quivering light resembles
Beacons gleaming o'er the sea.

Oh! the earth is very beautiful!
I love its every form,
The field, the mount, the ocean,
In the sunshine or the storm.
And never from my bosom
Shall its beauties all depart,
But, glowing like a blossom,
Ever dwell within my heart.

THE THREE ROSE-BUDS.

BY ANNE WHARTON.

"Thou art a symbol and a sign
To mortals by their fate and force."
BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

COUSIN AGNES.

It was the morning of a bridal, and the fair bride, with her two cousins, stood in a richly furnished apartment. How beautiful they were in their young loveliness! Peerless among their sex, the whole shire could not furnish three so transcendantly lovely: and hence they were rarely spoken off separately, but generally described as the three rose-buds.

Suddenly one of the bridesmaids turned and addressed the youngest of the group.

"Where are you, my bud of the South? what are you doing, my violet eyed cousin? I sent you an hour since to gather flowers for the bride, and here you are, pinching up your white glove, and looking as demure as a novice on the first day of trial:—don't you hear, child, what are you looking so dignified about?—nay, is it offended? I meant nothing, truly, my lady Laura, so unbend a little, prithee, and haste, or the gallants will be here ere our roses are tied."

"Pray, cousin Margaret," said the gentle bride, "weary her not; she has been busy all the morning, very busy in the garden; I saw her from the windows of my dear old dressing-room, which I shall never——"

"Oh, tremble, do, and sigh, sweet Agnes!" laughed the gay Margaret, "thou wouldst have us believe, thou grieveest mightily, and thy spirit is sorely vexed, at leaving these old pepper-box turrets, and that most sociable rookery, for the lofty saloons, and delicious pleasure grounds of Woodville; particularly, as the owner is so very, *very* disagreeable, so exceedingly awkward, so peculiarly deficient in all that might attract a lady's eye, so——"

"Oh, Margaret, do not jest—indeed, indeed I am sorry, I *do* grieve, at the thoughts of leaving my own, *own* home forever. Well, as I loved," (and the fair Agnes blushed,) "Spencer is but yet a stranger."

"Oh, good angels preserve us!—the man she is going to marry, is a stranger, and she has been betrothed to him for five years, with the small familiarity of seeing him every day, for two!—Why, honey cousin, and thou shouldst repent, I would have him myself, without caring either for rookery, or nursery, though I have known him but for six weeks. How slow thou art to become acquainted!—now when thou goest to

thy new mansion, I warrant me, thou wilt enter, all chill, and stately, and with fan in hand."

"Nay, nay, Margaret, I shall never be ready, if you talk so incessantly."

"Oh, pardon, you really are a little in haste then—you do want to wear the name of Spencer."

"Oh, Margaret, do clasp my bracelet, and cease."

"Yes, yes, I will now, since I have put life in you. But where is that little chit, Laura? what womanly airs the baby assumes, and she is but fifteen; looking down, and moving slowly, and playing off queenly graces, and braiding her hair so smoothly, instead of being a romping, thoughtless, curl-pated thing, as I used to be."

"Here are the flowers," said the subject of Margaret's remarks, softly gliding past, and laying down a few choice and tastefully outlled roses, jessamines, and orange blossoms.

"Bless me, child, how you startle me!—how quietly you come! Why did you bring so few? there should be loads, and loads, to choose among."

"These are chosen, cousin Margaret."

"So I perceive, lady Laura—and very miserly chosen too. Here are the orange flowers for your hair, dearest, but there is not enough of jessamine, and only *one* white rose—a great beauty, certainly; but only one, and nothing else worth speaking of; but my troth, fair Laura, thou art lazy this morning."

"I will not wear the jessamine bouquet, Margaret," said Agnes, "Roland does not like jessamine."

"Then here are more orange flowers, a red moss-rose."

"Is red suitable for a bride?" asked Laura, with quickness.

"Yes, truly—dost doubt it? hast been thinking on thy coming fate, and what attire thou shalt wear some seven years hence?"

"No, cousin Margaret, I shall never marry."

"Oh, never, child—I knew it—but there is a strange light in that dark eye, tells another tale."

Laura turned away—and the now decorated bride, while arraying her veil, lifted up the white rose, fragrant, and still heavy with dew, and begged her cousin to place it properly in the folds of her dress.

"If you must wear it, though I don't like a white rose, place it just here, where the breast knot will fasten it; but it is quite wet."

"Oh, don't shake it, Margaret—the dew will keep it fresh—Roland loves white roses."

"So it would seem, sweet cousin, for in faith, thou lookest like one this morning, so pale thou art. But, Laura, I have no flowers, you have

torn up the jessamines, and how can I wait for more—go child.”

“I shall not go again,” said Laura, sullenly seating herself in a lounging chair, and glancing up with a determined look—“there comes Giulio, send him if you choose.”

“Very civil, perfectly and essentially polite!—how pleasant you are!—so pretty, pettish, and pert.”

“Oh, cousin Margaret, do not mind her!—here they are come to call us. We are ready, dear father—yes, yes—come, cousin—sweet—come, Laura.”

And away went the bride with her attendants to the drawing-room, where the bridegroom and guests awaited them; and after a few kind greetings were interchanged with the relatives, all proceeded to the little church near Lacy Court. There the old rector, who had blessed the fair head of Agnes in baptism, united his gentle pet and pupil, to the rich, the handsome, the high-born, and noble-hearted Lord Roland Spencer.

And all is over—the bells have rung out their joyous peals, the last flowers are strewn—the last loud blessings and rejoicings of the villagers crowding around the church-yard gates, are silenced. The fair bride and gallant bridegroom, with a long train of admiring friends, have returned to grace the banquet, as was the custom when a marriage was solemnized in the family of Lacy Court. Bright and beautiful were the eyes—merry the frequent laugh—and happy, at least *seemed* those around the festive board, excepting only, the one fair lily, whom all were congratulating, and to the felicity of whose future lot, many a sparkling cup was drained, in the exuberance of gaiety.

“Agnes,” said Margaret, suddenly observing her, “you look paler than you were in the morning—what ails you, dearest?”

“Oh, Margaret, I do not know—my head swims—my eyes are dim—I am sick—deadly sick—I am stifled—take me—take me away, dear cousin—take me to my own old room.”

Her head drooped on the shoulder of the affrighted bridesmaid, she struggled and gasped for breath—every one instantly crowded around to give assistance or offer advice, while Roland and her father lifted her as Margaret directed to a sofa near the window.

“Oh, go away, good friends, you are all too near,” exclaimed Margaret—“let us have air, more air for God’s sake—Anne, Anne, undo your mistress’s dress—go from about us, I pray—Roland have patience, she will be better soon—I know she will—and Laura, go away child, why will you hold that hateful rose so close to her mouth—don’t you see how she gasps. Oh,

g*

Roland, carry her to her room—uncle! dear uncle, be quiet!—she will soon be well.”

Thus did poor Margaret try to give a word of hope to each, while almost fainting herself with terror, at the strange appearance of her sweet cousin’s face—now distorted with inward convulsion, and then tinged with a whitish purple around the mouth and eyes, perfectly indicative of the struggle between life and death. But having at length succeeded in carrying her to her chamber, from the officious kindness of the bewildered and horror-stricken relations, she and Laura, with the father and Roland, hung over her couch, incapable of affording any relief, as the suffering seemed to arise from suffocation, and listening in breathless agony for the physician, who was expected every moment.

At length he came. One glance was sufficient—he turned to the old bereaved father, to the young despairing bridegroom, to the weeping Margaret, and last, to the pale, dark-eyed, anxious Laura; his look spoke plainly enough. The blow was struck, but what the disease, or what the cause, he could not divine—remedy he had none. He held her delicate wrist for a little while, another slight shudder passed through her smitten frame, and then, all was still—he laid down the fair hand, on her rich bridal dress, and silently turned away. Without a word, without a glance of consciousness to the beloved ones around, the spirit of the gentle Agnes had abandoned its fair tenement and departed to its native heaven.

Mourning was in the halls of Lacy Court again. The heart-broken father survived his last child, but a few short months; he was laid by her side in the vault of the little church, where so late, with a proud and glad heart, he had blessed his wedded daughter. His wealth was divided equally, between Margaret and Laura Lacy, with a request that they should live in the old mansion, until one should marry; she who remained single, was still to reside on the estate, as the park and court devolved to the last unmarried.

The two cousins were apparently satisfied with the arrangement for their mutual comfort; although the warmth and liveliness of Margaret’s temper, was very opposite to the almost stern placidity of Laura. But naturally affectionate and forgiving, Margaret seldom offended, without striving to make more than seasonable amends for her fault; and she never could retain displeasure for an hour, even if seriously injured. Very solitary was that little household. A few old servants stole noiselessly about, as if fearing to disturb the repose of their former masters. No visitors were admitted; and the two lonely

girls pursued their studies, or quiet amusements uninterrupted. Lord Roland Spencer left the country when he saw his first love laid in the cold and darksome grave; he went to travel, and long wandered through foreign lands—trusting that through change and time, he might forget the memory of her so early loved, so soon and strangely lost.

CHAPTER II.

COUSIN MARGARET.

"WHERE is your master, Giulio?"

"With the Signora Margareta, my lady Laura."

"But where, Giulio?"

"In the laurel shrubbery, my lady."

"Tell your mother to come to me, Giulio."

"Si, Signora mia."

The boy threw one bright look on the fair lady, and swiftly retired; while she turned to the window, and parting the shining chesnut curls on her forehead, with her tiny, white, jeweled fingers, leaned out, as if courting the last sweet sighs of the fragrant evening zephyrs. Her thoughts were not too pleasant, though gazing on the lawn slopes, the green deep coverts, and solemn ancient woods of the wide and noble park, of which she was soon to be sole mistress.

"What is all to me!" she murmured, "why should flowers blow, and waters sparkle, and broad trees spread their branches, and velvet grass court my feet to press it, why should the sun shine in his blessed brightness, why the stars glow as they do now, to my solitary eyes—is there one on the wide earth, to whom I can say, how beautiful is this our world?—is there one, who would for a moment listen to me, with that devotion, which alone would be acceptable?—an orphan, almost from my birth, no brother, no sister, no kindred tie of blood, no nearer bond of affection—oh, better to be that peasant girl tripping so light-heartedly to her little cheerful hut, with kind looks, and loving words, to welcome her, than live as I do, an unloved, solitary thing, shunned, and feared, and perchance, contemned, by those on whom I have some slight claim, at least, if nothing more."

"My child," said an old Italian woman, entering the apartment, "did you send for me?"

"Yes, nurse, yes—sit down here, Dianora—sit beside me here, nurse—my heart is very sad—oh, I have a weary time—I wish it were over!"

"*Pazienza cara*—it will soon pass away—they will leave you to-morrow, and we shall have peace then, I hope—would *milord* had never returned, thou hast looked woefully ever since!"

"Ah, Dianora, is it not strange he should have

forgotten Agnes so very soon—in two years? This is man's love, nurse—and for Margaret—so different from that fair lily, his first love, and I thought first loves last so long."

"Not always, *dolce mia*, not always. But the lady Margaret is a wild fancy—that is true—so large, and so gay, and such saucy eyes, and black, coarse hair; and dark, aye, dark as e'er a contadina among us all; more fit to be bride to a bold shepherd of the Abbruzzi, than to queen it in the palace halls of Woodville."

"Roland thinks not so, good nurse; and were it not, that for a time, I must stay in this cold England, I would scorn to witness joys which I can neither understand nor share. We will return some time to our own dear Naples, nurse—ah, I am sorry I had an English father—why did they send for me, those chilly, frozen relations, from my own warm, loving-hearted country, to breathe their misty air, and look at their unfeeling faces? Nurse, my abhorrence of them increases every day;" and bitter was the scorn on that red, rich lip, as she fixed her dark violet eyes on the old woman, whose withered lineaments expressed as deep a detestation as her lady's.

"Let us not hate them without cause, *figlia mia*. Knowest not, we may forgive those who injure us, but never those whom we have injured. Laura Cara, they have injured thee—she has, and she knows it—and she shall learn what it is to hate the child, aye, even the foster child of a Calabrian peasant."

"Oh, Dianora, I think not that Margaret would have wronged me; she never suspected I cared for him, no indeed—he heeded me not—he thought me strange, and shy, and unformed, and too young—she told me so, she advised me to be less reserved."

"And why should she advise, prithee?—what was it to her, bold lady?—how dared she talk to the signora of your faults, as she called them; has not Giulio told me, how his blood boiled, when he has heard them laughing at your airs, as they were pleased to style your proper reserve?"

"Nay, nay, nurse, did Giulio say that Roland laughed at me?—at what, what, nurse, what?" she vehemently demanded.

"At everything, *Cara*—at your manner, and your words, and your tastes, and, no—no—not at your beauty—that, I defy them. Giulio said, *milord* did tell the Signora Margareta, you were the most perfect of all beings he had ever seen, but you were only a beautiful statue. Giulio told me this to-day, when I coaxed all I could from him; for he likes his master, and he never could have been angry about anything but you;

but he loves not the signora. Aye, aye—no perfumes—no flowers—the clear drops, the *cordial* that will do;” muttered the old woman, suddenly lowering her voice, and communing with herself, while Laura, with pale cheek and flashing eye, had passed to the window, but observing figures advancing across the lawn, she turned, saying—

“They are coming in, nurse—order lights—tell the housekeeper to let the supper be small, but exquisite; our guests go to-morrow—this is the last of their honeymoon.”

And Laura was alone in the old court. Roland with his happy bride tried to prevail on her to go to Woodville; she would not; she preferred solitude, and as the distance was not great, she hoped to hear from them frequently.

One winter’s eve, a hasty messenger rode up the long avenue of elms, and heedless of the astonished servants, hurried through the house to lady Laura’s drawing-room; he tapped lightly and entered.

“Giulio,” she exclaimed, “what brought you here? at this hour too? What ails you, Giulio?”

He smiled bitterly—“my mother’s medicine has done its work, lady. You have both wronged me. I was foolish, but not a villain. She told me, a wise man in our own country gave her drops, which, if secretly administered, would relieve pain, and preserve life. The signora, *miladi* Margareta, was kind to me, very kind—she was ill—and *milord* was grieving night and day. I poured the drops in her drink, I blessed them, I prayed they might procure rest—and *they did*—she is dead—her young son is dead—*milord* is childless, and wifeless—I knew you loved him, you can have him now—but will he ever love *you*, as the foolish and aspiring boy has done, whom you have betrayed to ruin?”

CHAPTER III.

COUSIN LAURA.

It was a large, and dimly lighted saloon—curtains of green velvet hung heavily over the lofty windows—mirrors in silver and ebony frames, gleamed with the faint illuminings of pale alabaster lamps—a dull, melancholy fire threw a flickering, reddish glare, now and then, over the dark, but gorgeous flowers of the Persian carpet: on a couch in a recess, lay a slender form wrapt in a white robe, and a tall man in deep mourning strode through the apartment, fitfully pausing before some of the portraits, that seemed in the uncertain light to smile from the walls, with unearthly lips.

“Mine is a miserable lot!” he said.

“Roland! what then is mine?”

“Ah, I know not—I know not! You are not

like others—if you do feel the agony of this visitation, you conceal it well. Your love for me, I doubt not—and yet—and yet—there is a bitterness even in that love, which has often made me shudder. Laura, what your hate would be I cannot know, but with all your apparent tenderness, there is that about you, which freezes the blood in my veins.”

“Aye,” she said, raising herself with wild, dilated eye, and flinging back her dark, uncured hair from her pale, stern brow, “’tis well, I should understand you at last—’tis well, that now, now, when as a mother mourning for her only child, some little kindness, some small touch of human mercy should be conceded to her, ’tis lovingly done indeed, to lay bare your feelings toward me.”

“Oh, Laura, reproach me not—I have been too facile, too easily won by a belief that the love of woman was to make me happy, and now, where is it all?—for you, I have forgotten two, about whom there was no disguise, no shadow on their innocent brows, no reserve in their devoted hearts—do I not remember, how even when we were first married, I was often startled by the haughty glances frequently cast on me when you believed I saw you not—why did you accept of me, if you despised me? But why, *why* did I join my fate with another of the unfortunate three? Speak not, answer not; there is a curse upon us. Why should our days be miserable, as they are—why have we not confidence in each other—why should every hope be destroyed in my heart? I can imagine no reason for this; I see nothing, I know nothing. Our child, our bright, our pretty one, the seeming tie between earth and heaven, the golden link of my existence, is taken from us; we could not be worthy of him, and though you weep, those tears are not like a mother’s sorrow. My brain burns, Laura. Laura, I often think in the long, dark night, I am united to a demon, who mocks at my sufferings, who holds a cup of sweetness to my lips, which when tasted, proves to be poison. Start not, fear me not—I am not mad yet—but we are wrapt as in a pall—there is a spell and a mystery around us.” He folded his arms, and stood with a wild look, gazing on the shrinking creature before him.

“Say no more, Roland!—I have borne with you long enough—we now have no common tie to bind us—let us part; how I *have* loved you, you will never know, nor what that insane love has cost me; ’tis well to be thus requited; our child is gone—perchance we shall meet in heaven, but on earth, there is no more happiness for me.”

“How mean you, Laura? Leave me? Oh, no—we cannot part, no, no—though in wretch-

edness, we must live together; why can I not read your heart, Laura?"

As he paused, a servant entered and presented a packet to his lord, who retired to peruse it; and the man informed his lady, a person in a foreign garb desired to see her, she ordered him to be shown in, and raised herself to see him.

Presently a man of middle size, with a cloak folded around him, stood before her; he bowed very low; his face was extremely pale, his hair dark and streaming in long curls over his forehead and neck. Laura looked at him steadily, but he spoke not, at length she recognized him.

"Giulio, is it you? Why are you here, Giulio?—whence did you come?—how is your mother, shall I see her again, Giulio?"

"Not in this world, lady—she died some weeks ago, in her own village. I have no one now to care for, and I come to England, to deliver some papers, and bid you a last farewell. I am going to enter a monastery, and before leaving the world, I longed to say a few words to you."

"What have you to say?"

"Lady Laura, I have to say to you, repent, and confess! Your crimes are heavy on your soul—the day of retribution *will* come—seek for mercy before it is too late. Your years are young, but an early death is traced on that blue veined brow. You have ventured all to gratify sinful passions—you have eaten the bitter fruit of remorse. I know it—and here I pray for you, for your own soul's sake, to humble yourself before the Great Judge of the Universe."

"Insolent! how dare you talk in this manner to me? Leave me, sir, I receive not advice from my servants."

"Lady, when you committed crime, you became the equal of those who were your instruments in the deeds of evil. A foolish, mad love once consumed me; but it is long, long past. You may consider it an insult that I presume to tell you so, but I think it not; we must all meet before the Great Tribunal, and receive our allotted doom. I have been guilty through *your* means, and for *your* sake; where is, then, the difference between us? I have come to you from afar, to charge you with the evil you have done; to beseech you to think of the dread hereafter; to tell you your obstinacy will now avail you not; my mother, on her death-bed, confessed all, and I have brought, and delivered her dying declaration to your husband; by this time he knows how foul is the beautiful being he has cherished in his bosom."

"Man," said Laura, slowly rising, her long white robes falling in massive, marble-like folds

around her, her brow knit, but calm, her eyes burning with the steady light of unalterable scorn and disgust. "Man, I have expected this; I was prepared for it; I am not dismayed; no, though you should assist in leading this slight body to pay the penalty of the violated law. It is just my punishment should come from such hands; but I scorn you—I despise you—I loathe you, for your meanness in bringing this evidence of my folly or crime to my husband, with the poor excuse, that you wish to turn *me* to repentance. I know you—it is because I treated your base attachment as it deserved, with contempt; because I spurned the worm that would dare crawl toward me with its nauseous presumption. But think you not, you have struck one cord of my heart; think not, you can wound me now, by a display of my wickedness to *his* eyes. Come in, come in, my lord," (as with the crouching step of a heart-broken, despairing man, Spencer appeared at a distant door,) "I see you there, haggard, and shivering with horror, at the wife, kind heaven hath bestowed on you. Aye, come forward, let me look at ye both; there is your page, Giulio, who poisoned the lady Margaret unwillingly, to leave her place for me. I reproach him not, that his own mother made me what I am; that she placed her perfumed roses in my hand for the gentle Agnes, and taught me to crush the reptile in my path, who dared to cross it. But it is not repentance, not remorse, not the sacrifice of a smitten heart, that brings him here to tell this tale. No, he thought I had found an Eden, and he would destroy my Paradise, because he had dared to love me, and was despised. And yet, good Giulio, you have done me no harm. I have had my reward long ago; from ever I obtained my object, from ever I became your bride, Roland, I saw that I had but the shadow of your love, the reality was gone; therefore, I changed toward you. I knew my doom; my heart was filled with gall; I hated you, more than I had ever loved you."

"Joy, joy!" exclaimed Giulio, throwing up his clasped hands, and dashing his wild curls from his forehead, "you hated him! your love was not another's long; oh, well, oh very, very well! oh, joy for me, Laura, beautiful Laura, I adored you always, I adore you now; by night, and by day, I thought of you, clinging around him, and smiling, and whispering love words, and clasping him in your white arms; and I forced the priest to write my mother's confession, that I might separate you; but it is done, it *was* done before. You have not been blest, wretched, desolate, as I am."

"Slave," said the outraged husband, "be-

gone! I see your baseness—instantly depart, or you shall be delivered up to justice.”

“My lord, pardon me, I am wild, miserable, despairing—but, oh, pardon me, for you were ever kind, and deserved a better fate; let me entreat——”

“Begone, I tell you; I cannot promise forbearance! this is a horrible dream—horrible—horrible—and then my child—oh, God, not my child, Laura! did you destroy our child? Laura, Laura, answer me!”

“I shall answer no more; think what you will, and now look on me—this is the last time you shall ever behold me—farewell.”

She suddenly retired through a door in the recess. She sent away her women who attended her in her apartments; she refused entrance to all; that night she was alone. On the morrow, she was found half reclining on the pillows of her bed, her beautiful arm supporting her head; her rich hair falling over her fair neck, and her face so calm, so composed, that until her maids attempted to awaken her, they knew not their lady was in the long sleep of death.

Lord Roland Spencer was the last of his race; he lived many years a hermit's life, in the solitary shades and lonely halls of Woodville. Two monuments in the parish church, record the names of the two last brides of Spencer. One of pure white marble, with graven praises of the kind-hearted, honorable Margaret; the other, at the lower end of the aisle, is a broad black slab, bearing only “Laura” on its ebon surface.

A PRAYER FOR DEATH.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

OH! Heavenly Father! let me die!

Life's sordid cares my spirit fret—
Beneath the cold turf let me lie,
And grief forget;

My soul is longing for its birth
Of deathless immortality—

It fain would leave this cold, dull earth,
Then let me die!

This world is beautiful! Above,
The circling spheres their orbits fill;
And Light and Life display thy love,
Thy power, thy skill:

A seal of beauty thou hast set
On this broad earth—on yonder sky;
The air is full of life, and yet,
Oh! God! to die!

For I have lived full long on earth—
Have shared alike Life's smiles and tears,
'Till I have felt how little worth
Its hopes, its fears;

And wearied with this weight of cares—

Life's fitful joys, scarce worth the name,
Its thousand ills, its thorny snares,
Its hollow Fame—

I fain would die: ere I have lost
All Faith—all Hope—all Love—all Trust;
Nor live, youth's fondest wishes cross'd,
Its loved ones just:

Let me not lose, yet still live on,
All it were worth to live for here;
Oh! let me die, ere all is gone
That made life dear!

For what is Earth, that we should cling
To this poor boon of mortal life?

Joy thus to furl the spirit's wing
Mid storm and strife?

What are the ties which bind us to
A world whose joys are but a name?
Ambition, Friendship, Love, untrue
Wealth, Power, and Fame!

I've set my heart upon them all,
And some, in seeming, have been mine;
But gained, how soon the pleasures pall
For which we pine!

Change still is writ on all we know,
Deceit lies hid in all we view,
The world itself is but a show
Of truth—untrue!

Ambition!—'tis a splendid cheat,
Dazzling the dream till it be past;
Friendship!—nurse well the dear deceit
While it may last!

For Love—'tis as the changeful tide,
The April sky, the shifting scene;
A broken staff, to pierce the side
Would on it lean!

Wealth!—to the high, immortal mind,
That feels itself a deathless thing—
Can dross, the wealth of either Ind,
Contentment bring?

Power!—what power may cope with death,
Or wrest from him of life one day?
And Fame—it is the fleeting breath
Winds blow away!

One only joy my spirit tastes—
In sweet affection still I've found
A bright oasis in the wastes
Life's paths surround:

Yet seeks my heart a resting place,
Each cherished object from it flies,
Or if it yield to the embrace,
Straight droops and dies.

Then let me die, while yet is left
Some one to weep upon my bier;
Let me not live till quite bereft
Of all that's dear:

While yet is something left me here—
Some loved one still to close mine eye—
While holds Earth yet one object dear,
Oh! let me die!

THE PRIMA DONNA.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, there is a lovely little village, nestled among the green hills. It is many a long year since we visited it, but the memory of its sweet, rural beauty is still fresh in our minds; and often, in fancy, we recall the picturesque mill, the sylvan shores of the pond, and the white church amid its feathery elms.

It was in this village that a widow lady, who had once known better days, came to reside with an only daughter. All that was known of Mrs. Stacy was that her husband had once been a wealthy merchant, but having by the fraud of others become bankrupt, he had died broken-hearted. A little property, which was settled on Mrs. Stacy before her marriage, was all that remained for her support and that of her daughter; and accordingly she resolved on removing to Lousdale, where her scanty income would afford her at least the necessaries of life.

Her daughter was at this time a mere child, and not remarkable for beauty, except her magnificent hair and dark eyes. Indeed Isabel Stacy might be called plain. But, even as a child, she was distinguished for extraordinary sensitiveness, and, at times, her young face lit up with enthusiasm until it seemed magnificently beautiful. But her greatest charm was in her voice. This, for power and sweetness, has rarely been surpassed. To hear her warbling some touching ballad, her fine eyes sparkling with the interest of her subject, one might almost suppose her an angel, imprisoned in a tenement of clay.

The village school, at that day, knew no distinctions of rank. The children of the rich and poor alike frequented it. Isabel Stacy, the widow's daughter, sat on the next bench to Harry Stuyvesant, the heir of the wealthiest landholder in seven counties. Harry was four years her senior: a bold, frank boy, full of mischief, but tender of heart; and taking a fancy to Isabel, who was very generally neglected, he soon came to be her protector, and the confidant of all her little troubles. No place is so thoroughly radical in its notions of equality as a country school, and Harry, as the son of a rich man, had many prejudices against himself to overcome; while Isabel, shy and retiring, and not remarkable for beauty, was equally no favorite. It was this similarity of position, perhaps, that first drew the children together. But

Harry could fight his way into respect, and so, at last, he became a sort of leader among his mates. Isabel too, in consequence of being his favorite, was no longer annoyed as she had been. No wonder, that, even as a child, she came to love her protector!

Thus things were until Harry was sent to a city school: and poor Isabel cried herself to sleep the night they parted. The young heir suffered nearly as much as herself, but he thought it unmanly to shed tears: so, whispering many a promise that he would think of her often, he tore himself stoically away. Nor did he forget his promise. Every few weeks some little present, purchased by his pocket money, came to remind Isabel of her boyish lover; and, in the vacations, her mother's house was always the first and last place at which he called.

At first his parents had laughed at this intimacy as a childish whim, but as the young heir grew up toward manhood, they began to feel some alarm. Harry had now taken his degree. Isabel would soon begin to think herself a woman. Even now she was scarcely the girl any longer; she was tall of her age, and remarkably lady-like in manner. But it was not Mr. Stuyvesant's intention that his only son should marry a poor orphan, however accomplished or worthy she might be; and he resolved accordingly to put an end to what he called a childish flirtation, by sending his heir abroad.

The news was a thunderbolt to Harry. He had now begun to understand the true nature of his sentiments toward Isabel. He knew that he loved her, and he believed his affection was returned. During the last year of his college studies he had not been home even in the vacations; but when he did return, how much was he astonished to find her whom he left a child, now grown up so graceful and womanly. Her blush on meeting him, the half withdrawal of her hand, though at first they annoyed Harry, ended in revealing to him the nature of his passion, and the probability of its return. Her voice too had improved in power and cultivation; and Harry, who was passionately fond of music, hung entranced while she sang. It was then that he resolved to marry her. Accordingly when his father announced his intention of sending our hero abroad, he was utterly confounded; but, recovering his courage, he boldly and frankly told the state of his affections, and solicited permission to remain at home, and marry Isabel when he came of age.

Never had Harry seen his father in such wrath as on this occasion.

"What! marry that beggarly creature," said the old man, white with rage. "I would sooner

see you in your coffin. You disgrace yourself and insult me by the proposal."

In vain Harry expostulated, in vain he begged: his father was inexorable.

"If you disobey me, young man," said Mr. Stuyvesant, "I will make a beggar of you. You shall not have a cent of mine, if you are starving. I give you till to-morrow to decide."

There was a terrible struggle in Harry's mind; he concluded it by going to Isabel to offer her his hand, if she would consent to wait until he could carve out a fortune for himself. Isabel heard him in tears, but hers was a proud nature, and she shrank from an alliance where she knew she would be despised by her husband's family. She therefore implored her lover to yield to his father's wishes.

"Better times may come," she said. "Go, and heaven bless you."

"But he never will consent: there can be no better time than now."

"Then we can still love each other as brother and sister."

But Harry would not listen to this. He besought her to give him a positive consent: he declared he would not leave her until she engaged herself to him; and when she still evaded this he grew angry. But Isabel was firm. She would not do wrong, even for him she loved.

"He may change," she thought, "and regret his promise. No, I will not bind him by a vow. They shall never say that Isabel Stacy forced herself into a family where she was not desired."

But when Harry impetuously left her in a rage, she rushed to her little bed-room and wept as if her heart would break.

CHAPTER II.

AND Harry Stuyvesant had gone, gone without returning to part with Isabel, gone in anger for three years, perhaps forever! Yet Isabel chided herself for regretting that it was so. She felt that she had done right, then why should she wish the result otherwise? If Harry had come again, he would only have repeated his mad offer. Fate had stepped in between them: they could never be united. It was better, therefore, that he should go in anger and learn to forget her, than nourish a passion which would work his ruin and anger his parent.

"Let me be the only one to suffer," said Isabel tearfully. "I will still be true to him, for alas! I can never love again; but he—may he be happy!—and when wedded to some richer wife enjoy the peace forever shut out from me."

Yet, in spite of these virtuous and noble resolutions, there were times when a pang shot

through Isabel's heart at the studied neglect of Harry. He had remained in New York a week before he sailed, she heard, and in that time his anger should have cooled, and he have seen his injustice toward her, yet not a line did he write, not a message of any kind did he send. Neither, when he reached Europe, did he remember her. Letters came for others, who were only acquaintances, and presents also: but nothing for Isabel. She alone was forgotten.

"He is still angry at me," she murmured, "but oh! how unjustly. This hour I would give my life to make him happy. Cruel, cruel Stuyvesant."

The health of Isabel began to fail. She lost her appetite, and inclination for company, and cared only for long and solitary walks, from which she came back as dejected as before she went. The truth was she had imposed on herself a task greater than she could bear. With her whole soul she loved the young heir. It was a first love too. She had no confidant in her trouble either, for she knew how it would mortify her mother that she had been rejected even by Mr. Stuyvesant, for Mrs. Stacy had been once the darling of wealth, and felt acutely all the mortifications of her reduced condition. The sorrow of the young girl preyed in secret on her own bosom. In the struggle between love and duty her life was slowly giving way.

Perhaps Isabel would have sunk into the grave, like many a poor victim before her, but for an occurrence which, by demanding all her energies, forcibly withdrew her from the contemplation of her griefs. Her mother suddenly fell ill. A fatal disease had seized on her, and though the physicians long flattered her with hopes, death at last claimed her for his own. During the long and weary months that her mother lay suffering, every faculty of Isabel was demanded to cheer and assist the invalid. From no other hand would she take her medicine, no other was permitted to smooth her pillow. Day and night Isabel watched at her mother's bed-side. Such constant attendance paled her cheek and dimmed the lustre of her eye. But this sickness of her mother saved her life. By calling on her to exert all her energies it roused her from the state of melancholy into which she was falling, and taught her that there were other ills in life, to be sternly met and overcome. God grant, reader, that you may never be taught the same lesson in a like way.

The day before Mrs. Stacy died, she addressed her daughter.

"Isabel, my dear," she said, "I see that something has been weighing on your mind;

but I have forbore from asking it until now, for I knew your feelings shrunk from telling me. But I have long guessed the truth. You love young Mr. Stuyvesant!"

Isabel, thus unexpectedly assailed, could only sob an affirmative. Her mother continued.

"And he loves you, but his father refuses his consent. I have long seen it all. You parted too in anger, else Harry would have sent you some message. I can fancy how my noble girl has acted. You refused to marry without Mr. Stuyvesant was willing to accept you as his daughter-in-law."

Isabel still weeping, nodded an assent.

"And you did right," continued the invalid. "Bless God, my child thinks more of duty than of love. You did right, my child, but I say so not from motives of worldly pride—that is no feeling for a death-bed—but because no marriage can be happy which begins by disobedience to parents. Mr. Stuyvesant's reasons are worldly and improper, but he is still Harry's parent: and though your lover might now think none the less of you for consenting, the time would come when he would look with regret on such conduct, and when, perhaps, he would cease to love you altogether as one who took advantage of a boyish fancy to lure him into marriage. Believe me, if Harry loved you as he ought, he would never have deserted you. Nor would heaven either. If faithful to each other, Providence, when least expected, would have interposed for your aid. Never, my child, however dark your apparent lot, lose your trust in God. Look up to him and do right, confident that he will make all well in the end."

"I will—I will, dear mother!" sobbed Isabel.

"Then I can die in peace," said the invalid. "I feel my last hour is approaching, but I go contented, for I know you will do right, come what will. You have struggled nobly. It is no easy thing to give up the cherished object of a first affection—to renounce wealth—to brave the orphan's lot in poverty; but you have done so, and though I leave you alone, I feel that God will be your friend. Keep firm to the right, dear Isabel; and I will hover around and bless you even when my earthly body is here no longer."

When the sods had closed over her mother's grave, and Isabel felt how utterly alone she now was in the world, there was one consolation that cheered her even in her deepest sorrow:—it was that her mother had approved her self-denying sacrifice, and the thought nerved her to new efforts to do her duty and submit to the will of heaven.

But her cup of sorrow was not yet full.

Scarcely had her mother been laid in the grave, before the startling intelligence reached Isabel that the little property, which hitherto had supported them, was lost through the perfidy of the trustee. Our heroine was now a beggar.

Still she did not despair. After the first moments of stunning agony were over, she set herself to discover a means of livelihood. No occupation appeared attainable but that of a governess. She knew the slights to which, in this pursuit, she would probably have to be subjected; but she had no choice: and as soon as, by the sale of the furniture, she had paid off her mother's debts, she started for the city. It was not without many tears that she left Lonsdale, for she still had secretly indulged a wild dream that her lover would some day return, and obtain his father's consent. It was this lingering hope that had supported her through her many trials. But even this had now to be abandoned. She was going away, whither she knew not, and even if Harry, on his return, wished to seek her out, she would be lost in her obscurity. There was no friend in the village to whom she could confide her secret; and even those who now expressed sympathy for her would, in a year, have forgotten all about her.

Tears blinded her eyes as the coach, in which fortunately she was the only passenger, drove from the village.

"Farewell," she said, "farewell forever! Those dear shades, those familiar walks where we have strayed together, alas! I shall see you no more. And then, oh! my mother, even to thy grave I must bid farewell. I am homeless and friendless. God protect me!"

CHAPTER III.

MORE eloquent pens than our own have depicted the forlorn condition of a young female, who, without friends or means, is called on to buffet with the world. Isabel Stacy was not more successful than hundreds of others who have almost died broken-hearted in the struggle with adverse fate. Alone in a strange city, everybody looked on her with suspicion. The cold contempt of some, the insolent distrust of others were her daily portion. But at length, when her funds were entirely exhausted she obtained a situation as governess, and here she remained for many a weary month, failing in health and prostrated in hope.

The mistress of the family was a vulgar and unlettered woman, full of pretence, cringing to superiors, and haughty to all beneath her in wealth and position. Her ambition was to figure in the best society. To obtain a card for the ball of the fashionable Mrs. B—, or to be

on the visting list of Mrs. W——, there was nothing to which she would not descend. In a thousand ways she endeavored to attract notice in the *beau monde*. Among others she was in the habit of giving music parties: and discovering Isabel's extraordinary musical powers, she made use of her on all such occasions in place of a hired singer.

To be forced to sing before strangers, and often when her heart was almost breaking with thoughts of the past, was torture to one constituted like Isabel, but she had no resource: the commands of her employer were imperative; and if our heroine lost her situation she knew not where to turn for another. Often, after a brilliant soiree, she would steal up to her little chamber at the top of the house, and spend half the night in tears.

Notwithstanding her resolution to believe that on leaving Lousdale, she had left behind every hope of her lover, the thought would sometimes intrude that he might still be faithful, and fate have yet in store for her happy days. But two years passed away without hearing from him; and then this dear but delusive dream was suddenly and rudely broken. What was her surprise, one day, to hear at the dinner table that Mr. Stuyvesant had been dead some months, and that his son had returned to America. She was further informed, as one who had no interest in it, for she had studiously concealed this portion of her history, that he was about to be married to a rich and beautiful southerner.

"He is now in town," said the mistress of the family, "and as he moves in the very highest circles, I think of getting up a music party and inviting him and his intended: for I was introduced to them at Mrs. B——'s this morning. Young Mr. Stuyvesant, they say, has one of the finest country seats in Pennsylvania."

Isabel heard this announcement with terror and sinking of heart. Her long and secretly cherished hopes were thus all dissipated. She trembled excessively, so that all noticed her agitation; but she accounted for it on the plea of sickness and excusing herself, left the room. Once alone she gave vent to her feelings.

"Oh!" she said, "had he but loved as I do, he never would have deserted me. But I will strive to conquer this feeling, which is now wicked and foolish. May he be happy with the one he has chosen."

Tears accompanied these words: she flung herself, dissolved by grief, on her bed.

"I cannot meet him," she groaned. "To sing before him as a hired musician, while he sits smiling on his bride—it is too much. I must fly this spot. But whither?"

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Time, however, brought a re-action to her feelings, and womanly pride came to the support of her lacerated heart. If she fled, her absence would be commented on; her lover would hear of it; and attributing it to the right cause, triumph anew in his perfidy.

"No, if it kills me," she said, "I will perform my part. He shall not see a muscle quiver, he shall not hear a single note tremble; I will be cold and resolved as a statue. He may sneer at my poverty and my position; but he shall not boast over my breaking heart."

Firm in this resolve Isabel lent herself, with an alacrity she had never shewn before, to the projected concert. Her delighted mistress declared she should personate Corinne, and be the Prima Donna of the occasion. Everything was arranged in keeping: suitable dresses were provided; and cards for a numerous party issued. It was to be the most brilliant affair of the winter.

Notwithstanding her resolution Isabel entered the room with a beating heart on the night of the performance. She was pale as monumental marble. Her black tresses were crowned with lilies; a simple robe of white adorned her person. In this costume, her magnificent eyes glittering with concealed emotion, she seemed the very personation of the gifted improvisatrice; and as the curtain drew up, the startled and delighted audience burst into applause.

It was not until she had begun to sing, and in part recovered her composure, that Isabel trusted herself to look around the room. She was not long in distinguishing her former lover, though travel and experience of the world had browned his cheek and given a graver, but more manly aspect to his brow. By his side sat one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, a fair, delicate girl; and Isabel no longer wondered that Stuyvesant loved her. A pang of jealousy shot through our heroine's heart, and she turned away. But not so Stuyvesant. He had started, when the curtain rose, as if a bolt had struck him, and still sat, as if spell-bound, gazing at the singer. Directly he rose from his chair, though all others remained silent, and began to move toward Isabel as if unconsciously. It was long before our heroine dared to look again in his direction, but when she did, what was her astonishment to see that he had left his seat and was gazing on her, not in scorn or triumph, but with wonder, delight and unabated affection depicted on every feature of his countenance. For the former had steeled herself; but for this she was not prepared. Everything seemed to reel around her; she forgot her part, the audience before her, all but that Stuyvesant was still there; and then she fainted.

That very evening Isabel's lover sat once more beside her, and, with her small hand in his, told the tale of his absence and apparent forgetfulness. Though angry at Isabel when he sailed, he had done justice to her nobleness of soul before he reached Europe, and his first act had been to write to her. That letter, and many subsequent ones had been surreptitiously kept back by his servant, employed, as Stuyvesant subsequently learned, by his father for that very purpose. On reaching home after his parent's decease, he had vainly endeavored to trace Isabel.

"And now, dearest," he said, "there is no longer any impediment to our love. Even my father, on his death-bed, repented what he had done and sanctioned our marriage. But you are agitated and need rest. To-morrow I will call early and bring my cousin with me, whom you must learn to love: you, perhaps, saw her beside me in the early part of the evening. I was accompanying her north, where she goes to her guardian's to be married to one of my old college mates."

"And you are not to be married to her after all!" said Isabel, blushing.

"Not while I can get this dear hand," was the reply. "I see rumor has been deceiving you too. But we will show the world that its gossip is not always right."

Isabel had friends enough, when it was known that she was to be married to the wealthy Mr. Stuyvesant; and no one was so ready to worship the rising sun as her old mistress. But our heroine knew how to value such professions of friendship, and though studiously civil, has never yet been wheedled into giving an invitation to Stuyvesant place.

In the parlor of that mansion is a picture from the pencil of Sully. It is a portrait of the lady of the house, simply attired as a PRIMA DONNA.

THE SICK LAD'S LAMENT.

BY M. SHIVELEY.

Am I to be suff'ring and lonely and sad,
While others are healthy and gay,
While Nature with music is cheerful and glad,
And children are sporting at play?

Am I to sink silently down to the grave,
Ere even my manhood has come?
Is naught in this beautiful world that can save
My body so frail from the tomb?

Oh! if thro' life's journey I nearly have run,
May I study submissive to say,
"Let the will of my father in heaven be done,
Tho' a worm of the dust pass away!"

A GHOST STORY.

BY MISS C. HANSON.

It was evening, but evening in Jamaica, that fair and luxurious southern isle. A fire composed of the fragrant rose and the brilliant torch-wood blazed from the large grate, for in the high lands even of that tropic Paradise, this was a luxury desirable in the cool evenings. The mahogany floors shone bright as a mirror. On the walls was a grotesque paper, having at regular distances represented a low cottage, the inhabitant of which, a bulky Dutchman, stood before the door. He was as high as his dwelling, and the pipe which he held in his hand was equally disproportioned, being nearly the size of his own body. Several pictures, of naval battles, in narrow gilt frames, adorned the apartment, at one end of which was a ponderous side-board, profusely covered with decanters and glasses, having at each corner a high candle shade, and an antiquated knife-box filled with spoons, knives and forks.

The occupants of this apartment were a young lady of considerable beauty, an elderly female apparently her mother, and a still more elderly man engaged in reading a newspaper.

"Did you hear that strange sound, last night, mamma?" said the younger female, suddenly addressing her companion, but speaking in a low tone.

"No, my love. Why?"

"I was awake about midnight," she said, looking doubtfully at the gentleman, "and I am sure I heard a person walking up and down the hall, next to our room."

"What is that you are saying, Constance, in such a low tone?" asked her uncle, looking up from his newspaper. "Something about strange noises in the night, eh! You've allowed your imagination to be affected by the stories told of this old house; now I won't have your visit spoiled in that way. Believe me, my dear, I have lived here many a year, and never yet saw a ghost."

"But I'm sure I heard some person walking along the little hall, at midnight. I was awake full an hour, and heard it as distinctly as I hear my own voice now."

"Fudge! All nonsense," said her uncle. "It was some one of the servants."

"But was not the house duly fastened?" said Mrs. Hartley, recollecting the superstition that her brother's house was haunted, and convinced from her daughter's serious air that she had actually heard the steps as related. "Nobody sleeps in the mansion but our personal servants

and old Adam, who is too sick to move. Eliza slept in our apartment. Did John repose in yours?"

It is the custom in Jamaica, as in our southern states, for a servant to sleep on the floor in his or her master's or mistress's apartment. These were the only servants who slept in Mr. Cameron's mansion, the rest being provided for in out-houses. Mr. Cameron mused a moment and said—

"It is certainly strange. John slept soundly in my room all night."

"And Eliza was asleep when I heard the sounds," said Constance, "for though I was too much afraid to stir, I could still see her lying on the floor."

"And the little hall is the place where the dead are always laid out," said Mrs. Hartley solemnly, for she was peculiarly impressible to supernatural occurrences. "Brother, I really feel alarmed, for they tell strange stories of this old house," and she looked fearfully around.

The mansion indeed was one to awaken feelings of awe and superstition. The family graveyard, solemnly embowered in its dark cypresses, was in view from the supper-room casement. Intricate passages and winding staircases, with large, dark rooms and vague closets fully maintained, in appearance, the legends which were related of the dwelling. Deaths of a mysterious nature, it was said, had occurred in the family of its last possessor, who, on that account, had sold the mansion, after it had been long deserted. The little hall, of which we have spoken, was never approached by the servants after dark; and often, these humble observers had declared, a white figure had been seen standing at its window. It was the knowledge of these facts, which the ladies had heard, with many exaggerated details, that caused the alarm of Constance and her equally imaginative mother.

Mr. Cameron, though a skeptic as to all supernatural appearances, had often been staggered by stories of strange sounds vouched for as having been heard in his house. On the night before he had even heard, or fancied he heard the tread of a person in the little hall, to which his chamber, as well as that of his guests was contiguous, that being the pleasantest part of the dwelling. These sounds he had, in the night, attributed to his imagination, and quietly gone to sleep again, but now, when he heard them testified to by his niece, and at the very hour he recollected to have heard them himself, he was puzzled what to think.

"I suspect, Constance," he said, determined not to admit anything, "that you were dreaming. I will venture to promise that you will hear no

strange sounds to-night. Granting you were not deceived, a servant must have made the noise. Now, to-night I will myself see that nobody remains in the house but ourselves, our room servants and old Adam. We will each then lock our own doors, and place the key under our pillow. If, after that, you hear these strange sounds, I will give you leave to say the house is haunted. And, in truth, I am glad of this opportunity to convince you that the old place has been sadly slandered. Leave it to me to exorcise this ghost."

The conversation here dropped, but, before they retired, the ladies accompanied Mr. Cameron around the house and saw that no person was left in it but themselves and their servant, besides old Adam, who, though now very sick, refused to let any person sit up with him. Each then retired, when everything sank into profound silence in and about the house.

Mrs. Hartley and Constance awoke at the same moment. A large, old fashioned clock, standing in a high frame which almost reached the ceiling, was in the passage just outside their door. Its loud ticking could now be distinctly heard throughout the house. It was the only sound that broke the sepulchral stillness, save the deep wailing of the wind in the grave-yard trees, or the slow oozing of water that dripped monotonously in a basin beneath the eaves.

The clock struck one.

Suddenly a heavy tread was heard, as if some person paced with measured step, up and down the hall. Constance looked at her mother, who, the same instant, looked at her: and their eyes met in enquiry and vague alarm. The sound continued—there was no mistaking it—a dull, slow, solemn sound, as of some person mournfully pacing the contiguous apartment. Both ladies turned pale. Such a sound heard unexpectedly in the stillness of the night is at all times startling, how much more so was it then after the conversation of the evening before, and the precautions taken to exclude visitors.

The step now paused, and Constance had risen to wake the female servant, when it began again and seemed to be approaching their door. She paused trembling with agitation and terror. The step came nearer, nearer, nearer. It was now apparently at the neighboring end of the big hall. Constance remembered distinctly closing the door that led from thence into the little hall, and she listened eagerly to hear if the door was opened. No such sound was heard, but the steps were now undeniably in the little hall, and still approaching them. She shrieked with terror and fell senseless to the floor.

When she opened her eyes, Mrs. Hartley and

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the servant were chafing her hands. The marks of terror were still visible in their faces. Indeed, it was no trifling peril for three females to be exposed alone to the terrors of that night; for Mr. Cameron was still sleeping soundly notwithstanding the shrieks of Constance.

"Be composed, my child," said Mrs. Hartley. "The sound ceased when you fainted, and we have not heard it since. Let us hope we shall hear no more of it. We will, at any rate, put our trust in God!"

"Ah! missus," said Eliza, "me fear it what you call ghost—we call it duppy—it walked just dis way de night Master Cameron's brodder died."

The females had composed themselves to rest, Constance with her arms around her mother, when suddenly the supernatural sound was heard again, in the little hall. It was distinct and clear, a regular pacing to and fro, solemn, awful monotonous. A deep breathing was sometimes heard, and occasionally something like a groan. The ladies felt their blood curdle. At last Mrs. Hartley summoned all her energy and cried,

"Who is there?"

No answer was returned, but immediately a deep groan was returned. The pacing continued. As the sound of each step struck the ear, the ladies listened with a shiver for the next: it came, slow and sepulchral; and as each foot-fall met the ear, they clung closer to each other.

Mrs. Hartley thought of her brother, but his room was on the opposite side of the hall, and she could not summon courage to arouse him. But she determined to look into the hall, for the communicating door was of glass, a very natural resolution, which before she had really forgotten to do. The intruder might be old Adam himself, walking in his delirium, for she had heard of such things. Constance would not, however, suffer her to approach the door alone.

No one can tell the effort of courage which was required on the part of Mrs. Hartley to lift the curtain of the door; for she knew not what horrible spectacle the act might reveal to her. But she did lift it, and resolutely looked out. The moon was shining brightly into the hall—a beautiful tropic moon—and every object was as distinctly visible as in the daylight. There was the old clock, even its dial plate clearly distinguishable. The furniture stood about, with the smallest articles on the tables perceptible. Streaks of light lay on the polished floor. All at once Mrs. Hartley started, for several dark, grim forms were seen on the wall; but she recovered herself in a moment, seeing they were the shadows of some busts and statues ranged about the room.

Gathering courage from the spectacle, and from the momentary cessation of the sounds, she stepped softly out into the little hall, followed by Constance and the servant, for the latter, terrified as she was at the moment, would have been in greater terror to have been left behind. They had advanced half way across the hall when the step was again heard close behind them, and at the same time, and on the same spot, a deep breath was drawn.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Constance, with a start.

Mrs. Hartley turned hastily around, imitating the example of her daughter, nor did their tremor lessen when she saw the place untenanted. The room, we have said, was as light as day, yet no human being was visible. She felt her knees totter under her. Constance clung to her half fainting.

But the servant was the very picture of agonising affright. Her eyes were distended and bloodshot, her mouth was wide open, and she shook in every limb.

"Ah! missus, poor Adams going to die," she gasped, "and him spirit walk."

At that instant the door of Mr. Cameron's room was flung open, and the old gentleman appeared, attired in his dressing gown, and followed by his man servant, the very picture of alarm.

"We have been frightened to death," said Mrs. Hartley. "Have you too heard the sounds?"

"And is no one really here?" asked her brother in blank dismay.

"You see—there—there!" cried Mrs. Hartley, suddenly turning toward the door of the great hall, in which the steps were again heard, pacing to and fro.

Mr. Cameron made no reply, but at once rushed toward the great hall. He gained it in three strides, but when he reached it, the author of the supernatural steps was gone. The apartment was nearly bare of furniture, containing only a few reception chairs, so that there was no possible place for concealment in it.

"God knows," he said solemnly, "the meaning of all this. It is beyond my scrutiny. But I will not yet give up."

With these words he hurried to the front-door which was locked. No exit could have taken place in that direction. He then felt every door that opened into the hall: they were all secured. To add to the tremor of his situation, the steps had now ceased, and though he watched until morning in the neighboring hall, they were not heard again. It was evident that the unearthly visitor had left the apartment as Mr. Cameron entered it.

There was not an eye sought repose again in the house that night. Pale and affrighted, the females anxiously watched for the dawn. Mr. Cameron, startled out of his scepticism by the horrors of the night, sat with equal anxiety and longed for the dawn. Little disposed as he was, to give credit to the legends of superstition affixed to his house, the circumstances seemed so inexplicable that he knew not what to believe. He remained, therefore, in deep thought.

The first thing he did, after daybreak, was to proceed to the apartment of old Adam, half inclined to believe that he should find the old man deceased. But the invalid, on the contrary, seemed much better. Here was a new matter of surprise.

"Adam, did you hear that noise last night?" said his master, rousing from the train of perplexed thought into which he had fallen, after a few inquiries after his servant's ailments.

"Yes, massa, me hear and feel him too."

"Feel him! what do you mean?" said Mr. Cameron, amazed beyond all question, and looking for some strange and startling revelation.

"Why, sar, he bite me—dat what I mean," said Adam.

"Bite you! I don't understand you."

"Yes, massa, black crab bite me—what strange in dat, sar? Dat him make all de noise. Me hear him, like sumting walk, tap, tap all about:—den, by'm by, he ketch hold ob my toe, and den I know what him is, which puzzle me afore. Him one big, black ugly crab, one of dem sent for massa from de shore: so I sit up, catch him, and put him in de basket dare."

Mr. Cameron burst into a loud and hearty laugh, which continued until Mrs. Hartley and Constance, attracted by this strange noise from what they thought the chamber of a dead man, rushed in. As they entered, Mr. Cameron held a crab up before them, laughing immoderately.

"Huzza for the ghost!" he said, "here he is. I've got him at last. Never attempt to frighten me again with your womanish notions, for from this day henceforth, I'll never believe, even at midnight, in a ghost."

The delusion was now explained. The sound of the crab, dragging itself along with its heavy claws, had been, and very naturally, mistaken for the steps of a human being. The size of the animal enabled it to find its way easily under the somewhat loosely hung doors. A manner of panting, for which this animal is known, aided the delusion.

"Nothing but a crab," said Mr. Cameron, "and I fancy all ghosts are like this."

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ANNE BOLEYN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

She loved! and lo, that proud young heart
Was touched with many a glowing dream;
Like fountains, that 'mid blossoms start,
And take from thence a rosy gleam.
Calmly she paused upon the way
That led her up to queenly state,
To pluck the first sweet joys that lay
Along the thorn path of her fate.

THE ancestral hall of Sir Thomas Boleyn was bathed in the clear moonlight of a glorious May evening. The noble old park which surrounded it was one broad expanse of light and darkness. Its majestic oaks and giant chestnuts cast their shadows downward with a blackness profound and almost solemn, while a luminous flood came pouring over the thick foliage with which they were clothed, trembling in and out through the glancing leaves, occasionally revealing a gnarled bough, and shooting down to the velvet sward now and then with a faint flash that played upon the shadows like a gleam of quick-silver, and was lost again. There was a fresh breeze stirring through these mighty old oaks, tossing the foliage about and making a sweet tumult among the leaves that were yet soft and delicate with their fresh spring tints. Wherever the trees stood in their primeval thickness the contrast between the cloud of tossing silver showering over their tops, and the unbroken blackness underneath was almost startling. Everything was shrouded in gloom near the earth, while the wind and light, and the whispering leaves were in a perfect riot overhead. Still there were places in the park where the light had breadth, and the shadows more transparency. Avenues led to the hall, whose extremities were lost in the green depths half a mile distant, and though arched with massive branches woven and knotted together, the light fell through them to the velvet sward in a thousand fantastic and picturesque shapes, like frost tracery on an emerald ground. Many a vista also was out through the heavy timber, and there the moonbeams lay upon the earth broad and clear like a flagging of solid silver. In truth there was no form, picturesque or beautiful, in which light and shade could blend that was not exemplified in that broad park on the beautiful May evening which followed the fete of flowers described in our last chapter.

About ten o'clock that night, a small postern leading to one of these avenues was cautiously opened, and Anne Boleyn, accompanied by Madge

Wakefield, came stealthily through. Instead of walking down the avenue they kept among the trees that skirted it, thus concealing themselves in shadow, and giving an air of mystery to their movements. They had proceeded but a short distance from the hall when Anne paused, suddenly, and laid her hand upon Madge's arm.

"Heard you nothing, Madge?" she said in a half whisper, and holding her breath to listen. "Methought there was a stir in the branches."

"I hear nothing," replied Madge, casting an anxious look along the avenue and among the trees. "Was it hereabouts that you hoped to find some person?"

"Nay, it must have been a doe moving in her form," said Anne, speaking to herself rather than the maid. "He would never have ventured so near the hall."

In this Anne Boleyn mistook the impatience of her lover, for the words had scarcely left her lips when a figure, which she knew to be his, notwithstanding the groom's cloak in which it was shrouded, came hastily through the trees and approached the spot where she was standing.

"Fall back, Madge!" she said in a fluttered voice, turning to her attendant and drawing the crimson scarf that she still wore over her head. "Keep within sight, but out of ear-shot!"

"Nay, lady, I am to be trusted!" expostulated the girl, who had her reasons for wishing to hear something of what was about to pass, and was especially desirous of seeing the person who came near.

"Hush, and away—I brought thee not hither to prate," cried Anne, with an impatient wave of the hand.

"But the park is so lonely," persisted the girl, "who knows but this person may be one of the Greenwood robbers, who will plunder my sweet lady of her ruby organs, and—and——"

"Withdraw at once to yonder clump of trees, and wait till thou art summoned," cried Anne, with an air of quiet command, that even in her girlhood gave something of queenly bearing to the maiden. "I will require thy presence when it shall be needful."

The girl could find no other excuse for remaining, and drew back the more readily that she observed that the man whom she was so desirous of seeing had paused in the shadow of a tree, as if in surprise at finding more than one person present. Anne Boleyn hesitated—glanced back to assure herself that Madge was at a distance, then the tumultuous joy of her heart broke over all control, and darting forward with the grace of a bird, she joined her lover before he could leave the shadow which half concealed him.

"Percy!" oh, what a world of passionate love broke forth in that little word.

"My lady Anne, my own, my beloved!" cried Percy, as he pressed one glowing kiss after another on her pure forehead, while she struggled but faintly to release her form from his clasp. "Oh, this one moment is worth all the agony of suspense that I have endured."

"And you are here at last—at last!" cried the happy girl, lifting her eyes to his face with a bewildering look of affection. "Oh, how I have waited for this moment!—how I have prayed and hoped for it! You tremble, Percy, and I—but it is with happiness—is it not?"

Percy pressed her clasped hands to his lips. How those little rosy hands glowed and trembled with the warmth of his kisses.

"Ah, it was too cruel that single word—the one glance as you passed me in the greenwood this afternoon," said Percy, in gentle reproach.

"We were watched," replied Anne, "one of our young men is the lover of my pretty waiting woman Madge, who was rather more free than is seemly with the messenger who brought me news of your coming. He saw her turn into Greenwood path just after your servitor left the ground, and so followed in a fit of jealousy."

"Think you he saw my face?" questioned Percy with some anxiety.

"Nay, with that horseman's cloak and the slouching cap, I could scarcely recognize it myself," replied Anne, with a laugh that broke from her lips, rich and low, like the gush of old wine when freed from its crystal prison, and lifting her hand she playfully removed the bonnet of russet velvet, which, with its heavy black plume, concealed the noble contour of her lover's head.

"Now," she said, "cast that ponderous cloak to the earth, that I may see how much a court life has changed thee from what thou was when Anne Boleyn first gave thee her heart."

Percy allowed the cloak to fall from his person, and obeying the impulse of Anne's hand, moved to where the parted branches admitted a broad gleam of moonlight to fall upon his head.

"Am I not unchanged in all things?" he said, bending his dark eyes on her face with an expression that thrilled to her heart.

"Thou art the dearest and bravest lord in all Christendom," cried Anne, with a burst of frank admiration, at which she flushed crimson the moment after. She drew back into the shadow that he might not witness her confusion, and spurning the cloak into a heap with her little foot, sat down upon it with her back against the trunk of an oak which had afforded them concealment.

"Sit down," she said, pointing to the gnarled roots of this old tree which had broken up through the rich sward, and carved themselves into a rude knot that was not altogether uncomfortable as a seat, for a coating of luxurious moss had crept over it. "Sit down, and let us talk of that which brings us together once more. The missive so prettily conveyed by that groom in his gift of flowers—the man should have preferment, Percy—he is both shrewd and well favored. But to the missive. It only gave me a hint—enough to set the poor heart of Anne Boleyn in a sweet tumult, and no more. It said that by the queen's grace we should soon be enabled to meet freely and without fear—and oh! how my heart leaped as I read! It hinted that my father might be won to renounce the hated match with his kinsman Piers."

"The missive promised no more than may yet be accomplished, my sweet Anne," replied Percy, seating himself as the fair girl had directed.

"But how has this marvel been brought about?" inquired the lady. "Has the queen dowager of France fulfilled the promise made to me long ago, and interposed in our behalf with the king?"

"Nay, you forget how little influence the lady Mary has possessed with Henry since her secret marriage."

"True," repeated Anne—"she, poor lady, has had trouble enough to preserve herself from ruin. Still I have no other friend at court."

"And yet," said Percy, taking her hand in his while his eyes kindled, and a smile brightened his whole face. "To-morrow there will come a royal courier hitherward, with orders for Sir Thomas Boleyn to hasten up to London, that his daughter may take her place as maid of honor to our gracious Queen Catharine of Arragon, who has herself conferred the appointment."

Anne started to her feet and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of wonder and delight.

"Is this truth, Percy? Is it in verity true?" she exclaimed, turning her radiant face toward him.

"I did but precede the courier who bears the tidings by a few hours," said Percy. "By to-morrow noon, at farthest, he will reach the hall. But tell me, Anne, does this news give thee so much joy?"

"Should it not give me joy that I can ever be near to thee, that every week—perhaps every day, we, who have loved so long—we, who have only met in fear, may look each other in the face, may converse together—hope, or if it must be suffer in company. Oh! Percy, is there not joy, perfect joy in this?"

"In truth there is, and thy heart, wildly as it beats, fair Anne, looks not forward with sweeter hopes than fill mine own," replied Percy, taking the clasped hands that were still woven together and tremulous with delight between his, and drawing the happy girl down to the drapery at his feet again. "But tell me, proud one, has thy lover no cause of fear that in the giddy whirl of court life where many will be found to render homage to beauty like thine, he may be forgotten for some more favored suitor!"

Anne lifted her eyes, and a flash of proud feeling broke through their silken fringes.

"When fifteen years of age was I not cast into the gayest and most brilliant court of all Europe—that of beautiful France? There was no lack of noble suitors in that witching court; yet who even touched Anne Boleyn's heart save one only, and that one Percy."

"I know all this," replied Percy, "yet sometimes, when I think of the rare beauty which has so enthralled thee, and of the place where it will soon be exhibited, my heart misgives me, Anne. What man could withhold his worship of beauty and grace like thine?"

A smile of gratified vanity flashed over Anne Boleyn's face, and a ringing laugh at the absurdity of her own idea broke from her lips as she said, with a careless shake of the head,

"Perchance I may enthrall the king. Dost thou fear that my Percy?"

Percy laughed also; but it was not with the hearty glee that rang from the maiden's lips. He was thinking of the homage which Henry was said to have rendered at the feet of Mary Boleyn, sister to the fair girl who sat looking so archly in his face, as if to challenge another laugh at her extravagant flight of fancy.

"But time presses," said Anne, not quite pleased with his evident constraint, "and thou hast not yet told me what magician has been at work in my behalf with her grace, the queen."

"What if I say it was the great magician who rules both king and queen?" replied Percy with a bright smile.

"What, Cardinal Wolsey," cried the maiden with a look of wild bewilderment.

"Even so, sweet mistress!"

"And hast thou made the great cardinal a confidant of our love and its perplexities?" cried Anne, almost aghast with surprise.

"Even so, sweet one, his eminence has ever been a friend to my father's house since the first days of his own advancement. He marked my sadness, and questioned me often of its cause, at last I told him all."

"And did he listen to the tale of our love with patience? This stern cardinal," cried Anne.

"With more than patience—he promised to aid it. Wolsey seldom forgets a promise: and I was a favorite in his household."

"Ah, how could it be otherwise?" ejaculated Anne, lifting her eyes that were beaming with tender admiration to the lordly face of her lover.

Percy pressed her hand to his lips.

"He sent for my father and urged our cause so faithfully with the earl that he consented to wave the contract which pledged me when a boy to Shrewsbury's daughter, and acknowledge that which links me with this little hand."

"Blessings upon the good old earl!—double blessings rest on his eminence," cried Anne, while tears of grateful joy flashed to her eyes. "I little thought an act of his could ever make my heart beat thus. What have I done—so lowly and humbly endowed—to deserve this great happiness?" she paused a moment with her beautiful head bent, as if pondering over the thrilling news in her mind, when she spoke again her voice was changed. "But my father, who will persuade him from the compact which gives me to his kinsman? His honor is pledged. The king himself has urged forward the cruel sacrifice."

"Leave that to time—thy father's own ambition, and his eminence!" said Percy, "when so much has been accomplished in our behalf, it were a sin against the good already granted were we to doubt the future. Is it not enough for the present, that we are licensed to meet, to love each other, and to hope?"

"It is!—it is!" cried Anne, bowing her beautiful face to her linked hands, and weeping with pure joy. "I never hoped to be so happy again."

Percy threw one arm over her bending figure, and pressed his lips to the ringlets that fell in a glossy shower upon her interlocked hands.

"And now we must say farewell, Anne," he said in a voice that was broken and rich with tenderness—"before the dawn I must be far on my way to the court."

Anne was made conscious by these words how late the hour had become. She stood up but still clung to her lover's hand, reluctant to part without some of those thousand sweet words that are to the loving heart what perfume is to the blossom—words that seem meaningless and insipid to the third party, but are like precious music to the beings who find in them the best expression of feelings which are always too indefinite and tumultuous for anything but broken language. Her lips parted, and she was about to speak, when a noise from a thicket near by startled them both. Anne snatched up the horseman's cloak and began with eager and trembling hands to fold it around the stately form of her lover,

while he threw the velvet bonnet on his head, and shook the plume forward till it shaded his face.

"Farewell!" he whispered, wringing the little hand that would have detained him even then—"farewell."

Anne could not speak, terror and the keen pang of this abrupt parting kept her silent. Again the farewell was repeated, and Percy plunged into the wood.

Anne sprang a step after him, uttered a faint exclamation, then stood motionless and holding her breath till the elastic turf no longer gave back a sound of his footfall. Then she gathered up her scarf, which had fallen to the ground, and hurried toward the spot where Madge Wakefield had been left.

When Anne reached the clump of hawthorns, beneath which Madge had sought shelter, she found it vacant; and, though she called on her waiting woman in as loud a voice as she dare assume, all remained silent about her. Wondering, and somewhat offended at this strange conduct in a maid hitherto obedient to her slightest command, Anne walked on, slowly at first, hoping that the girl might overtake her. When she had accomplished half the distance which lay between her trying place and the Hall, Madge came suddenly upon her through the trees which lined the avenue very thickly in that portion of the park. Anne was that moment moving through the dense shadows left by a waning moon, and the girl came hastily up with a sort of audacious freedom that her mistress had never observed in her before.

"He must have started now," said the breathless girl, in a hurried whisper; "but I dared not wait to see which way he took. I trod upon a stick, and they almost detected me."

"Madge!" cried Anne, stepping back with a look of haughty amazement; for though she had not caught all the girl was saying, the familiar tone offended her. Madge started back with a faint scream, and, though her mistress was in shadow, there was enough of light around the maid to reveal the sudden pallor that swept over her face, and she stammered confusedly. Anne interrupted her.

"How come you here, Madge?" she said, with grave displeasure. "Did I not request that you should tarry at the hawthorn bower?"

This question gave the active wit of Madge Wakefield time enough to form a reply.

"I heard a noise up hitherward, and so left the house to turn off any of the people who might be loitering in the park," she said, rapidly. "Heard you no strange sounds also, Mistress Anne?"

"It matters not if I did," replied Anne, disarmed of all suspicion by the ready invention of her maid. "Come hither, and lend me thy arm; this heavy robe is cumbersome, and my hand aches with holding it from the ground."

Madge sprang to the side of her mistress, glad to offer any service that might divert attention from herself. She relieved the small hand with which Anne had kept her train from the ground, and throwing the drapery over her own arm, besought the young lady to lean upon it for support also.

The fright which Anne had received, and the reaction of strong feelings, suddenly checked, rendered this support absolutely needful. So leaning upon the shoulder of her attendant, who was much shorter than herself, she walked slowly forward, till both mistress and maid disappeared through the little postern.

CHAPTER III.

LORD PERCY had torn himself from the being of his most devoted love, and with his heart and brain full of her, was making his way down the footpath which Anne and her father had pursued on their walk to the village that afternoon, when the quick step of a female seemed following him. Thinking that it might be Anne, whom some after-thought had induced to seek him again, Percy checked his pace, and at length paused altogether, striving to descry the figure of his mistress in the path behind him. As he paused, the footsteps ceased also, but there was a slight rustling of the under foliage close by him, and supposing that the sound must have arisen from some restless deer, of which the park was full, the young nobleman smiled at his own fancy in supposing that Anne Boleyn would have sought him there, and was about to pursue his way to the village. But as he turned for that purpose, the form of a female, slighter and of far less imposing appearance than Anne Boleyn, was standing in his path.

Percy started back, for the figure had glided before him, noiselessly as an apparition, and even in the dim light he thought that the face turned full upon him was one that he had seen before. A glow of moonlight falling through the boughs overhead convinced him that it was so, and with a look of astonishment, mingled with something of disgust, he drew back still more decidedly. Some fierce struggle of passions seemed to keep the female silent, for it was evidently with a choking effort that she spoke. At last, though her dark eyes had been fixed, during a full half minute, on his face—"Has Lord Henry Percy so entirely forgotten Eleanor Howard that he can find no word of

greeting for her?" She said in a voice that shook with suppressed passion.

"I could not expect—how could I anticipate your presence here, alone and so late at night?" said the young noble, in a cold voice. "Had we met in a proper place and hour, Mistress Howard should not have to reproach me for lack of courtesy."

Eleanor Howard laughed, a ~~leese~~-mocking laugh that brought the blood to Percy's cheek. He had heard that laugh before.

"It was both a proper place and hour, where you sat, not ten minutes since, with Anne Boleyn weeping on your bosom."

"Mistress Howard, allow me to pass," said Percy, in a tone of stern indignation. "It may be seemly for a well-born gentlewoman to play the evesdropper on her host's daughter, but I will not listen while her own lips disclose the base act."

As he spoke, Percy turned aside, and was about to pass on, but the strange girl moved also, grasping the skirts of his heavy cloak with her hand.

"It is not denied, then! Lord Percy does not care even to mitigate his conduct—his treachery to one——" She paused, gasped for breath, and stood with her glittering black eyes riveted on his face, striving to speak on, and yet voiceless.

Percy gazed on her in glances cold and stern as death—again he made an effort to move on.

"Thou shalt not leave me. I will not be thus spurned," she cried, clenching her white teeth in an agony of passion. "Thou shalt not love another, Harry Percy. What woman can ever love thee as I have done, as I did when a child? Hast thou forgotten it all—hast thou entirely cast aside the olden time when Eleanor Howard was thy sister?"

"And my sister thou shouldst ever have been," said Percy, with more of feeling than he had yet exhibited; "but did a brother's love content thee even as a child, what would have contented thee short of devotion, such as I had not to give thee? I have forgotten nothing of the past—nothing of the time when thou wert the fellow student and friend of Shrewsbury's daughter, but the contract which bound my boyhood to that lady, rendered more than a brother's love to her friend treachery to her."

"And is there no treason to the daughter of Earl Shrewsbury in thy presence here, Lord Percy? Was faithlessness for Eleanor Howard, who loved thee to idolatry in her very childhood, more dishonorable than faithlessness in behalf of Anne Boleyn—the pampered and proud—who is herself most solemnly plighted to her own kinsman?"

The blood rushed over Percy's brow, and retreated, leaving him more sternly pale than before.

"Beware, Mistress Howard!" he said, "how the name of that pure and lofty maiden is taken. It were safer to trifle with that of Catharine of Arragon herself."

"Is she not forth this night to receive thy love plight, false Lord, while her hand, as thine, is pledged to another?" cried Eleanor, bitterly. "Wherefore, then, should I use her name so daintily? What should prevent me going up to the Hall now as her accuser? Why should I not expose this night wanderer to her ~~fold~~ father and his household before I sleep?"

"Thy own secret compact with Arthur Boleyn, the son and heir might be revealed to Sir Thomas at the same moment," replied Percy, with a cold smile.

Eleanor dropped the little hand which she had raised menacingly, and her face turned deathly white. A moment she struggled for speech.

"By what treachery have I been encompassed, that this knowledge should be given to thy keeping?" she said at last, in a tone of uncontrolled wonder.

"By no treachery, fair mistress, did I become possessed of this secret. The heir of Sir Thomas himself informed me of that which has passed with his sister's guest. He seems to have no wish that it should be kept secret."

Eleanor did not appear to understand these words. Her head was bent, and her crossed hands fell loosely downward. She seemed completely crushed and humbled. Till that day she had deemed her artful designs on the hand of Arthur Boleyn utterly unsuspected, even by his sister. The certainty that it was known, not only to her, but to Lord Percy, the one of all others from whom she would have kept the knowledge, completely overwhelmed a spirit usually bold even to audacity. All at once a wild thought passed her mind. Was it this that rendered the haughty noble before her so stern—so more than cold? Formerly he had tried to soothe her—had seemed to look upon the wild love that she indulged for him with compassion, sometimes almost with tenderness; for she was young, beautiful, an orphan—and what was far worse, left alone in the world with a stain upon her birth. All the lofty chivalry of Percy's nature had, at one time, been aroused in her behalf, and until a more engrossing attachment to Anne Boleyn filled his heart, she had occupied more of his thoughts than any other female.

When the heart is filled with intense love of one object, the homage of every other being be-

comes irksome. To a noble nature it seems like flinging strong and coarse flowers among the blossoms which one dear hand has placed upon the heart shrine—that shrine which the pure ideal of every mind erects for a single object only.

The moment Percy became the lover of Anne Boleyn, the passionate devotion of Eleanor Howard became a source of annoyance to him, and it was with regret that he heard of her lengthened sojourn at the home of the Boleyns.

Perhaps his wish to avoid the interview that had been so unceremoniously forced upon him, influenced his conduct in visiting Anne with so much secrecy. No marvel, therefore, that he was startled into something like indignation when this strange girl started up like a spectre in his path, dissipating with the flash of her black eyes the sweet reverie into which he had fallen, and announcing with bitterness the love that had become a part of his existence. There was something of indignant contempt in his feelings, and, for the first time in his life, Lord Percy spoke with harshness to a woman. That she loved him still was sufficiently embarrassing, but that she could have listened craftily to the address of another, and still urge her presence and her jealous bitterness on himself, aroused him to something like resentment.

The infatuated girl yet standing before him in a posture of profound humiliation, mistook the source of his unusual harshness. The insane thought that he might be jealous of Arthur Boleyn took possession of her. This idea sent the blood swiftly through her veins. She lifted her head; the color burned warmly in her cheeks, and her eyes flashed like diamonds through their inky lashes.

"I love him not—oh, Percy, I love him not!" she cried, with a wild and fiery eloquence that startled him by its sudden outbreak—"our blessed lady of heaven knows this heart has ever been faithful to its worship of thee. I would die for thee—only say that thou lovest not this woman—say that as I have dealt with the brother, thou in revenge—"

"Hush," said Percy, forcing her hands from their hold upon his cloak, "for thy own sake say no more. I am not the craven and dishonest gentleman these words hint at. With my whole heart and life I love the lady Anne—for her sake and for thine I can tarry no longer."

Percy had freed his cloak from her grasp, and gathering it hastily around him, he passed her and moved rapidly down the path. She darted after him, paused, flung up her arms and sunk upon the turf.

During full ten minutes the wretched girl

sat upon the ground motionless, and seemed scarcely alive, then she arose, folded her arms, and retraced her way to the hall. Madge Wakefield was waiting for her at the little postern. As she went through Eleanor placed a silver coin in the girl's hand.

"Be secret," she said, "and tell me when the lady Anne goes forth again."

Madge would have spoken, but Eleanor walked on and entered the dwelling. When quite alone in her chamber, she began to pace the floor very slowly and lost in thought. Thus she was occupied till daylight. In all that night vigil she only uttered a single sentence, and that was—"I must wait—revenge can be eaten cold."

THE WIDOWED MOTHER TO HER BABE.

BY MISS A. H. DARRAGH.

SLEEP sweetly on, my darling babe!

Nor ever wake to pain or grief—

Would that my cares and woes were o'er,
And I like thee could softly sleep.

For thy dear sake, my precious child!

While slumbers calm thine eye-lids close,
Tears, tears from visions sad and wild,
Chase from thy mother's couch repose.

I view thee oft, dear blooming boy!

'Till sighs of sadness fill my breast:

For though thou art my only joy,
Thou canst not make thy mother blest!

I think upon those hours of bliss,

When, gazing on thy infant charms,
I prest the fond, maternal kiss,
And gave thee to thy father's arms.

But now, cold in the grave he lies;

And we my babe! are left alone,
With none to heed his orphan's sighs,
And none to hear his widow's moan.

Oh! were it not for thee, my boy!

I'd care not for my friendless lot—

For present woes and former joy
Will soon be in the grave forgot.

But, when I'm laid beneath the clay—

That presses o'er thy father's breast—

Who then will wipe thy tears away?

Who then will soothe thee into rest?

'Tis thought of that which wrings my heart,

That makes thy wretched mother rave—

Oh! would my child! no more to part,

We slept within thy father's grave.

But, hush—my murmuring soul forbear—

And let the imploring prayer ascend

To Him, who wipes the widow's tear,

To Him, who is the orphan's friend.

Thou wak'st to smile on me, my love!

As if thy mother's heart to cheer—

May God, thy guardian parent prove!

And hear for thee thy mother's prayer!

HOME DEPARTMENT.

PRESERVING.

TO CLARIFY SUGAR.—To every three pounds of loaf sugar, allow the beaten white of one egg, and a pint and a half of water; break the sugar small, put it into a nicely-cleaned brass pan, and pour the water over it; let it stand sometime before it be put upon the fire; then add the beaten whites of the eggs; stir it till the sugar be entirely dissolved, and when it boils up, pour in a quarter of a pint of cold water; let it boil up a second time; take it off the fire and let it settle for fifteen minutes; carefully take off all the scum; put it on the fire, and boil it till sufficiently thick, or if required, till candy high; in order to ascertain which, drop a little from a spoon into a small jar of cold water, and if it becomes quite hard, it is then sufficiently done.

APPLES.—Weigh equal quantities of good brown sugar and of apples; peel, core, and mince them small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water; skim it well, and boil it pretty thick; then add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger; boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. This preserve will keep for years.

BRANDY PEACHES, PLUMS, &c.—Gather peaches before they are quite ripe, prick them with a large needle, and rub off the down with a piece of flannel. Cut a quill and pass it carefully round the stone to loosen it. Put them into a large preserving pan, with cold water rather more than enough to cover them, and let the water become gradually scalding hot. If the water does more than simmer very gently, or if the fire be fierce, the fruit will be likely to crack. When they are tender, lift them carefully out, and fold them up in flannel or a soft table cloth, in several folds. Have ready a quart, or more, as the peaches require, of the best white brandy, and dissolve ten ounces of powdered sugar in it. When the peaches are cool, put them into a glass jar, and pour the brandy and sugar over them. Cover with leather and a bladder. *Apricots and plums* in the same way.

CRAB APPLES.—Make a syrup, allowing the same weight of sugar as apples. Let it cool, then put in the apples, a few at once, so that they will not crowd and break to pieces. Boil them till they begin to break, then take them out of the kettle. Boil the syrup in the course of three or four days, and turn it while hot on to the apples. This continue to do at intervals of two or three days, till the apples appear to be thoroughly preserved.

APPLE COMPOTE.—Fine Spitzenberg apples, or ripe pipping are the best for apple compote. If you use Spitzenbergs, color the preserves with half a tea spoonful of cochineal dissolved in white wine.

Make a syrup of loaf sugar—allowing a pound of apples to a pound of sugar. Be very particular in skimming it until it is quite clear. The apples should be pared very nicely and their cores extracted, with an instrument made for the purpose, before they are weighed. Boil the apples in as much water as will cover them until they become soft, but take care that they do not commence to break. Those that cook

first should be removed on a strainer until they are all tender. Squeeze the juice of one large lemon for every pound of loaf sugar. Pare off the lemon peel if possible without breaking it—boil the juice and the peel in the same water that has boiled the apples. Pour in the syrup as soon as the lemon peel is tender, and boil it ten minutes. The apples which have been cooling on a dish should then be gently put in jars and the hot syrup poured on them. Tie up the jars and do not open them for a fortnight.

APPLE JELLY.—Take apples, codlings or nonsuch, pare and cut them in slices, put them into a deep stew-pan, with as much water as will cover them, boil them gently till they will mash, and then strain them through a jelly bag; to every pint of liquor add one pound of loaf sugar; boil it till it comes to the top for ten minutes, then pour it into a mould with or without sliced lemon peel. A quart only should be done at a time; the apples should be full grown but not too ripe. This jelly will keep, and make a pretty dish at any time.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE near approach of autumn has put everybody on the *qui vive* for the fall fashions. And rarely have we had a more choice variety of styles to record.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of green silk, made high on the neck, with long sleeves, and pointed corsage. A straw hat, a *la gipsy*, and crimson crepe shawl complete this costume.

FIG. II.—AN EVENING DRESS of plain white mull, low in the neck, with short sleeves, and having two jupes. The hair is dressed plain, and trimmed with blue velvet.

Very little change has taken place in the general cut of dresses: the improvements will be best learned by perusing the following descriptions of the most fashionable fall costumes.

PROMENADE DRESS of a rich plaided lilac silk, shaded; the skirt is made very full, and rather long, fastened up the front with large velvet buttons of the same color, and encircled with a narrow fulling of satin, the two rows of buttons being caught together with a chain work of lilac braid; tight corsage, made high at the back and upon the shoulders, but open half way down the front, where it is attached with round velvet buttons; a small cape decorates the top of the corsage, encircled with a fancy gymp, *pareil* to that on the edge of the double round *jockey*, or short sleeve; under sleeve of the same material as the dress; chemisette of embroidered muslin. Bonnet of white *crêpe*, the edge of the brim decorated with a fulling of tulle, a large *choux* of ribbon being placed on the right side of the crown; pale pink satin bows are placed upon each side, in the interior of the brim.

CARRIAGE DRESS of a splendid shot pink and green silk, trimmed richly with broad black Royal Mechlin lace, put on so as to have the appearance of a double skirt, and continuing up the fronts of the high, plain corsage, glancing off over the shoulders, so as to conceal the top of the plain, long sleeve, and likewise forming a cape to the back of the dress; manchettes of

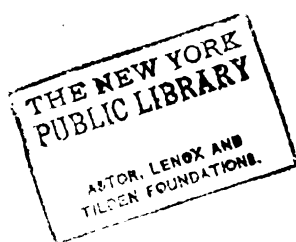
black lace. Bonnet of pale pink *gros des Indes*, shot white, the crown decorated with a long ostrich feather, passing entirely over the front, and prettily shaded to match the material of which the bonnet is composed; *navuds* and *brides* of pale pink shaded ribbon.

SPLENDID FALL COSTUME.—A dress of richly shaded silk, made quite plain, and high to the throat; the waist is long and pointed; plain, tight sleeves, finished by a deep ruffle falling over the hand; the skirt is immensely full, and very long. Mantilla of splendid lace, the ends falling in front in the form of a large shawl; it is trimmed with two rows of lace, the patterns to match with the lace of which the mantilla is composed; each row being headed by a broad pink ribbon run through an open insertion; the top of the mantilla is made to fit the figure, and is fastened at the waist by a rosette of ribbon; a large cape is attached, which falls low at the back, and over the elbow; it is trimmed to correspond, as is also the neck of the mantilla. This is a most stylish and becoming costume, and well adapted for the approaching season. White fancy bonnet; the form low at the ears, and having a deep curtain, the crown is covered by a fall of blonde, and wreaths of small, delicate green leaves are placed across the bottom of the crown, drooping low at the ears; the interior is without trimming.

AFTERNOON DRESS of a pale lemon-color, figured with small squares of satin, the skirt trimmed with three *biais*, put on rather easy, and cut in a small round vandyke round the lower edge; these *biais* are put on rather close together, and each headed with a small cable or silk twisted cord; the front of the *jupes* ornamented down the centre with pretty little *navuds d'amour*, of very narrow satin ribbon; high plain body, open half way down the front, a small cape ascending on each side, gradually widening on the top of the shoulder, where it is attached with a *petit navud*, continuing round the back, and gracefully draping the shoulders; the long, straight sleeve is cut up in the form of a vandyke, and encircled with a narrow flat bordering, attached in the centre with a small round *navud*.

NEW BOOKS.—The publications, this autumn, promise to be numerous and desirable. Several new books are already on our table, but we are forced, by want of space, to postpone noticing them until the October number. Among these are "Shores of the Mediterranean," "The Chaplet," "Temper and Temperament," "Biblical Legends," "The Fair Isabel," &c. &c. We have seen some of the engravings of the Diadem for 1847, an annual which will be ready before the publication of our next number, and they are certainly equal and if not superior to any we ever saw.

STILL LATER FALL FASHIONS.—Our fashion plate for October will contain some exquisite ball costumes, such as will be worn this winter. It will also contain the walking dresses for October in advance. The plate will be superbly colored.





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THE POETESS.

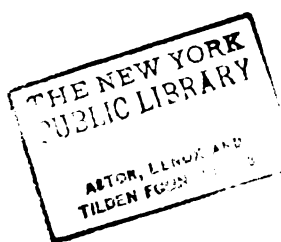
THE POETESS.





Engraved expressly for the Ladies National Magazine





LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

THE EMERALD RING.

BY L. OLIVIA HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

LIGHTS were brilliantly gleaming, and strains of music issuing from Mrs. Landor's fashionable mansion in — Square; for it was the birthday of her eldest and beautiful daughter. Though it was quite early in the evening the rooms were already crowded, and a gayer and more goodly company could seldom be found assembled.

Passing from the well lighted parlors, dear reader, let us ascend this staircase, and take a peep into the ladies dressing-room. It is a spacious apartment, carpeted with rich Brussels: and all around bears the mark of wealth and taste combined. Light forms are flitting gracefully about, now pausing before the mirror to adjust a stray ringlet or a ribbon, now turning to address a laughing query to a companion; and many a bright eye and beautiful face meets our gaze. Seated by the fire on a low tabouret, is a young girl evidently in the first flush of youth. She is very lovely. Hers too is the style of loveliness that at once instils into the mind of the beholder that sort of yearning tenderness for the possessor which one would feel for a petted and favorite child: and that young creature has but just fairly escaped from the school-room—she is yet pure and guileless, and free from worldly sin. Her bright hair now falls in sunny ringlets over her white shoulders, as bending forward she is busily engaged encasing a delicate little foot in a tiny satin slipper.

A striking contrast does that stately and queen-like girl at her side afford. She is the older of the two, and appears to be about eighteen years of age. She wears a dress of white satin richly interwoven with tinsel; and her dark, luxuriant tresses are gathered up in braids, and so disposed as to show to full advantage that finely and classically moulded head. Would you know the names of these two maidens, reader? The elder is the heroine of the night, Ada Landor—and her companion is her young sister, Viola.

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"How I wish Edith Courtland would come!" exclaimed Ada Landor as she gazed impatiently toward the door, "it is now half-past eight and yet she is not here. I promised to wait for her, but really my patience is getting exhausted. Viola will you never have that shoe tied to suit your taste?" she added, turning laughingly to her sister, adding in a whisper—"if we may judge from the crowd below, Edward Lindsay will have but little chance to peep at that pretty little foot of yours."

The bright crimson rushed quickly to her sister's cheek, and she hastily formed a bow in the ribbon, and then rose from her seat as she said—"and I too wish dear Edith would come. She promised to arrange a wreath in my head—I would not trust entirely to Babinette's taste, so I begged Edith to come early and lend me her assistance."

At that moment the door opened, and a young lady enveloped in a heavy mantle entered. Both Ada and Viola sprang forward to welcome her.

"Edith, you naughty girl, why didn't you come sooner?" was Ada's salutation as she embraced her friend—but Viola threw her arms round the young girl and kissed her softly and tenderly several times as she exclaimed, "dearest Edith, I am so glad to see you!"

"I am very sorry, Ada, that I have kept you waiting," said the young stranger in a tone of apology, "but the presence of unexpected guests detained me this evening, and I was uncertain whether I should not be obliged to remain at home."

"Don't scold her—she shant be scolded—the darling," said Viola as Ada was again about to speak—"now, Edith," she continued, turning to her friend, "you may just take off that great heavy cloak and that quizzical little kiss-me-quick, and then while you adjust my wreath as you promised, I will tell you some good news that I have picked up lately."

Thus addressed, Edith Courtland proceeded to dismantle herself of her attire, and when the cloak was thrown aside a form of exquisite mould was exposed to view. She was, if possible, more

beautiful than either of her friends. A complexion of dazzling brilliancy, dark expressive eyes, a countenance of an intellectual cast, and a profusion of wavy brown hair, combined to render her lovely—but the mingled grace and dignity of her bearing would not have failed to have elicited admiration even had she possessed no pretensions to beauty. She was apparently about eighteen. Her dress was of India muslin, the skirt being looped up with white roses, while the sleeves were also drawn back and fastened with a rose so as to display fully the snowy arms. In her hair she wore a wreath of the same, only the flowers were smaller and more delicate.

"Now for your news, Viola dear," said Miss Courtland, when she had finished arranging the young girl's hair. And as she spoke she bent over and pressed a kiss upon the fair brow of her friend.

"Well, Edith, it is that an old friend of ours who has been 'a sojourner in many lands' for the last four years, arrived in New York yesterday. He came immediately to see us, as of course he should—and he was so much changed—he has grown so much handsomer that we scarcely knew him. Neither was he quite prepared to recognize Ada and myself as the little girls he had left behind. He has received an invitation to Ada's party this evening, and I have promised to select him a wife."

"Of course your choice has fallen upon Ada?"

"Ada! No indeed, Miss Edith," and Viola shook her head saucily, "for once you are mistaken. Ada wouldn't suit him at all."

As her sister spoke Ada Landor's lip curled proudly, and a slight frown appeared upon her brow; but neither of her companions noticed it.

"And who may be the lady you have selected for this very estimable gentleman?"

"Yourself, Edith."

"Indeed! Be kind enough to favor me with the name of my future husband, Viola?"

"You needn't look so demure, Edith, for I can assure you I am not joking at all. You are just the only person of all the world that would suit Walter Clayton."

"Walter Clayton!" Why did the rich blood rush to Edith Courtland's cheeks, and why did her heart palpitate so wildly as she pronounced that name?

The frown had gradually deepened on Ada's brow as she listened to the above conversation, and she now said in a slightly petulant tone—"Viola, you are talking at random. Come, Edith," she continued, passing her arm through that of her friend, "if you are ready, it is quite time for us to descend to the rooms below."

"How very beautiful! Who is she?" exclaimed Walter Clayton, as a young lady passed him leaning on the arm of Arthur Landor.

"Ah! Clayton, I thought you would be dazzled," replied a foppish looking young gentleman who was standing at his side, "that is the lovely heiress, Miss Edith Courtland. She resides with her aunt in W— Place, and it is expected that the old lady will leave her a large fortune. Splendid creature—eh, Clayton?"

"She is indeed," replied his companion.

"But, Clayton, let me warn you. Don't lose your heart—for you will meet with no encouragement. Miss Courtland ever receives the attentions of the lords of creation with perfect indifference. Wealth, station, honors, are daily laid at her feet; but in vain; she discards them all. There are rumors abroad that the young lady was not always thus careless—nay, some do not scruple to assert that she has actually translated a passage in Cupid's own book. By the bye, did you ever hear the story of the emerald ring, Clayton?"

The young man signified that he had not, and his acquaintance continued—

"You are no doubt unaware to what I allude, but I can explain all in a few words. When Miss Courtland first became the reigning belle in this fashionable circle, it was often noticed that she always wore a small gold chain of exquisite workmanship upon her neck. This ornament was never missing, and though the fair lady was not unfrequently questioned concerning her partiality for it, she would give no satisfaction. After awhile it was discovered that there was something attached to this chain—but what that something was nobody could find out. Some said it was a talisman given her by a sybil, and which, so long as she kept it, would preserve her from lurking danger—others declared it to be the miniature of a gentleman—but the mystery was at last solved. Miss Courtland had been one evening to a large party, and she was in the dressing-room preparing to return home, when she was observed to stoop down upon the floor as if in search of something. The ladies gathered round her and on inquiry found that she had lost a ring, which she asserted had been attached to her chain. Here then was the solution of the riddle—it was a *ring* that had excited so much curiosity! Rather an odd appendage too for a chain; one often hears of a locket or a watch, but a ring—never! Well, the dressing-room was searched, and so were the parlors, but in vain; no signs of the missing jewel—and when Miss Courtland found that it was really gone, she threw herself into a seat and burst into tears. Mark that,

Clayton—the proud and stately beauty wept at the loss of that ring?”

“But did she never find it again?” asked his listener, with a half sigh.

“Yes, it was discovered next morning upon the stairs, where she had undoubtedly dropped it, and of course it was immediately returned; and they say the fair owner actually shed tears *again*, when she received it once more into her hands. Since that evening she has never worn either the chain or the ring. It has been supposed to have been the gift of a lover, from whom she has become estranged, though, judging from her partiality to the ring, she must love him still. I have no doubt but this conjecture is true, though we have never beheld the supposed lover; for the ring itself is of little value, being merely of plain gold with an emerald stone. But it is evidently very precious in Miss Courtland’s eyes—and on what other account but from the memories it recalls?”

About an hour afterward, as Walter Clayton was standing alone in a secluded corner of the room, he felt his arm lightly touched, and turning, beheld at his side Viola Landor.

“Walter,” she said, in a low tone, while her bright face was dimpled with smiles, and her blue eyes beamed laughingly upon him—“Walter, I have come to redeem my promise.” Clayton smiled too—but instantly drawing her arm through his, they walked away together.

“Miss Courtland, Walter—Edith, Mr. Clayton,” and as Viola spoke she glanced meaningly and mischievously upon Walter Clayton. A slight flush suffused the fair cheek of Edith Courtland, but she moved gracefully forward and took the extended hand.

The whole of that long evening was Clayton a devoted attendant upon Miss Courtland—the story of the ring and the warnings he had received were alike forgotten—he heard only the music of that sweet voice, and cared for naught but the glance of those speaking eyes.

That night when Walter Clayton returned home, he wore a white rose cherishingly in his bosom, and his heart thrilled with a new and strange delight as he laid his head upon the pillow to dream of love and Edith Courtland.

CHAPTER II.

A TWELVEMONTH had passed away since the evening of Ada Landor’s party—a twelvemonth of unalloyed happiness to Edith Courtland, for during that period the wish of the gentle Viola had been accomplished, and Edith was now the betrothed bride of Walter Clayton. With the generosity of a noble mind, Clayton had contemptuously rejected the various reports that

met his ear; he had listened to the low, earnest tones of Edith as she softly acknowledged him her first and only love, and he felt that those lips would scorn to utter aught that was false.

One evening Walter was sitting in the parlor at the residence of Edith’s aunt in W—— Place. He had been engaged in earnest conversation with his betrothed, and was now turning over the leaves of a book from which she had requested him to read some passages, when a work-box containing the materials for a purse she was netting, fell from Edith’s lap to the floor. As Clayton stooped to pick it up, he espied something glittering beside it on the carpet, and in another instant discovered it to be a ring. He was about to examine it when Edith suddenly observed what he held in his hand. In an instant her face was suffused with burning blushes, and advancing quickly toward him with downcast eyes, she besought him to return the ring immediately to her. Of course Clayton acceded to her request—but her evident confusion had not escaped his notice. For some moments afterward there was silence in the apartment. Clayton remained in deep thought, for a suspicion had suddenly flashed across his mind, and for the first time he recalled all that had been related to him concerning a certain ring that Edith Courtland possessed. Till then he had doubted its existence—but her agitation, her anxiety to prevent him from even examining it, tended to confirm the story; yet willing to disprove it, turning hastily to his fair companion, he said—

“Edith, answer me one question. Is that an *emerald* ring?”

“It is,” was the low reply—and again the blood rushed to her cheek and then retreated, leaving her strangely pale.

For an instant Walter Clayton hesitated—and then he continued gazing earnestly into her face, “Edith, listen to me a few moments and I will repeat to you a tale that has reached my ear. And while I speak remember, dearest, that a word from your lips can explain the mystery to which I am about to allude.”

Then followed a narration of what had been imparted to him at Ada Landor’s party a year previous; and when he had concluded he again besought her to explain it all. Edith listened in silence—more than once her lip curled haughtily, but when he paused for an answer she replied coldly—

“The explanation you desire I do not feel willing to give—it shall never pass my lips, whatever the consequences may be.”

“Oh! Edith,” exclaimed Clayton, in a voice of extreme emotion, “you surely do not mean

this! Remember, dearest Edith, the whole happiness of my life is at stake—oh! I beseech you, consider well ere you say that which will render me forever miserable.”

“If that misery be occasioned by your mistrust of one who has never given you cause for doubt,” replied Edith, in the same cold manner, “I can offer you no sympathy. I can only say that such being the case, it were, perhaps, far better we had never met”—she paused, unable to proceed—and much affected by her agitation, Clayton approached and took her hand. But she drew it proudly away, and turning hastily from him moved toward the door, and before he was aware of her intention had left the room.

For some moments Clayton remained standing motionless where she had left him—but when he had recovered from his surprise at her sudden exit, concluding that she would soon return, he re-seated himself and impatiently watched for her appearance.

For more than an hour did he await the return of Edith, but she came not—and at length displeased with himself that he should have given her the slightest cause to think he doubted her truth, he left the house determined to return at an early hour the next day and seek her forgiveness.

The following morning a billet, in the handwriting of Edith Courtland, was given to Walter Clayton, and eagerly opening it he read—

“After what occurred last night, it is my duty to inform you that we must henceforth be to each other as strangers. Seek not to induce me to alter my decision—it is irrevocable—and it would be the means of preventing much unnecessary unhappiness did we never meet again. EDITH.”

CHAPTER III.

JUST six months after the events recorded in the last chapter, Edith Courtland was sitting in her boudoir, apparently engaged in deep and painful meditation, when a servant entered and presented to her a note. It was from her friend Viola Landor, announcing the sudden and dangerous indisposition of her sister Ada, who had ruptured a blood vessel. It concluded by informing her that Ada had not many hours to live, and desired her to come instantly to the sufferer, who wished particularly to see her.

Edith was greatly affected at this unexpected intelligence, for Ada Landor had long been her most intimate and best loved friend. But feeling that no time was to be lost in lamentations, she immediately equipped herself for a walk, and was soon at the residence of Mrs. Landor.

Upon a low couch in the same apartment where we first introduced her to the reader, pale and death-like, lay the once proud and

beautiful Ada Landor. Her sister Viola was seated in one corner of the room, her head bowed and her slight frame convulsed with grief—and several other members of the household were moving noiselessly about, while beside the bed knelt the heart-stricken mother.

Suddenly the door was opened and Edith Courtland entered. Softly advancing toward the couch, she pressed her lips upon the pallid brow of the suffering girl, and burning tears streamed from her eyes as she murmured forth a few words expressive of her deep and bitter grief at beholding her thus.

“I have sent for you, Edith,” said Ada in a low, hollow tone, “I have sent for you because I could not die happy unless I revealed to you something which concerns your future happiness. Bid them all retire from the room—all but my sister—and then you shall listen to what I have to say.”

Edith did as she was desired, and when all had withdrawn, and Viola and herself were alone with Ada, the latter continued—“Edith you have ever loved and regarded me as a friend—would you believe me if I should now assert that I have acted the part of an enemy toward you?”

“Dearest Ada—do not suppose I could be guilty of such a thought,” was the reply, and Edith seized the speaker’s hand and tenderly pressed it. As she did so a slight shiver passed through her friend’s frame.

“Take your hand away, Edith,” she murmured in a broken voice, “I am unworthy that it should touch my own.” And as she uttered these words she gently released her hand from Edith’s grasp. “Oh!” she continued, “how will you loathe and despise me when you learn that I have deeply injured you—that I have caused you weary months of anguish—that I have been the destroyer of your heart’s dearest hopes!”

“Ada! Ada! what mean you?” gasped Edith: her cheek grew colorless, and her eyes were riveted with an agonizing gaze upon her friend.

“It is all too true, Edith—but before I proceed to explain, I would have you answer me a single question. Have you always loved, and do you still love Walter Clayton?” But there was no reply, and Ada resumed—“you do not speak, Edith, but I know that you still love him, though alas! I have learned it too late! And now let me confess to you what has never before passed my lips—that I also have loved him—yes, loved him far better than aught else on earth.

“I was just fifteen years of age when Walter Clayton left New York to travel in Europe—but though I was then so young, I felt his loss most

deeply. At that time I did not understand my feelings toward him, but he was constantly in my thoughts, and it was only when he returned home, after an absence of four years, that I became aware that I was never happier than when in his presence. I heard him request my sister in a jesting tone to select him a wife, and when, as you will remember, on the evening of my birth-night party, Viola informed you whom she had chosen, my heart was immediately filled with a thousand jealous thoughts. I resolved that you should never be united to him; for if you were I felt that I should be eternally wretched. And yet, Edith, you were very dear to me, and I would have rejoiced to have beheld you happy with any one but him. The evening of my birth-night party was far from being as it should have been, a happy one to me. On the contrary, I was perfectly miserable. I saw him introduced to you by my sister—I felt that he was delighted with your appearance, and during the whole of that evening I beheld him your constant attendant, watching your every look and action with a lover's earnest gaze: and you also who were generally so cold to your admirers, seemed pleased with your new acquaintance, though I did not at all wonder at this, for who could help admiring one so noble and highly gifted as Walter Clayton? For months after that night he was a constant visitor at your house, and at length you surprised me with the information that you were engaged to him. I scarcely know how I replied to you—but for that night and many succeeding ones I never closed my eyes in slumber. And it was during these hours of sleepless anguish that I formed the determination of separating you from him—for I was then quite sure that he was not as necessary to your happiness as to my own, though I now confess I have since then discovered that in this I was mistaken.

“But how my resolve was to be accomplished I knew not; and months again passed on ere I had an opportunity of putting any plan into execution. At length an incident occurred which seemed favorable to my determination. I had been spending the day with you, and toward dusk, when I was preparing to return home, instead of going as was my intention, I yielded to your persuasions and resolved to remain with you till the next morning. Quite early that evening Walter Clayton was announced, and pretending to be very much interested in a tale I was reading, I resisted your pressing entreaties to accompany you to the parlor, preferring from reasons of my own, to remain where I was. About an hour afterward you re-entered the room where I was sitting, and without

speaking a word threw yourself into a chair, and buried your face in your hands! Much astonished, I watched you in silence, deeming it best to say nothing, for I felt convinced that you would soon confide to me the cause of your despondency. At length, as you raised your head, I saw that the expression of sadness had left your countenance, and in its place there was a haughtiness that I had never beheld there before. In a few words you then related to me all that had passed between yourself and Clayton, and I sympathized with you, exulting all the while that a chance was thus offered for ensuring success to my resolve. So I urged you to return to the parlor, meanwhile accompanying my solicitations with certain insinuations concerning Clayton, which while they only incensed you the more against him, could attach no blame to myself as the author of them. I now requested you to tell me the history of the emerald ring—but you besought me not to ask it, and when I again urged you, positively refused to satisfy my curiosity, though you confessed the ring to have been the gift of a gentleman. This raised my suspicions, and I imagined that ring to have been presented to you by another who occupied a place in your affections, though from motives known only to yourself, I suspected you had discarded him, and, perhaps, afterward in a fit of pique accepted the attentions of Walter Clayton. I was convinced you did not love the latter—else, how could you have treated him with such mingled pride and coldness? I judged your feelings from my own—for I could never have looked upon *his* face and heard *those* tones pleading for that which I had power to accord, and have turned away as you did coldly. You did not return to Clayton that evening—he deserved to be punished, you thought, for his doubts; adding that you might be induced to forget the wrong did he come the next morning to ask forgiveness. This conclusion was exactly what I desired: I had now formed a plan, and for its success it was only necessary that that evening should pass without an interview between Clayton and yourself. We both retired to rest soon after.

“The following day I awoke quite early, yet you were already up and seated by the window. For some moments I watched you unobserved. You appeared to have been weeping, for your eyes were red and swollen, and in your hand you held the ring that had been the cause of so much curiosity and trouble! Again were my suspicions awakened, and I became assured that the giver of that jewel was regarded with love by you. And this little incident only served to make me firmer in my determination to wrest

from your possession the treasure I deemed you prized so lightly, but which to me was far more precious than the largest diamond—the love of Walter Clayton. Had he never met you I felt perfectly sure that I should have been his chosen one—for we had known each other from childhood, and Walter had always evinced a preference for my society.

“Notwithstanding your entreaties that I would stay till the morning meal was over, I returned immediately home, and half an hour after my return, equipped in the attire of a servant, with a thick veil drawn closely over my face, I again sallied forth from my residence, and directed my steps toward the dwelling of Walter Clayton.

“Oh! Edith—but for the action of that hour you would never have suffered so much misery—for the object of that journey was to leave a note for Clayton written in your name, and in which all further intercourse with him was declined, while he was also requested not to endeavor to obtain an explanation, as such an attempt would be both unnecessary and useless. I knew him well enough to be quite certain that his pride would forbid disobedience to your command. The result you know too well Edith—and I rejoiced in the success of my scheme. After I had thus far accomplished my purpose, the thought for the first time entered my head of how I should justify myself in your sight did I succeed in winning Clayton’s affection. But I soon made the resolution of never marrying him till you were united to another, and concluded to rely upon my own powers of invention to form a plausible excuse for encouraging one whom you had once looked upon with favor. And if you evinced any signs of disapprobation, I resolved to brave your displeasure—preferring love to friendship. But I now seldom beheld Clayton. He apparently mixed little with society, but allowing him time to recover from the effects of the blow he had received, I did not despair of ultimately attaining the desired end.

“But the event of a single night destroyed forever the hopes that for months had been fostered within my heart. My intimacy with you was still unbroken, and we were ever together. One night, just a week since, when as you will remember I consented as was often my custom, to remain with you till the following day, an incident transpired that filled my soul with both disappointment and remorse.

“We had retired to rest at a later hour than usual, and much wearied on account of a long walk taken that afternoon, you soon fell into a peaceful slumber. For a long time I lay awake musing, when suddenly my meditations were

disturbed by some words that burst from your lips. You were still sleeping—but with agony indescribable I listened to every sentence that you uttered, and for the first time I then learned how devotedly you loved Walter Clayton. There was much said in that hour—and each word that you spoke pierced into the furthest depths of my heart, and lay pressing like a laden weight upon it. Never for an instant had I imagined you cared for Clayton. Had such been my belief I could not have been cruel enough to have acted as I had done. And now when the memory of all my misdeeds came crowding upon my brain, I shuddered at the fearful remembrances and hated myself. I now determined immediately to repair the evil I had done, by confessing everything to you the next morning. But when morning came, and I again met your loving glance, and felt your kiss of affection warm upon my brow my courage failed, and I could not bring myself to say that which would doubtless turn your love for me to hatred. I left you without vouchsafing the confession—but with the blush of shame upon my cheek, and the sting of remorse deep within my heart. For a week following—the week that has just passed, Edith, I avoided all intercourse with you, and yet scarcely an instant were you absent from my thoughts. I scarcely know how that week has passed—but good and evil resolutions have alternately predominated. Never before has your affection been so valued—never before have I so fully estimated the worth of your friendship as till within the last few days—and I felt that it would be agony to lose you when it lay in my power to lock that fatal secret within my own bosom. And Clayton! oh! I could not humble myself in *his* sight—could not, oh! no, I *could* not give utterance to that which would make him despise and scorn me. But then I remembered how much anguish must daily be your portion, and my heart wavered. Then too I thought for the first time that he, perhaps, suffered as you did, and as that thought rose up before me my good resolves triumphed, and yesterday I determined to avow all to you on the morrow. That *morrow* has come, and it has found me low upon the bed of death, but my confession has been given, and I am ready to depart in peace. Hate me if you will, Edith—base as I have been, well do I deserve your utter detestation; and yet, standing as I now do upon the threshold of eternity, I solemnly assert that had I believed you loved Walter Clayton, I would never have wronged you as I have done.”

With an almost superhuman effort the dying girl had made her confession, and now as she ceased, her head sank heavily upon the pillow,

while she drew the covering tightly over her face as if to conceal from view the form of her who had been so greatly injured.

With feelings of the deepest anguish Edith Courtland had listened to that strange avowal. Once or twice something like a groan had escaped her, and when Ada Landor had concluded she continued for some moments absorbed in meditation. At length rising from her seat she drew still nearer to the bedside, and clasped the hand of the penitent girl within her own.

"I forgive you, Ada," she murmured in a broken voice—and then unable to say more she burst into tears.

"Forgive me—oh! Edith, will you indeed forgive me? Can it be that you do not regard me with hatred?"

How could Edith Courtland gaze into that death-like face—the face of her who had so long been her best loved friend, with other feelings than those of pity and tenderness, even though Ada Landor had caused her many months of bitter sorrow?

"And now, Edith, let me ask you a single question," said Ada, when she had been fully assured of forgiveness, "I care not to know the history of the emerald ring, but will you not confide to me the name of its giver?"

Viola Landor had hitherto remained a listener to all that had transpired, and now a sudden suspicion crossed her mind, and involuntarily she pressed closer to Edith, as if eager to catch the words that were about to fall from her lips. The few sentences in which Edith's reply was contained caused an exclamation of surprise and deep sorrow to burst from the lips of Ada Landor—but Viola spoke not, for she could offer no consolation to Edith without allowing each word to become a new source of reproach to her sister. But the silent pressure of the arm that encircled her spoke much to Edith's heart, and she was grateful for a token of sympathy so delicately and tenderly conveyed.

A few moments after, Ada called her sister toward her and whispered to her a few words. Viola's only reply was a low "I will," and then she turned tearfully away.

Not many hours afterward a sorrow-stricken group were assembled in that chamber. The face they looked upon though beautiful still, was cold and pallid, for the angel of death had been busy there, and the spirit of Ada Landor had taken its upward flight!

CHAPTER IV.

ONE evening, about a fortnight after the death of Ada Landor, Walter Clayton was sitting alone in his study, engaged in a deep reverie. Suddenly

he was disturbed by a low knock at the door, and in another moment a female, habited in deep mourning, entered. Hastily she moved toward him, and drawing aside her veil, revealed a countenance that he quickly recognized.

"Viola!" he exclaimed in a tone of extreme surprise, "Viola Landor! Can it be possible?"

"My errand hither," said Viola, when the first salutations had passed, "concerns the happiness of a very dear friend, and also of one who once allowed me to give him the title of 'brother.'"

Clayton turned slightly pale. "Explain yourself, Viola," he exclaimed eagerly.

"I refer to Edith Courtland and—yourself," faltered the young girl.

"And why would you speak upon this subject, Viola?" asked Clayton in a tone of emotion—"read that," he added, placing a note before her, "and you will be convinced that *her* happiness never depended upon me."

Viola took the note and perused it.

"And now," he continued, "does not that assure you that Edith Courtland never cared for me—if she had, think you she would have written that note—would she for the sake of a few vain words have cast away a heart that was devoted to her? Ah! no—Edith was false—she never returned my love."

"Edith Courtland false!" exclaimed Viola, indignantly, "Edith—the pure-hearted, noble-minded Edith! Oh, Walter Clayton, how can you wrong her thus? And yet," she continued in a softer tone, "when I look upon that billet I can scarcely wonder that you speak in this manner."

"But for the reception of that note," replied Clayton, "all would have been well with us. I was ashamed of my doubts, and would have returned the next day to sue for pardon—but when I received that, my suspicions returned with more force than before."

"But what if I should tell you that Edith never wrote that note—that it was penned by one whose handwriting was very similar to hers, but without her knowledge or consent?"

"Viola—what do you mean? Oh! if you could truly assert that, my blessing would be upon you forever."

"And such was really the case," replied Viola, "Edith has been deeply injured by one whom she accounted her warmest friend: one who now rests in the grave."

A repetition of Ada Landor's confession now followed. Clayton was an agitated listener, at times rising and pacing the room, and then returning to his seat and gazing eagerly into the face of the speaker.

"And Edith is really innocent! Heaven bless you, dear Viola, for that assurance!" he exclaimed, when she had finished.

"And now," she resumed, after a brief pause, "let me proceed to detail to you a circumstance which is connected with what I have been speaking of. You will perhaps remember that some years ago while travelling through Vermont, you were obliged from the inclemency of the weather to seek shelter at a farm-house near by?"

Clayton replied in the affirmative.

"At that farm-house," continued Viola, "your attention was attracted by the appearance of a little girl who was treated harshly by all the household. You became much interested in her, and during your stay showed her marked kindness, once shielding her from a blow which the brutal farmer would have inflicted upon her. At parting you took a ring from your finger and placing it upon hers, bade her keep it as a token of remembrance. That ring was the same that has been the author of so much mischief, and the name of the child to whom you presented it was—Edith Courtland!"

"I do not understand you—it all seems very strange," said Clayton, completely bewildered at this intelligence.

"Listen for a few moments more and the mystery shall be explained. The father of Edith was once a wealthy merchant. But having engaged largely in speculations, these, together with the unexpected treachery of a friend, proved his ruin. He did not long survive the blow, but died leaving his wife and an only child almost wholly unprovided for. At the period of her husband's decease, Mrs. Courtland was thought to be in a decline—but perceiving that something must be done for her child's sake, having no relations, and but few friends in New York, she summoned all her remaining strength, and resolved to undertake a journey to the northern part of Vermont, where several relatives, from whom she hoped to obtain all necessary assistance, resided. Her resolution was quickly put into practice; but she did not entirely accomplish it, for while yet many miles from her destination she suddenly felt herself unable to travel further, and was obliged to seek accommodations at the nearest dwelling, which happened to be the farm-house at which you afterward found shelter. Here she lingered for a few days, refusing to write to her friends as she hoped very soon to be able to pursue her journey. But each day the lady continued to grow weaker, and before another week had elapsed she breathed her last, and Edith was left alone in a land of strangers. Her mother's kindred were immediately written

to—but either they did not receive the letter, or were unwilling to burden themselves with a child who had no claims upon their kindness, save those of distant relationship—for no answer was returned. The father at whose house she had remained would now have cast her forth upon the world, but his wife was rather better disposed toward the orphan, and at her solicitation Edith was allowed to continue a member of their household. While there, her unprotected state daily subjected her to mortifications and unkindness—and when she compared the tenderness to which she had been accustomed with the harshness now exercised toward her, the change preyed upon her spirits, and her health, which had never been good, became still more delicate. Those who behold her now would find it very difficult to recognize her as the puny and sickly child of by-gone years. Till you appeared she had not for a long while received a word of kindness, and the service you rendered her, together with the interest you manifested in her situation, won her lasting gratitude, for Edith, child though she was, possessed even then feelings whose strength and depth were little suspected.

"About a year after the period when you first beheld Edith Courtland, an aunt of hers, a wealthy widow lady, and her father's only sister, who had for some years resided in England, returned to her native land and instituted inquiries concerning the destination of her orphan niece. For some time they were entirely fruitless, and the lady was about to give up her attempts in despair, when by a fortunate accident the abode of her brother's child was discovered, and Edith found a permanent home beneath the roof of her kind aunt, who, being childless, received her as her adopted daughter.

"And now though possessed of everything that wealth could procure, and continually surrounded with friends who admired and loved her, Edith never forgot the one from whom in her desolate state she had experienced kindness. The emerald ring was her choicest treasure. For a long time she wore it attached to a chain, for it was too dear to her to allow any eye but her own to gaze upon it. At length, from an incident of which you are aware, she learned that the ring had become a subject both of curiosity and remark among those with whom she daily associated, and after this discovery she wore it no longer in public. During her intercourse with society, Edith received many advantageous offers, but she looked indifferently upon all, for thoughts of but *one* alone occupied her mind. That *one*—Walter Clayton—that one was yourself, and she longed

eagerly to behold you once more. She had become acquainted with many who, as she found, were friends of yours, and from these she learned that you were travelling in Europe, though expected soon to return. You came at last—was introduced to Edith, but did not recognize the little girl who had first claimed your notice years before. Edith never referred to her previous acquaintance with you from maidenly motives. The only circumstance that prevented her explaining the mystery of the ring on the evening when you were last with her, was the knowledge that you doubted her—a thought which stung her to the soul.

"I have no more to say. And now, Walter, I will leave you. Edith knows not of my visit here—nor do I think she would have sanctioned it, for she still deems that you once wronged her in thought. Seek her immediately—explain all."

On the afternoon of the same day on which the above incident occurred, Edith Courtland was in her dressing-room in earnest conversation with Viola Landor, when a servant appeared and presented to her a card, adding that the owner desired an immediate interview. Very pale became the cheek of Edith as she glanced upon the inscription, and when the servant departed, unable to control her feelings, she sank upon the nearest seat and wept aloud. Viola, sweet Viola Landor, tenderly strove to comfort her, but it was many moments ere she became composed.

"I cannot see him," she said at length in broken accents, while she leaned her head upon the shoulder of her gentle friend, "oh! Viola, I know not what this visit portends—but I cannot see him. Go to him, dearest Viola—say that I am ill—that if some other time—but oh! not now—I cannot see him now!"

"Oh! Edith, grant him this one interview," pleaded the low, sweet tones of Viola Landor, "go to him now, dearest—go, dear, dear Edith, and all may yet be well."

And Edith Courtland heeded that earnest appeal, and with a pallid cheek and wildly beating heart descended to the parlor.

"Earth hath no language, love, befitting thee," is the expression of a favorite poetess; so feeling myself inadequate to a description of the scene that ensued, I trust I may be pardoned for dropping the curtain over it.

Suffice it to say, not many weeks afterward Edith Courtland was united to the one her heart had chosen.

Viola Landor, the lovely peace-maker, we have since heard asserted is engaged to one whose name has but once before been mentioned in this story—Edward Lindsay.

LINEs

ON AN UNKNOWN LADY.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

THERE is a spell in woman's eye,
A charm in woman's smile,
That can the deepest woes defy,
The saddest thoughts beguile:—
And such a smile, and such a glance,
Fell flashing on my way,
From one, who in the street by chance,
I met the other day.

The morning light shone fresh and full
Upon the city's din,
And all without was beautiful—
But all was dark within.
I heeded not the sun that shone,
I thought but of my woe:
When, hark! a woman's gentle tone,
So musical and low.

I looked, and lo! before me stood,
Like one divinely born,
A form, 't is true of flesh and blood,
But beautiful as morn;
Her gentle eyes were blue and mild,
Her very look was joy,
And she was speaking to a child,
A little beggar boy.

I stood a moment, drinking deep
That silver-sounding voice,
Like the sweet murmurs heard in sleep,
When dreaming souls rejoice,
And while her cheering words she said—
Between a smile and sigh—
The little outcast raised his head
And wiped his heavy eye.

She turn'd, and as she turn'd she cast
A passing glance on me—
Oh, lady fair! be such the last
That I shall ever see!
For, oh, at once the gladsome day,
Of me became a part,
And warm and soft I felt a ray
Of sunshine in my heart.

I watch'd the boy with gladsome bound
And merry laugh pass on,
And when again I turn'd me round,
The lady too was gone.
The star had vanish'd as it came—
A bright but fleeting fire—
But kindled in my heart a flame
That shall not soon expire.

I ne'er may meet, might scarcely know
That lovely form again,
But long my heart in weal or woe
Her image shall retain:
And ne'er shall I, howe'er beguill'd,
In beauty's path to stray,
Forget the moment when she smiled
On me, the other day.

THE SAXON'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. H. DANA.

It was as fair and lovely a landscape as ever a May morning dawned on in old England. The trees wore the rich green of their early verdure; the hawthorn was in full blossom; and the birds flitted to and fro, shaking the dew in showers from the leaves, and filling the air with their jocund music. The scene was a picturesque glade in the forest. All around rose gigantic oaks, hoary with age, some even dating back to the Druids. Here and there, where vistas opened, the deer were seen glancing in the distance; and the sound of a hidden waterfall, rose and fell on the wind with silvery cadence.

Suddenly that still morning air was interrupted by shrieks, which, loud and frequent, rose from the edge of the forest. At the same instant a horseman, armed cap-a-pie, dashed into the glade, bearing across the saddle of his powerful horse a young female, whose shrieks now rose more shrill and despairing. She was of a complexion as delicate as a rose-leaf, with a person full of voluptuous beauty: one of those rare, sweet creatures who seem to belong rather to romance than to real life. But now her lovely countenance was distorted by affright, and her fair hair fell in dishevelled masses around her bare shoulders and over her bust, both of which were partially exposed, as if some rude hand had torn away the dress that usually so sacredly concealed them. As the horseman emerged from the wood on that silent and sequestered glade, he checked his steed with a suddenness that flung the white flakes over his dark, glossy breast, then, springing to the ground, he left the panting animal to graze at leisure on the thick, grassy sward.

This horseman was as ruffianly looking an object as even that distracted age could afford, for the period of our story is that of the reign of William Rufus, when power made right, and when the Norman conquerors daily committed the most shameful atrocities on the defenceless Saxons. A face marked with a hideous scar, and stamped with every base passion, and a person at once hard and sinewy, characterized the horseman, who, in other respects, as he wore the knightly garb of the day, was not distinguishable from any of the thousands of mailed adventurers, who, like locusts, followed the conqueror to England, to prey on the miserable inhabitants.

As this ruffianly soldier leaped to the ground, still bearing the girl in his arms, she suddenly slid from his embrace and prostrated herself at his feet.

"Oh! let me—let me return," she cried, clasping her hands imploringly, and looking up with an expression of supplication in her dark blue eyes such as would have moved a heart of steel. "By your knighthood, noble Norman, I conjure you to release me!"

The ruffian looked down on that beautiful face, but with no emotions of pity: on the contrary, as his licentious gaze rested on the bosom, that heaving with agitation, seemed more beautiful than ever, he said—

"Nay! by heaven, that were too much to ask, fair Saxon. Have I not marked you for months? Have I not sought to woo you by gentle words? But you scorned my suit, choosing rather to love a beardless boy, who left you for Palestine years ago, and who, before this, has been impaled by the Saracens, and his flesh eaten by vultures—as the fool should be! You preferred his memory to my offers—and now, by my patron saint, that I have you in my power, you shall be mine on my own terms. I heard that you went, with your maids, to the spring in the woods—I waylaid you—and you either go quietly to my castle, or I will, on this very spot, make you such a scorn and shame to your father's house that you will be glad to follow me even as a slave."

At these words, threatening such foul outrage, the Saxon girl started to her feet and stood before her captor, transformed for the moment into an indignant fury. Her fine eyes flashed, her bosom swelled, her person appeared to rise to a gigantic size.

"Base wretch," she said, "you dare not do this foul wrong. Know that I am a thane's daughter, and that my father, though now stripped of his title, is not wholly without friends or means to avenge me. At King Edward's court, as well as at Harold's, he was one of England's proudest peers, when you, false miscreant that you are, was only a hired robber to William, the Norman Duke. You talk of suing for my hand. You threaten outrage—by all the saints in heaven, if you dare do this, your bones shall bleach higher than yonder tree top."

For a moment the ruffian had started back, thunderstruck at this torrent of indignant words, and at the rank of his victim, which he had not suspected; but his effrontery soon came to his aid, and remembering that he was a favored minion with the tyrant Rufus, he no longer stood in awe of the girl's threats.

"Will you have me avenged?" he said, smiling scornfully, and advancing, he seized the girl by the wrist, which he almost crushed in his rude grasp. "I would have you know that if you are a thane's daughter, I am a king's companion; if you are child to a Saxon hound, I am a free

Norman knight; and by my halidome, I will not only have you for a leman, but I will hang your sire's head higher than you threaten to place mine, and that too in spite of his boasted power. No, no, my pretty one, the day of the Saxon rule has gone by, and that of the Norman has succeeded. Your houses, your lands, ay! and your charms," he added with a sneer, as he would have drawn his prisoner toward him—"are all our own."

But at that insulting movement the girl made a sudden effort and loosing herself from his grasp, sprang back. She looked around, as if for some means of escape. A sudden thought seemed to strike her and she darted off. With the speed of light she reached his horse, which was browsing hard by: a daring leap and she was on his back: then, grasping the reins, she struck the animal sharply to urge him forward, and turning her face half around cast back a look of triumph on the baffled Norman.

But the ruffian stood unmoved, with a sardonic grin on his countenance. At first he had rushed forward, but after making two steps and seeing the girl's aim, he checked himself. Here he remained until she attempted to put his steed in motion, when quietly calling the animal by name, it stood still, like a well trained dog.

The Saxon's daughter saw that smile of derision and knew its meaning when the horse refused to move. The revulsion from sudden hope to utter despair was too much for her; and after a second unsuccessful attempt to urge forward the horse, she dropped the reins, and suffering her hands to fall listlessly by her side, burst into tears.

"Ha! you are tamed, my gay falcon, are you?" said the ruffian. "You find that Robert, the Norman, is not to be fooled so easily. Come, my dainty one, what cannot be helped must be borne: you have done your best to escape me; now resign yourself to your destiny, and, by my faith, you shall be mistress of my halls, for I love a spice of the devil in a wife."

He would again have taken the girl in his arms, but she shrank back.

"Never!" she said, with a shudder. "Never!"

As she spoke she glided from the saddle, but her captor quickly crossing to the opposite side of his horse, arrested her in her new attempt at flight. His face was now dark with angry passions.

"This has gone far enough," he said. "Recollect, you are wholly in my power. Your maids are miles away, and even if they give the alarm, and the pursuit follows the right track, hours must elapse before I can be overtaken. I am not disposed, however, to waste time in

delay. Answer me—I give you another chance. Promise to be mine legally, and accompany me quietly on the road to my castle, where we will be made one by holy mother church. Refuse this," and his brow grew dark as night, "and, by the Virgin, I will make you mine at once on my own terms, and afterward leave you, disgraced as you will be, to meet your friends when they come to pursue me."

The Saxon's daughter, courageous as she was, trembled at these words. Too well she knew that such outrages were not uncommon, and that even her rank would not protect her from the minion of King Rufus.

But true to her early love, with which he had so meanly upbraided her, she resolved to die rather than be the wife of this ruffian. A sudden thought appeared to seize her. Darting forward, she grasped the Norman's dagger, and holding the glittering blade aloft, cried,

"With this I scorn, I defy your vengeance. I will never be yours."

She raised the dagger as she spoke to the full height of her outstretched arm. A moment it glittered aloft, then shot meteor-like down; but just as its keen point was within an inch of her bosom, the quick and powerful grasp of the Norman arrested her hand, and she was a second time baffled.

"What, again!" he said, tauntingly—"nay! my ruffian, your delicate skin has not even a scratch."

At this new failure, what of the girl's spirit remained gave way completely. For a minute she stood bewildered as if struck dumb. Then she fell on her knees once more and clung to her captor's feet, looking up tearfully.

"Oh! have mercy on me. I will be your slave—my father will pay any ransom," she cried, "only spare me!"

"It is too late," he exclaimed, and his eyes dwelt on her beauty. "I mind me when I plead to you: times are changed; and, by the saints, you look even lovelier in supplication, than when in your queenly haughtiness."

"No, it is not too late," cried the Saxon's daughter, eagerly, striving to grasp his hand, "you cannot be so cruel. By your knightly honor—by your hope of heaven—by your mother's memory, spare me, spare me!"

The ruffian laughed loud and scornfully; for his eyes now glowed with evil passions, and he was no longer a human being, but a brute. He stooped and would have torn the dress of the girl wholly from her bosom, saying—

"Ah! how well your tears become you—weep on, my pretty one—weep on!"

But at his rude and licentious touch, the

maiden sprang up, though her flight was a third time arrested by the quickness of the Norman. He seized her by the waist.

"Oh! God protect me—is there no hope?" shrieked the girl in an agony of despair. "Roland—Roland—where are you? Help, help, help."

Her voice rose higher and higher as she thus called on her absent lover in the complete forgetfulness of terror, as if he was alive and near, instead of far off and perhaps dead. Her shrieks echoed back "Roland—help—help—help" from the wood, long after she had ceased.

But suddenly, and before that echo had died away, while the fair girl still struggled in the Norman's arms, a shout was heard close by from the forest, and immediately a knight, followed by several retainers, their horses all in a foam, galloped on the scene.

At this apparition, the ruffian loosed the Saxon's daughter from his arm, and drawing his sword, hastily vaulted upon his steed; while his late prisoner, with a cry of joy, would have darted toward the new comers, but he still retained her.

With a single glance the new comers took in the whole scene.

"What foul wrong is this?" said the knight sternly, riding up to the Norman. "By St. George, sir, let go that girl!"

"She is mine, sir knight, and I warn you not to interfere," haughtily replied the Norman, moving away, though guardedly, to be prepared to strike if necessary.

"Roland, Roland!" gasped the Saxon's daughter, half stifled, for the ruffian held her face close to his shoulder.

"Ha!" said the knight, "that voice!—my name! Bertha, as I live," he exclaimed, as, for the first time he caught sight of her countenance, while she struggled loose: then, almost choked with passion, he cried—"miscreant!" and lifting his iron gauntlet he struck the Norman in the face, with a blow that might have felled an ox.

The ruffian fell at the stroke, the blood gushing from his eyes and nose. At the same instant the knight grasped Bertha's form, which he rescued just in time to prevent her from falling to the ground with the Norman. With a glad cry she recognized her long absent lover, so opportunely returned, and fainted on his bosom.

The ruffian meanwhile sullenly gathered himself up and shook his clenched fist at the knight, while he cried, white with rage.

"By St. Jude, you shall rue this day. I will have you torn limb for limb."

"Ruffian," said the knight, looking up an

instant from his insensible charge, "go your ways, or I will make my lackeys scourge you with thongs, as you deserve. But I will not tread on a fallen man. Your day is ended. William Rufus is dead—slain by the avenging hand of God. Henry, his brother, is now our liege lord, and has sworn that Saxon and Norman shall be alike to him. Go!"

At these words, delivered with an air of command, the Norman slunk to his horse, sullen, bewildered and shorn of all his courage. Every other step he looked back, as if incredible at such magnanimity, and expecting yet to be slain. The moment he touched the saddle he put spurs to his horse and dashed into the forest.

How Roland himself was the one to recall Bertha to her senses—how he explained that, journeying from Dover homeward, he had accidentally arrived in time to save her—and how, a few weeks after, he fulfilled his troth-plight, by uniting himself to her for life, amid the rejoicings of half a shire, the reader may imagine. Himself a Norman of the purest blood, and an early playmate of King Henry, he used his influence to abolish all distinctions between the conqueror and conquered, and to him and others like him it is owing, that in time Norman and Saxon were known no more, and that from these two hostile races there arose at last that noble English stock from which our forefathers were descended.

SUNDAY EVENING.

BY CAROLINE E. WOOD.

How calm and sweet this holy eve
Comes stealing o'er the day,
Lifting the feelings and the thoughts
From earth to heaven away.
In whisper low the soft, south wind
Along the forest grieves,
Or stirs the wild and fragrant rose
Beneath its brilliant leaves.

Softly yon rich and changing clouds
Sink in the glowing west,
Their flitting forms like gorgeous shrouds
Mirrored in ocean's breast.
One large, pale star set 'mid the deep,
Dark azure of the sky,
Looks down upon this quiet eve
With calm and radiant eye.

My spirit on uplifted wing
Soars heavenward to-night,
And lists to catch the seraph hymn
That fancy wakes so light.
A hundred years from this still hour,
And where shall I then be?
Wrapt in the future's misty veil,
Lost in Eternity.

POOR AND AN HEIRESS.

BY GRACE MANNERS.

"WELL, Marian dear, what sort of a party had you last night?" inquired Miss Seymour of her sister, as she took her seat at the breakfast table—"I heard you and Fanny laughing very merrily as you went up stairs, so I suppose it was a pleasant one?"

"Pleasant—yes," said Marian, "it was intended for a party of pleasure, I presume, for I could not find out that it was given for any one in particular, so I suppose I must say it was pleasant—if pleasure there is in being in rooms so crowded that no young lady dare sit down, no matter how tired she may be, because there are dozens of married ladies that are standing for want of seats."

"Then it was a successful party if it was so crowded?—and fashionable and elegant, of course?"

"Now, sister Clara, how does it sound from you, to hear you saying of Mrs. Howells' parties 'fashionable and elegant of course?' Coarse she certainly was and always is—fashionable people were there, and she had an elegant entertainment for them, an overloaded supper-table, with the most aspiring candy-baskets you ever saw, shooting up from the corners as if they intended to pierce the ceiling—but the greatest wonder after finding myself there, is to hear you applying the word '*of course*' to the elegance of her entertainments; such a '*nouveau riche*' as she is, and such an aristocrat of the 'old regime' as you are. How the world changes!"

"I am not changed, Marian, nor my opinions either—and yet for all that Mrs. Howell's parties *are* both fashionable and elegant; and my own pretty little sister and her very stylish friend Fanny, helped to make it so. And now I return to my first question—had you a pleasant evening?"

"Yes—I had an uncommonly pleasant evening—I danced every time I chose to, in the first place. I said a great many civil things to my vulgar hostess, as I saw her impudent daughters were frightened to death at the idea of her talking to me, and snubbed her several times in hopes of making her go—so I chose to be civil to her—that was number two of my pleasures. Then that impudent Mr. Grant, who was only introduced to me the evening before, presumed to be familiar, and I sent him off looking very crest-fallen, I assure you. And the last and greatest was my being the *very innocent* cause of that awkward impostor in the Polka, Mr. Bemson, getting a fall that will prevent him

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from exhibiting for the rest of the winter I hope—so I may safely say I had a pleasant evening."

"At all events your pleasures seem to have been of rather a doubtful kind—somewhat on the mischievous order. But here is Fanny—she perhaps can give rather a clearer account of your doings, and a better one of her own. How did you enjoy the party, dear?—you were so beautifully dressed and looked so well: you ought to have had a pleasant evening."

"And so I had, Miss Clara, a delightful one, and if Marian had not stayed so near me I would have enjoyed myself still more—but she kept me in such an irrepressible fit of merriment, that I fear my character for dignity was rather injured. You must go out with her and keep her in order."

"Now, Fanny, how can you say such things of me—I never laughed the whole evening, I only smiled—and if absurd people will come and show off before you, is it my fault?"

"But you encourage them to do so. I cannot keep my countenance as you can, and while you are doing the mischief I pay the penalty."

"Then, Fanny, copy my example and command your risible faculties a little more—I *was* almost ashamed of your laughter when fat, fussy Mr. Howell asked me 'if I had seen his *Wenus*?' I did not laugh, though I own I enjoyed Miss Howell's look of horror, when directly afterward he asked me to look at his '*Heeb*, that lovely alabaster Hebe.' She saw I wanted to laugh, and that was enjoyment enough for me."

"Oh, Marian," said Clara, seriously, "how it grieves me to see you so bitter. Why should you enjoy that poor girl's mortification at the exposure of her father's ignorance? I could not have looked at her, thinking she was suffering so."

"Neither would I, Clara, had I thought her feelings were hurt—but it was nothing but her pride that was galled. If she was an unassuming girl and humble in her prosperity, I would be the last to hurt her feelings—but such a presuming upstart that is ashamed of her own father, I take down whenever I can. I saw her at Mrs. Williams' party the other evening very rude to that sweet, gentle, little Emily Maine—and when her brother asked 'who she was?' she replied, 'oh! she's nobody—her mother keeps a boarding-house—poor as poverty.' I determined then to make her afraid of me, though I am poor."

"Fie, Marian," said Fanny, "to say you are poor, with every comfort and luxury round you—and to talk of making Miss Howell afraid of you. Why she would give half her wealth for any one of your historical ancestors—she, poor

soul, having none that she is not ashamed of. What has made you so severe this morning? I am sure you were a great belle last night."

"I am so severe, I suppose, because I am not rich. I was a belle as you say last night—but why? I dance and waltz well, and so all the beaux that want to show themselves off like to have me for a partner—but last night Mr. Harden broke his engagement to waltz with me formed the evening before, because there was a rich girl there who danced passably, and I was left for her, and had the mortification of hearing myself recommended by him to that rich goose Bemson, as a *safe* person to Polka with, as he is only a beginner. I could not refuse as I had no other engagement, thanks to Mr. Harden—but I don't think he will endorse the recommendation. He was intolerably clumsy—trod on my foot every other step—spoiled my shoes, and so as I got very tired of keeping him up—I at last let him take his own way, and down he went as you saw, Fanny."

"Did you fall too?" said Clara.

"No, I did not, I assure you—the poor creature was so giddy that hands and feet, all went at once, and he flew off at a tangent into the middle of the room, while I stood quietly at the side of it. He will not try me again, I fancy—and I will never dance with Harden for his impertinence. All that I got for being poor. If I was only rich the way I'd rule—but, Clara, we have not even the luck of a rich old uncle, who might possibly leave us something. I heard your fortune, dear Fanny, doubled last night—and consequently you are thrice as charming as usual. I know a reason why you will not have any of the beaux—but let them offer—there are four or five here that always court every girl that is said to have a fortune, and they will be sure to court you. So mind you let them do it—it is such fun to have them refused. Now I must go and call papa, before his coffee is cold, and see after the letters and newspapers for him." And off went Miss Marian as she had said—leaving her sister somewhat shocked, and her friend laughing.

Clara and Marian Seymour were the daughters of a gentleman of an old and distinguished family—but having a large share of the blessing of sons and daughters, and a small one of that "root of all evil" money, he was not enabled to live in anything like style, and his two very pretty daughters were obliged to practise more self-denial and economy than exactly suited the taste of the volatile, proud and very sensitive Marian. As a girl at a fashionable boarding-school, she had just been brought in contact with the daughters of what she called the

"nouveaux," and there she had first suffered under the superciliousness of these slaves of the purse, who ridiculed her dress, and sneered at every consideration of expense. Deprived of her mother's judicious care at an early age, a pet of father and brothers, who laughed at her school troubles, and doted on by her sister, her senior by several years, she grew up a bright, pretty girl, proud of her family importance, and determined to put down by the force of her own dignity and a caustic tongue, all those who were, or who she fancied were, disposed to treat her slightly for her want of wealth. As she herself said, to the unassuming millionaire she was as kind and polite as possible, but on the least appearance of airs of importance, she was on her pedestal of pride, and woe to the unlucky one who presumed to interfere with her! A perfect lady in manners, she wielded the sharp weapons of wit and sarcasm that cut clear and deep, with a skill all feared to provoke, and that ever kept at a distance those who had once experienced their power. It may seem strange that so young a woman (not twenty was our heroine) should be so anxious and so bitter on the subject of wealth—but young as she was, the want of it had been deeply felt by her, and the whole happiness of her future life seemed as if it would be marred for the want of a moderate portion of that shining dress that the majority of this world so worship. What wonder then at the half playful, half earnest importance which she placed upon it.

"Was Mrs. Hardwicke at the party last night?" said Clara to her young guest when Marian had left the room.

"Yes—she was introduced to me—said she was an old friend of my mother's, and that she intended to come and see me to-day. What a haughty looking dame she is."

"How did she behave to Marian? Did you see them together?"

"I saw her bow to Marian—which she returned with a most dignified bend of the head—what is wrong there?"

"Oh! a few words will explain it—there is an only son, heir to great wealth, and expected to make it still greater by a wealthy match—Mrs. Hardwicke's maxim being, 'that the rich should marry the rich, and the poor the poor.' But Fred Hardwicke has thought proper to fall in love with my little portionless sister, and as his mother cannot bend his affections the way she chooses, and make him marry the rich cousin she has selected for him, she torments him by slighting Marian in every way she can, and finally has driven him off to New Orleans, where she hopes, I believe, that 'absence will

cure his love,' and that he will return engaged to some rich planter's daughter."

"What a horrid woman—I hope the young man will disappoint her."

"I feel no fears on that point—Frederick is truly attached to Marian, bewitched by her brightness, and worshipping even the faults that I am most anxious to cure her of. All his mother's cold and supercilious manner Marian returns with interest, and being so very ready with her wit as she is, the poor woman feels rather badly when she has provoked Marian to do or say something that puts her in a ridiculous light. She is always trying to let the poor child see that she does not consider her good enough for her son, and as Marian likes Fred, is it any wonder she wishes so much for some of that wealth that would make her so happy? But here she is, and I must not talk about this affair before her."

"Dear Clara," exclaimed Marian, entering the room with a letter in her hand, "did you ever see such an odd looking epistle directed to a young lady? It is from England. Do you know if we have any relations there? I met the postman in the hall just now, and he handed me this letter, saying—'he believed I was the young lady.' It is directed to Edward Seymour or Miss Marian Seymour, and is from Bath. What can it mean?" and both sisters looked at the mysterious letter with faces pale with excitement.

"Pray, Marian, have you any lovers abroad?" asked Fanny, "if so, I should say it was from one of them—it is a man's hand certainly, though rather too large and business looking for a lover's letter I must own. Why don't you open it?"

"Oh, here is papa," said Marian, as Mr. Seymour entered. "Dear father, before you look at the newspaper do open this important looking letter—I am dying to know what unknown correspondent I have across the water, and am afraid to look for myself."

"Well, Marian, it is rather a large epistle I must say for a lady's letter; now if it was from New Orleans," said he, looking mischievously at her, "you would not be so ready to let me have the first reading of it."

"What nonsense you are talking, father—do tell me what it is about? Why you look as pale as Clara does."

And so it was. The first lines of the letter sent the blood from the cheek of Mr. Seymour, only to return with a more sudden rush, as drawing his daughter to him, he kissed her and said, "this letter, my dear child, contains most unexpected good news for you—God bless you, and may you make a proper use of the portion

that has so wonderfully fallen to you. Now listen, Marian, and don't look so frightened child, it is nothing terrifying, I assure you.

"This letter is about your old friend Mr. Wilde, who I thought was in India, but who, it seems, is just dead in England on his way home. He lost his wife and two children from cholera before he left there, and having no relations he has left the bulk of his fortune to you, having loved you when a very little girl better than any other creature, excepting his own children. Here is an attested copy of his will, and a letter from an eminent law firm in London, by which," said Mr. Seymour, glancing over the letter, "I find he has left me a legacy of ten thousand dollars, and you about a hundred thousand."

An unbroken silence reigned in the room for a few moments, and Marian looked at the documents lying before her with a bewildered air. Her father's first question was—"do you remember Mr. Wilde, my dear?"

"Perfectly, dear father. I was four years old when he moved from our neighborhood—I forgot all about him for years, until one day when I was about fourteen, I think, he came into the office as I was going out of it, having been there to look for you—he asked me if I remembered him? and I told him I did, and that I still had the little ivory toy he gave me when I was almost a baby. He seemed quite pleased at it, and said, 'he had loved me so dearly—that he had a little daughter called after me, and he thought she looked like I used to, and that he was glad to see me growing up such a pretty young lady, for I was a beautiful child.' I never thought of him again; and yet how kind he has been to me," and quite sadly looked the young lady as she thought of the donor of the money that was to give her so much happiness. That mood lasted but a short time, however, and flying round to her father she threw herself in his arms, exclaiming—"dear, dear father, now you need not work so hard—you shall keep your horses—you shall travel every summer—you shall have rest in your old age—you shall enjoy yourself with your books. Oh! I am so happy," and bursting into tears she sobbed hysterically.

The gentle Clara soothed and kissed her agitated sister, and whispering some magic words into her ear, soon brought back her smiles. Her brothers must now be written to; one far off in a frigate in the Pacific, another at West Point, and the married one summoned from his house to come hear the good news.

"And now, Clara," said Marian, "won't I reign? No more parties to be gone to without

bouquets—no more to be left to be put into the carriage with only one's own cousin for a beau, while the rich girls have six at a time, and are treated as carefully as if made of glass. Small pleasures and mortifications these, you will say, but small things sting—and these have stung me often."

"And Mrs. Hardwicke," said Fanny.

"Oh! she will be sweet enough upon me now, and instead of Frederick having to send me flowers by stealth, she will be robbing her own green-house, I expect. It won't be the first time it has been done, though she has not known it."

"And Frederick?" said Clara, "suppose he has fallen in love with some one of these girls down there, that his mother sent him after? Absence has cooled his love, perhaps."

"Now, Clara, you know you are talking nonsense—I am not afraid of *his* fickleness—but won't I enjoy the change in his mercenary mother? No longer will I be 'merely a nice girl, quite pretty, but very pert.' No, no, I am now 'a charming woman,' 'such brilliant beauty,' 'a sparkling wit,' and my 'rather pert' will now be delightful 'naivete'—oh! you brilliant dollars! how you will shine out in my eyes, and lend whiteness to my pearly teeth."

"Oh! Marian, Marian," said Clara, "do stop this wild rattle, or I shall begin to think your dollars have turned your brain. I am ashamed Fanny should hear you talk so."

"But I am not in the least, Clara. Fanny has often heard my sentiments, and now she will see if the world is not as I say it is. Now listen—Mrs. Hardwicke is coming here this morning to ask Fanny there to-morrow evening—I heard her say so last night—she will have to ask us, but see how coldly it will be done, and then mark the change in her to-morrow when she has heard of my fortune, which she shall do before we go there in the evening. If I did not like Fred so much I would refuse him, if it was only to vex her—but I cannot distress him so much to vex his mother," and off she ran to find her father, and compose her own bewildered thoughts.

And was she right? Alas for the meanness of mankind—I must own she was. The overbearing, purse-proud mother of the disinterested Frederick heard the news with utter consternation. How could she come round gracefully?—how conciliate the haughty little beauty, who was now a match and more for her only son? Her most prudent course with such a spirit as Marian's, would have been a quiet and kindly bearing—but that did not suit her nature, and on the evening of the party, when the news had

reached her, she had the utter want of tact as Marian, radiant with happiness and spirits, entered her gorgeous rooms to greet her with the warmest congratulations, the tenderest pressure of the hand; and to crown the whole presented a splendid bouquet, with a whisper—"Frederick's favorite my dear." Marian's lip curled and her eyes flashed, and with a quick "I thank you ma'am—but as I have not my bouquet holder with me, I will take the liberty of restoring them to this vase," she returned the flowers to the stand they were taken from, and the baffled dollar worshipper bit her lip and passed on.

But Marian's better nature was not proof against the many kind and sincere congratulations she received, that she knew were disinterested; and when vulgar old Mr. Howell came up and spoke so kindly of his pleasure at hearing of her own and her father's good fortune, she was quite melted. And then he said—"I was so much obliged to you, Miss Marian, for not laughing at me when I made those mistakes about the heathen women the girls have put into the parlor. I knew from Jane's face I had said something wrong, and such a scolding as I got. They said 'you were the very last person I ought to have talked to—you were so smart and satirical, and that you would tell it every where as such a good story'—but I told them you were too much of a lady to do that, and I know you will not—and I am so very glad this good luck has lighted on you." Poor Marian, how her conscience rebuked her—but as she could safely assure the old gentleman she had not repeated the story *anywhere* and never would, she soon rallied her spirits.

Mr. Charles Harden came up to congratulate her, and with the determination of monopolizing her through the evening, seated himself by her side—but on her asking him how his friend Bemson approved of the partner he had recommended to him, he stammered out an explanation of some sort and took himself off, cursing his unlucky stars that he had offended such an heiress.

Marian's letter to her brother George was speedily answered in person, he having got leave of absence from West Point—and he stayed two weeks at home helping her, as he said, to arrange her affairs. That is in reading over to her all the letters he had received from his friend Hardwicke, which were all variations to the same theme—Marian, Marian: in quizzing the beaux that now like butterflies hovered around the two wealthy friends, and balking them of their handings in and out of carriages, saying—"Marian has been used so long to have

only me, that she prefers it, and I am quite up to the increased responsibility." His leave expired just as he received a letter from his friend in New Orleans, saying, "that he was coming home at once as he could not stand it any longer, and that if his mother would not consent to his marrying Marian, then he would go to Europe and stay until she did."

Marian was half inclined to follow George's advice, which was to keep her engagement to Frederick a secret some time longer, and so punish his mother by rousing her fears of her not marrying her son at last. But the pleadings of the lover for the reward of his long attachment had greater charms for our heroine than the amiable desire of tormenting his mother, who, though she gained her point in her son's marrying a fortune, stands in great awe of her fair daughter-in-law.

To Marian's great delight, her prediction concerning her friend's lovers came true—she was courted by two of the noted fortune followers, and would have been by the others but for the sudden appearance on the scene of a very fascinating southerner, to whom it soon appeared the young lady had been engaged for some time.

Our heroine is still in the zenith of her charms, a leader of fashion and the most popular woman in society. Her especial kindness is extended to the pretty and portionless—her own mortifications made a deep impression on her, and she is ever on the look-out to prevent others, if possible, from suffering in the same way. "I cannot give them all my own good fortune," she would say, "but I know where the shoe pinches, and how I suffered from being overlooked, and some good to others as well as to myself shall result from my being so unexpectedly an heiress."

WORDS OF CHEER.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

Be firm and be faithful,
Desert not the right:
The brave becomes bolder,
The darker the night!
Then up and be doing,
Though cowards may fail,
Thy duty pursuing,
Dare all, and prevail!

If scorn be thy portion,
If hatred and loss,
If stripes, and if prison,
Remember the cross!
God watches above thee,
And he will requite:
Desert those that love thee,
But never the right!

THE POETESS.

BY FLORENCE GREY.

It was a beautiful boudoir. The furniture was of rose-wood, with blue damask chairs, and window draperies of the same delicate hue. An exquisite gothic what-not, that rose half way to the ceiling, was loaded with books and articles of *virtu*, which also were distributed about the room on little Chinese tea-poy of lacquered work inlaid with pearl. A few excellent pictures hung around. Opposite the door was a book-case, stored with richly bound volumes. The casements reached to the ground, and opened on a velvet lawn, stretching down to a picturesque river. It was an apartment, as all confessed, where genius and taste sat visibly enthroned.

The occupant of this little bijou of a boudoir was seated at the table, with a port-folio before her, in deep thought. She wore a dress of simple white cambric, but it was of the finest material, and the short sleeves were composed of the richest lace. A mourning bracelet on her arm, and a delicate pink moss-rose in her bosom formed her only ornaments. Her superb black hair flowed in natural ringlets down her cheek and over her snowy shoulders. A partial melancholy dimmed her fine eyes; for even with wealth, genius and beauty Ada Beauchamp was unhappy.

Alas! how often the young heart, by a single blow, is laid prostrate, and all its visions of felicity dissipated at once and forever. How often in that utter ruin, it learns its own depth and power, and finds a sad relief in impassioned verse! Thus it had been with Ada. In all the fervor and enthusiasm of early childhood, she had surrendered her heart to one she thought every way worthy of her; and he, in turn, had requited her passion. Ada was wealthy and he poor; but this was nothing to a generous soul like hers. After their vows of eternal constancy had been exchanged, Howard Stanhope went to Cambridge to enter on the study of the law; and for a few months his letters breathed the most undying love. But suddenly this ceased, and though Ada wrote several times, she received no answer, until stung by the neglect, she proudly resolved to forget him. A few months later she heard of his marriage to a beautiful heiress in Boston.

But the perfidy of her lover, though it threw a gloom over her young life, woke up in her talents which else might have lain dormant. Too proud to complain to the world, she found a solace in breathing her sorrows in verse; and thus became, though anonymously, famed and loved. There is surely something fascinating

in thus winning the sympathy of thousands you never saw. And Ada, who at first wrote from the instinct of grief, continued to write because the well of genius once unlocked, flowed on and on, like a clear and perennial spring, released, by some sudden convulsion, from the hard, dry rock. Often, in society, she heard her praises uttered by those, who little dreamed that the anonymous and admired poetess was before them.

But Ada was not happy. Her young heart had received a stroke from which it would not speedily recover; for it is ever the case that, in disappointments of this character, the refined and sensitive suffer the most. From trusting too entirely in others, she passed to distrusting all. In the world she was known as cold and haughty; it was only in secret that she indulged her warm and loving heart. She was now an orphan, with but few relatives; and almost alone, for on her father's death, she had retired to a secluded cottage on the Susquehannah. Yet, in this isolation, she pined for affection. How she longed to be loved for herself alone, as she once believed she had been loved.

She had lately published anonymously a volume of poems, in which, dimly alluding to the past, she had dwelt on her present isolation. The book had scarcely been published when she received a letter, without date or signature, in which the writer said that the poems forcibly reminded him of one whom he had supposed long since dead. He implored her to reveal her name, to satisfy his doubts, for, said the writer, "nothing but the discovery that you are a different person, will convince me that the writer of these poems, and her I once so fondly loved, are not the same beings. It seems impossible to me that the minds of two individuals could be thus similar to each other; but it seems still more improbable that the events, alluded to, should have happened to separate persons."

When Ada read this letter, her heart was in a flutter of hope; for her first thought was of her early lover, and something whispered to her, that the letter came from him. But she discarded this idea immediately, for he had long been united to another; and the writer of this note was not only unmarried, but passionately in love with the memory of one departed. The circumstance was a strange one, but on reflection she concluded to answer the letter by enclosing her name to the writer, as the author of the poems.

A week had passed since she despatched this answer, but the circumstance had strangely impressed her mind; and she almost daily reflected on the singular coincidence by which two minds, so distant and unknown to each other, should

have this bond of sympathy. She was even now thinking of it, and her port-folio lay listlessly in her hand, when a carriage drove rapidly to the door, and a servant announced that a gentleman, who had refused to send up his name, wished to see her. Laying aside her port-folio, she requested him to be shown in, wondering at this strange announcement.

As the door opened, she arose, and saw before her a tall and manly person, with a face embrowned by a tropic climate, but still eminently handsome. The stranger stood for a moment embarrassed and hesitating: then, advancing with a smile, he pronounced her name.

That smile and the tones of that voice broke on Ada like familiar things in a dream. She had wondered where she had seen that face, but now all was revealed; and staggering back, she faintly articulated,

"Melville—Henry!"

"Yes! Ada, it is I," exclaimed her old lover, rushing forward to support her. "Still yours, if you will have my love. The instant I received your letter I hastened hither. Something told me that my own Ada, and the author of these poems, were the same; but I had long supposed you dead."

At first Ada would have repulsed her lover, but weakness prevented her, and now, in these words, she heard enough to justify, even one so proud as her, in asking an explanation.

"You still love me!" she said, bewildered. "You wrote that letter and were never married. Oh! Melville, I implore you, remove my uncertainty. Did you not scorn my letters when you were at Cambridge?"

"Never! never! But listen, Ada. I have but lately learned how we were both wronged."

Melville's explanation was listened to breathlessly by the agitated girl. He had written to Ada frequently, but received no replies, and had since discovered that it was Ada's step-mother, who, disliking Melville and wishing Ada to marry her own son, had intercepted and destroyed their mutual letters. This Melville had lately learned from a servant formerly in her employ. But, at the time he fell a victim to her plot. Angry at what he thought Ada's fickleness, he had accepted an offer to go to China, and abandoned the study of the law. Prior to this, and in the first moments of his pique against Ada, he had paid some attentions to a young lady in Boston, and it was his pretended marriage to this person that appeared in the papers, inserted there by Ada's step-mother.

As Ada and this parent had parted after her father's death, in consequence of the persecution she suffered from Mrs. Beauchamp, who wished

her to marry a son by a former marriage, Ada fully corroborated, in her own mind, the truth of Melville's story, and all was at once forgiven.

Ada is now a happy wife and mother; but she still finds time to employ the talents heaven bestowed on her.

FAREWELL WORDS,

ADDRESSED TO A SCHOOL FRIEND.

FARE thee well, dearest one, since we must sever;
Fare thee well, fare thee well, e'en if forever.
Forth from thine eyelids tear-drops are starting,
Dearest one—dearest one, sad is our parting.
Ne'er more to gaze on thy dearly loved face,
Evermore too to find vacant thy place,
Such is my fate now, and henceforth to be,
Lonely must be my life, love, without thee.
Thou to a distant land now art departing,
Where thy loved kindred with joy's tears upstarting,
Shall welcome their darling one back to her home,
And rejoice that no more from their hearth she will roam.

Yet thou wilt often miss one from thy side,
Whose words of endearment thou never did'st chide,
Thou in *her* heart wert the dearest and best,
There was thine image, an idolized guest,
A visitor welcomed with love warm and true,
Whose glance asked affection and love-words as due.
Take thou *her* blessing as forth on thy way
Thou goest—each moment is short'ning thy stay—
Thou hast a life song, yet, dear, to sing,
Oh! may that song, love, with music-tones ring;
Thou hast a pathway onward to wend,
E'er may bright flowers adorn it, sweet friend.
Now let me gather thee close to my heart,
Now let me press thy lip, oh! must we part!
Once let me whisper thou still must be dear,
Though we may never more meet on this sphere—
Then listen—for from my lips how like a knell!
Cometh these saddest words, "dearest—farewell!"

L. H.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

LIKE "heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb,"
Mother and child—how beauteous they appear!
The self-same brow, and eyes divinely calm,
Blossom and bud! and both most strangely dear:
Oh! may ye long, sweet angels, guard me here.
Life were a weary thing, if I alone,
Were called to struggle through its storm and gloom,
But ye, like sudden radiance round me thrown,
Sustain the soul, and all the dark illumine.
There is a holy mystery in such ties;
They scatter blessings, like a flowering tree;
And fit us, by sweet chastening, for the skies,
Leading us gently thither, as did he
Who led young children once in Galilee.

A.

THE AUTUMN TIME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

ARE not the seasons of the year more beautiful with us than in other climates of the globe? But is not AUTUMN most beautiful? With its gorgeous forests and its luscious fruits—with its woodland music and its skies of Italy—with its crimson mornings and its varied sunsets—with its nights of glory and its days of cloudless beauty—oh! what is like autumn, the monarch of the year?

There is something beautiful in the opening of SPRING. The bleak, blustering winds of March have scarcely died away, and the snows are just melted from the hollows, and in the valleys, when the warm rains of April come on, turning the roads into quagmires, but sprinkling the brown hill-sides all over with a most delicious verdure. The sky too is often fretful and peevish—but then again how freshly bright, when the sun, which has only stolen out at intervals during the long winter months, bursts forth after the storm subsides, like the effulgent armor of a god, glistening upon every rain-drop in the grass—gilding stream, and mount, and forest with his dazzling rays, and covering the whole earth as with the glory of the Highest. And then perchance on the next morning the wind will come out whistling from the keen north-west, and before noon the light feathery snow flakes will float down from the sky, the last tokens of departing winter—and even as they touch the ground melt on the humid soil. As evening draws on the dark, purple, battlemented clouds, mottled all over the wide face of heaven will slowly lift from the west, and for one moment, ere he sinks to rest, the sun will stream forth over the landscape, flinging a halo of effulgence over earth, and painting the western firmament with a thousand glorious dyes. Ever changing, ever varied April!—fickle, inconstant April—yet how surpassingly beautiful! And then there is May, leading on the velvet footed hours, with its bright sunshine, its lute-like wind, its refreshing perfumes, its forests putting on their verdure, its streams singing like a young girl in very gladness, and its thousand beautiful things, such as no pen can describe, and which can only be equalled in that far off country where the sun shines forever, and the verdure never fades from beside the rivers of light, encircling the throne of God. And how silently June—our June—and not an English one, for there the seasons are far ahead of ours, comes stealing on, breathing its odor of flowers, like a balm upon our souls. And all through the long, long hours the birds

are returning to us from the glowing south, singing their old, accustomed lays beneath our window.

"They come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrtle of glowing Araby."

And not a morning passes without our hearts leaping at the merry tones we have heard so often before, as we welcome back some new songster to his ancient grove. Ah! these are delicious hours. There is a freshness in every thing around. It is the season of love. We can linger for hours in companionship with some dear being, and know not the passing of time, unless it is as sweetest dream of happy slumber. We can take her hand in our own and wander forth into the fields, with the flowers smiling before us at every step, the low voiced rivulet leaping like a boy at play, the woods rustling pleasantly as the wind tosses their verdure aloft, and the birds hopping across our path, or shooting past upon the wing, and all the while carolling a thousand songs, until the very sky seems liquid with their music—aye! and we can do all this and never think that we are in this sorrowing world, so bright and beautiful, and unlike daily, common life, is everything around us.

"Oh! the merry May hath pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide—
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music
Like a tune with pleasant words."

And then for SUMMER with its golden harvests, and its stilly heats! Is there not beauty there? Ay! beauty as of Arcadia, or Tempe, or Calypso's isle. There is the cool breath of morning, and the hushed sultriness of noon-day, and the deep quietude of evening—and with all these, is not summer glorious with beauty? How through the long, sultry afternoon, when not a breath ruffles the glassy wave, we love to lie upon the borders of some quiet lake, beneath an overhanging tree, dreaming of poetry, and listlessly watching the passing of the voiceless hours. Not a sound is heard except the lazy rustle of a leaf, or the sigh of some stone thrown idly into the wave. But as evening comes on there wakes around us untold music. The hum of insects, and the gentle ripple of waters come to our ears distinctly, with a clear, silvery sound, like a far-off vesper bell. The lowing of the cattle; the twittering of birds in the hedges; the whispering music of the evening wind, and by and by the

choral anthem of the stars swell out, until the soul is wafted from earth, and lapt into elysium.

But summer has sublimity as well as beauty. Often in the deep hush of the sultry noonday there will gather a little speck on the horizon, which, gradually extending to the zenith, soon blackens the whole firmament with sulphurous clouds. As the ominous masses of vapor come rolling up the sky, a deep, mysterious darkness gradually covers the face of nature. The giant trees stand motionless in the twilight, not a leaf stirring on the awful silence. Everything looks sombre and foreboding. From time to time a low, rumbling sound is heard as of a far-off sea, and then again all relapses into the stillness of the grave. Suddenly a roar is heard in the forest; it rolls nearer and nearer; the boughs of the old trees toss in agony; the wind rushes by, groaning, whistling, shrieking; and clouds of dust, eddying aloft, are whirled far away in the embraces of the hurricane, until the whole firmament is covered with a lurid hue, as though the earth was on fire beneath, and the great day of judgment had come. It ceases and all is still once more. Then a few rain-drops patter heavily to the ground; and anon, with a rushing sound the tempest is upon us. The lightning streams across the firmament, the thunder crashes aloft and rattles down the sky, and the forest lifts up its cry of agony in the arms of the torturing whirlwind. For one instant everything glares out with a sudden light, fiercer than that of a furnace, and then a darkness, as deep and awful as that of the day of doom, and in which every thing swims before the eye, falls upon us. Flash follows flash, and bolt upon bolt bursts on high. The earth staggers—the heavens reel—the very deep trembles at the voice of God. The mountains—if mountains there are—seem clothed with a majesty more terrible than leviathan. Night shrouds us while still the elemental strife continues.

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! *let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!*
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—"

But of all seasons of the year give us AUTUMN—rich, blushing, luscious autumn—with its golden fruitage, its Indian summer, its thousand delicious harmonies. Then it is that we *feel* our existence. There is something in the decay of

everything around us; in the fall of the leaf, the fading of the verdure, the drooping of the wild flowers; in the blustering skies of to-day, and the returning glory of to-morrow, which assures us of the certainty of our own being, and its capability of defying the agents which spread ruin all around us. The flower may wither in the north wind's breath, but neither hurricane nor tempest has power over us. The frost that destroys the plant scathes us not. We walk, amid universal ruin, free, fearless and untouched, in the proud consciousness of superiority.

The golden days of September usher in the autumn, but it is not September that we love. There are fruits in every orchard—songs in every grove—bright skies still overhead—and merry parties of innocent young maidens tripping laughingly over meadow and mead. But there is a coolness in the atmosphere, and a dampness in the evening air telling that summer is over, without any of that rich autumnal glory on hill and valley, which flings such a beauty over the latter months of the season. Blustering days appear occasionally until the equinox sets in, and then for awhile stern winter seems to have regained his supremacy. But it is not long before the warm days return, and summer is once more seemingly in our midst. A few such changes, however, and the season settles down into AUTUMN. The grapes hang in purple clusters from the boughs—the corn-huskers go forth singing to the harvest—the school-boys hie away to the chesnut woods—and whirring through the uplands, the pheasants incoite the eager sportsman on, and tell that autumn is at hand. And hush! is that a whisper in the forest, low-wailing among the melancholy trees? Now it rises clear and swelling on the ear, and now sinks away in mournful cadence. It is the voice of Autumn.

"Hark! through the dim woods dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!"

Who but Mrs. Norton could have written thus?—since the death of Mrs. Hemans, the queen of song. Alas! that this sweetness, so melancholy and heart-subduing, should have been purchased by both with the same blighted hopes, and desolated happiness.

It is the middle of October, and already the last leaves of autumn are strewing the earth at every zephyr. The forests far and wide are dyed in a thousand colors, and not a tree retains its summer hue, except the dark pine, and the melancholy cedar. The hill-sides are brown once more—the fields are furrowed and verdureless—the golden fruit has vanished from

the orchard—and hush! to the nuts rattling on the frosty ground, and the gleesome shout of the school-boys, as they burst through the crackling copse. There are sportsmen down in the old woods, for we have heard their guns for an hour's time, and if you follow them there, you will hear the rush of the rabbit through the thicket, or the whistling flight of the wood pigeon overhead. Was that twig falling at your feet thrown down by some mischievous squirrel? Lo! there he sits, high on yon time-crowned oak, with his feathery tail curled up along his back, leisurely munching a nut, his teeth cracking against the shell with a low, distinct sound, like the falling of moonlit waters. Down in that copse there is a rustling under the leaves, and a flock of startled partridges, running swiftly across the glade, disappears under the neighboring brush, while a young pointer dog trots out into the light, already repenting his wantonness, in rousing the covey prematurely. And now the woods echo with a shot—another and another follows—and here, even at our feet, have fallen two of the fated birds. They quiver a moment in the agonies of death, and then all is over with them forever.

There was a light rain fell yesterday afternoon, and everything looks fresh and beautiful; while here and there among the grass by the river side there are innumerable gem-like rain-drops glistening in the sun. If it were only cloudy what a day it would be for shooting wild-ducks! You may go out upon the bay, at such a time, in your light gunning skiff disguised with rushes, and idly floating in mid-current, select the choicest of the flocks flying overhead, until your arm fairly tires with the sport; and then, when wearied of such slaughter, you may hoist your tiny sail and scud back to the mainland, with the wind roaring vainly in pursuit, as shooting onward in your arrowy career, your mast bends low to the horizon, and the water bubbles sparkling over your gunwale. It is pleasant thus to skim along. It is pleasant to see the long marsh waving beneath the tempest as you pass—to hear the chafed surges dashing in foam-wreaths on the spongy banks—to watch the cut-water sailing on the wind, or cleaving the ruffled surface of the deep—and more than all to feel the exhilaration of your own spirits in the bracing breeze, and amid the wild, wintry scenery of our Atlantic sea coast.

It is almost mid-night. The stars are out, spangling the firmament, but there is no moon as yet in the cloudless sky. The shadows of the dim old woods are lying deep on glade and upland, with a weird solemnity as though it were, as olden legends tell, an hour for mystic

rites. Even now a misty object is stealing out from the covert of yon dreamy copse—but no! it was only a fleeting shadow, or a phantasy of the brain. But hush! what plaintive lay is that, rising solemnly upon the air with a low, sad cadence, like the murmur of a wind-harp on the night, now swelling rich and full upon the ear, and now dying fainter and fainter away with a soft, tremulous harmony, as though an angel had whispered from the skies? Hush!—again, and again, and again. There is nothing to be seen from the window but the dark forest enveloped in mysterious gloom—the hill-side slumbering in the star-light—the little rivulet murmuring softly on its way—and beyond, field on field, stretching on into the shadowy distance, with here and there a strip of woodland crossing their surface, or a white tenement peeping out from amidst a few old solitary household trees. But no voice is heard. Yet whether fancy or not, again and yet again that sound swells out on the ear. It comes not from the dim woodlands to the left—it floats not from the well known rocks in the meadows—it is neither a ripple from the little bridge, nor the howl of a watch-dog from afar—but it rises now here now there, swelling out and then dying away, but ever in the air, as if myriads of unseen spirits floating on ariel wings, were singing their vesper anthems around us. And do the dead then visit the earth? Oh! man what knowest thou? Why are these unknown harmonies—why is this strange awe when alone at midnight—why this yearning for we know not what, when gazing over a moonlit landscape, or up at the illimitable stars, unless it is that the early lost are communing silently with our hearts, and drawing us, by these mysterious links, to their own high and holy converse? There is a spell upon us we cannot else account for. There is a deep, silent awe in our bosoms which is not of mortal birth. We feel a hush upon the heart as though the shadow of a seraph's wing was there; and one by one rise up before us, in melancholy sweetness, the familiar faces of friends long since departed. We hear their voices thrilling on every nerve. There they come—the young, the gay, the beautiful—the gray-haired patriarch, and his early love—passing before us in shadowy procession, but as fresh and life-like as when in health we last beheld them.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep; All these with ceaseless praise his works behold Both day and night: how often from the steep Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard Celestial voices to the midnight air, Sole, or responsive each to other's note, Singing their great Creator?"

The INDIAN SUMMER!—the festal day of autumn

—lo! how beautiful it comes, over hill and stream and dale, with the proud tread of a conqueror, and the purple mantle of a king. It comes, with a circlet of gold on every mountain top, and showers of ruby leaves falling, like jewels, around its path. The skies, for weeks, are without a cloud, vying with those of Italy, in their brightest seasons. Every breeze is laden with fragrance, every woodland is decked with richness, every day declines amid splendors surpassed only by an archangel's triumph.

A Sabbath walk in the country is always holy—but what is like a Sabbath walk on a quiet afternoon in the Indian summer? You may go out at such a time, along the banks of some romantic stream, drinking in beauty at every step, and dreaming that you are already wandering beside the rivers of light. You may hear the wind rustling with a low music among the branches—and see the precipices covered all over with scarlet, and purple, and gold, and here and there with the richest green—and you may see the sunlight glistening with its mellow glow upon the bald tops of the hills, or dancing with a changing, flashing brilliancy amid the spray of a waterfall—and all the while, whether gazing or listening, you will find around you the all-pervading presence of the great I AM, who has woke this beauty into life, and made the whole landscape to join in an universal Sabbath hymn. And as you walk amid this dreamy quiet you will hear, perhaps, the voices of children singing in the woods, than which what can be more beautiful, or more like that heaven of which their innocence is so sweet a type? Hark! we hear it now—that liquid and melting hymn, floating clear across the silence, far down in the old, still woods. And now they cease. And by and bye their merry laughter rings across the landscape. Pure and happy innocents!—well may joyousness and songs of heaven pour together from your gladsome throats.

But WINTER—stern, old gray-beard—have we forgotten thee? There is a grandeur about thy hoary brow, covered with its centuries of snow, and thy beard all spangled with diamond-like icicles, which cannot be forgot. The summer is a young bride, glowing with warmest blushes, and the autumn is that bride, in all her matronly loveliness—and they are very, very beautiful. But thou art of a different order of spirits. Thine it is to ride upon the northern whirlwind—to blight the flowers before thy path, to lock the streams in icy fetters, and to sound thine anthem, like a choral symphony, through the dim old mysterious woods.

The coming on of winter is like the approach of age. It steals upon us so insensibly that the

first we know of its approach, is in feeling the frost shuddering along our limbs. We go to bed at night with a warm, south breeze playing through the casement, and almost tempting us to wander forth into the moonlight; but on awaking in the morning, the atmosphere feels so chilly that we walk toward the window, and lo! the whole landscape appears without, covered, as if by magic, with a vesture of snow, whiter than the mantle of a bride, and purer than an angel's smile. We hear the keen blast whistling around the chimnies, or howling in the barn-yard, or roaring amid the forest like the voice of the ever-sounding sea. We see below, the snow-bird, hopping around the window to pick up perchance a crumb. The cattle stand, huddled close, beneath the sheltered shed; and even while we look our breath freezes on the window pane, and we know that WINTER is HERE!

And a merry, merry old chap he is. How we love to hear the rabbit patter over the hard-crusted snow, as with gun in hand, we rouse him from his nest at break of day—and how we love to gaze upon the skaters, gliding like spirits in the moonlight, as they hold their mystic revels on the quiet lake. And then, too, the sleighers with merry shout and jingling bells—the gay parties sliding among skeleton trees—and more than all, the quiet, holy happiness of the domestic fire-side, with the one, sitting beside us as for years she has sat, and yet never seeming, amid all the sorrows which God has chastened us with, to be one whit less beautiful than when we first won her to our hearth. We can see her eyes even now—mild and blue, and heavenly—swimming with unbidden tears, as she lays her hand upon the golden tresses of her last born, and tells her of her other sister, long since removed above, hymning songs of glory with her infant voice, and joining in the Hallelujahs of the blest around the great white throne. Yes!—she tells her thus of that little one, until our eyes grow dim with tears, and we almost fancy we can hear that dear one's voice, “far above singing.”

But hark!—what sound was that? Is it the howling of the wind, or the deep voice of the angry earthquake? The golden-haired little one, nestling closer to her mother's side, with parted lips and cheek of marble, looks affrighted at the door. Hark!—it comes again. It is not the thunder—it is not the ocean surge—it is not the reeling earthquake, but *it is* the deep roar of the awakening tempest, whirling the snow along the waste, and lifting up its terrific trumpet-blast across the sky. God help poverty, if it be abroad to-night!

“Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these.”

But Lear, though grand, must yield the palm to one usually feebler, but in this single instance far, far superior. Who can forget the wintry, belated traveller of Thomson? We never read his fate without tears welling to our eyes.

“As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air:
In his own loose revolving folds, the swain
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow.

How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what sorrow fills his heart?
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man;
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

And down he sinks,
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
*In vain his little children peeping out,
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!*
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense:
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corpse
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.”

But it is not winter. It is Autumn, and the hour of one has come. Silence reigns throughout the house. The voices of our many friends are hushed in sleep, and the breathing of the one slumbering before us, is calm and peaceful as the wanderer's dream of home. One milk-white arm is thrown carelessly over the fair dear head, the fingers half hidden amid the golden hair, which, lying in massy tresses on the brow, seems, as it were, a glory of sunlight crowning that seraphic countenance, while a stray lock stealing down the cheek, and trembling in every breath, lies, like a fluttering dove, upon that pure, unsullied bosom. The long, dark lashes closing over that eye of blue, dim not but only veil its look of confidence and love. The rosy lips are just parted the smallest space imaginable, while a smile lingers around them as though a vision of heaven was flitting by her sleep, or songs no ear hath heard were floating in harmony around her.

“'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus.”

Sweet lily! How purity itself is outshone in thy presence.

—Farewell!

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE,"
"ELLEN MAURICE," ETC.

"WELL, Harry, I suppose it will not be long before you are married? You have now found a girl suited to your taste, and it will be an easy matter to settle all preliminaries and be made one before summer."

"I am pretty sure, Charles, that you are not in earnest. To speak of marrying in such a trifling way! When I marry, it shall be to one I love, and——"

"But you do love Mary pretty desperately. And, moreover, she loves you. And those who are acquainted with you both, agree that your marriage would be a most excellent match. Why not long ago, when I was speaking with Miss Dawson, her very intimate, and, I believe, confidential friend, she told me that she should be glad to see the marriage take place, but could not just then spare Mary's company. Every body seems to take an interest in her, and then for you to tell me you will marry one you love! Who else is that but Mary? You only confirm my suspicions."

"Charles, I believe you to be one of my best friends. Certainly my only confidential friend. You know my pecuniary condition, and when you spoke to me I was in a serious mood, and disposed to speak of marriage as a serious matter. I appreciate your kindness, but rest assured, that if I ever get married, it will not be for some years to come. I love Mary too well to marry her now, should she be foolish enough to accept my offer. That offer shall not be made till I am able, with my heart and hand, to give her a comfortable home."

"Just what I should do," thought Charles to himself.

But he was determined to fathom his friend's mind fully, and still continued the conversation.

"You can give her a loving heart, and a willing pair of hands, and what more will a girl want?"

"Oh! I can give those to her without being married. I can love her, and do, and will, and yet that does not oblige me to marry her at once. Come, come," said Henry, desiring to turn the conversation. "You have not yet convinced me of the necessity of being married."

"You believe she loves you. I will not deny it. But is there not a possibility that she might love some one else?"

Charles meant to tease his friend a little. But Henry had too much good sense to suffer such a question to disturb him. He replied.

"I think you put the question too severely. She *might*, to be sure; but then I wouldn't want her for a wife. If she were *my wife*, she *might* love another, but in neither case do I think she would! This is why I love her: for her virtue, kindness, and undeviating affection. I can read these in every look, in every word and action. She is not so very beautiful; but she has a sweet smile that is sunshine to my soul; eyes beaming with love and kindness; words that are like 'pearls of great price' falling from her ruby lips; a mind as pure and unsullied as her snow-white brow—that can expand with mine, and contemplate the visible manifestations of Divine Providence,—that can imagine, like the poet, the obscure, yet even glorious and resplendent realities of a hidden world. This can only be done by a virtuous, a pious, heavenly mind. This is she whom I love! Do you think I would dare link my sorrow, misery, poverty and worthlessness with such a creature? Do you know me? I think you do, and you will at once admit that course is right. Her happiness, next to my hope of heaven, is now the first object of my existence. And not until Providence blesses me (and I pray for such blessings only for her sake) with the means, will I think of marriage. If, after that, misfortunes come, she can endure them with heroic Christian fortitude. Then I would be exonerated in my own mind, and could not accuse myself of having knowingly brought to sorrow one, who should only live to be supremely happy!"

"Give me your hand, Henry. I find your mind, as I always have found it, is pure and noble. I admire your principles, and feel assured that He who 'blesses the upright in heart' will not neglect you. I know your mind full well. Mary loves you, and in her centres your happiness. To win her honorably and give her a comfortable home, and a warm, loving heart she deserves, is your ambition. You aim well, and will win the prize!"

Henry grasped his hand in friendship. He could not speak. His heart was full. Real gratitude cannot fully be expressed in words. Ah! 'tis bliss to have a faithful friend.

We must now turn back and give the kind reader some information respecting Henry Barton and his love for Mary.

He was the only son of a man, who had once been one of the wealthiest merchants of the city. At the age of sixty-five, however, he became a bankrupt, through the perfidy of others, and was compelled to quit the splendid mansion in which, for many years, he had resided. He fixed his abode in a small house, the rent of which he expected to pay through his son Henry.

It was hard for him to deny himself the luxuries, in which from his youth he had indulged. This, together with the cares of his family and his reduced condition, pressed so severely upon his mental and physical energies that in a few years he was taken by the welcome hand of death to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

He left behind a lone widow, who, for a time, struggled against the unpropitious course of events. She, however, survived her husband only for a few years. Henry was left alone in the world. Former friends and acquaintances forsook him, for now that his means would no longer permit him to share in their extravagance as in former years, they regarded him as a troublesome, unwelcome companion.

This gave him little anxiety; but he was in love; engaged to one with whom the reader is already acquainted. All his visions of happiness were, for a time, dispelled by these sad reverses, and, at the age of twenty-two, he was compelled to start afresh in business—to undergo the same toil and anxiety which he had calculated would be over long ere this period. When he sought employment he could find none, which to him was in the least satisfactory. He became sad and desponding and resolved to leave his friends, and one to whom he applied a much dearer appellation, to seek prosperity in a distant city.

A few months after the death of his mother, he received a communication from a firm in New York, with which his father in more prosperous days had been connected in business, offering him a situation as assistant book-keeper, preparatory to filling the place of the first clerk, who was to leave for Europe in a few months. He at once resolved to embrace this offer.

Mary, his affianced bride, was the first to whom he made known his determination. They had loved each other long and well, and the thought of a separation, for a time, bereft Mary of her senses. Her face was the picture of distress. A thousand fears for his safety—and that she might be forgotten—at once rushed upon her imagination. Her cheeks were pale as death; her lips colorless and parted, exposing her clenched teeth. Her eyes were riveted upon him, as though she would read his very soul. Both for a while remained silent and immovable. Mary knew his poverty, and the peculiar delicacy of his mind, and she almost fancied his desire was to tear himself from her, and forget her.

Henry was the first to break the painful silence with his affectionate and impassioned words.

“My dear Mary, oh! why thus yield to gloomy
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and unfounded fears? Do you doubt my love—my constancy? Can I ever so forget my own and your happiness as to break the solemn engagement I have made with you?”

“No, no; I believe you. But oh, Henry—why I cannot tell—I feel an unaccountable foreboding of some sad event. Say you will stay with me—will not leave me!”

“But, my dear, consider what you ask. I do not desire to leave you for my benefit, but rather for your own. It will pain me exceedingly to part with you even for awhile, and I shall never be happy till I return. It is for your sake that I desire to leave this place—say that you will consent to my departure.”

He stopped for awhile. Agitating thoughts flashed through his bewildered mind. The grief of the fair young girl was more than he could endure, and in anguish of spirit he was about to give way to her request.

“If you doubt my love,” he said, “if, after the assurances I have given, you still dread to part with me, I will stay!”

This generous offer made Mary ashamed of her momentary selfishness. Henry was willing to sacrifice everything to her—should she be less devoted?

“No, no,” she said, “go, and God bless you!” Tears prevented her saying more.

Henry soothed her, and expatiated on the advantages of his absence, so that Mary soon became fully reconciled to the separation. She knew that it was only for her sake he left her, and that, if the special Providence of God did not interfere, he would return and bestow upon her his hand and heart. This was all she asked. Riches she coveted not; nay, she regarded them in many instances rather a curse than a blessing. Her tears ceased. The heaving sighs no longer escaped her agitated bosom—and, as she looked fondly upon her lover, she smiled—ah! happy was he—she smiled approvingly upon him. He understood that lingering look, and in the ecstasy of the moment he pressed her to his heart. And now the thought of parting grieved only him. A tear which stood in his eye was hastily dashed aside, and the lovers were calm, contented and happy, forgetting the sorrows of a separation, and looking forward to a felicitous meeting.

I will not detain the reader with a description of the parting. Suffice it to say, Mary manifested a confidence and attachment to Henry, which endeared her to him more than all the caresses and flattering words which she had spoken in the days of his prosperity. Adversity is the true test of attachment!

Every week brought Mary a full, closely written letter. How eagerly she read them

may be divined by those who have been in similar situations. It was the most delightful task Henry had, to write out his thoughts to her he loved, knowing the pleasure which their perusal afforded her. And he was thrice happy in being able to communicate, in every letter, renewed indications of prosperity in his career. In three months he became principal book-keeper, and by assiduity and attention he acquired the esteem of the firm under which he served, which was daily increasing its business. Thoughts even were entertained of sending Henry to his own city, to open an establishment in connection with the New York firm.

About four months after Henry had communicated this intelligence to Mary, she received a letter from a gentleman in Manila, from which she learned that a rich uncle of hers had died and bequeathed all his property to her. The writer engaged to secure it for a reasonable compensation.

The project of the firm with which Henry was connected was put into execution. Henry's prospects were now highly promising, and his friend Charles urged upon him more than ever the propriety of being married. Mary's consent was easily obtained. Henry was at once possessed of all he desired, and both were happy in the consciousness that their constancy had been well tried and proved unchangeable. Henry only regretted that his father and mother did not live to share his happiness. He often said,

"Mary and I love each other all the better for our resolution not to marry until better times. God helps those who help themselves, but to court poverty by a hasty and rash marriage is sinful. Let those who love determine to succeed, and wait in patience. Providence, in his own good time, will make all right."

THERE IS A BETTER LAND.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Rev. George Diehl, of Easton, Pa.

BY CHARLES H. GARBER.

BEYOND Time's sea there is a better land,
All praise to Him whose ever gracious hand
Has scattered, e'en upon life's barren strand,
Some objects of delight;
Some flowers of softer climes, luxuriant to the sight.

Who has not felt, e'en in life's brighter hour,
Amid delights, who has not felt a power
Within the soul, telling its wish to tower
To better, truer joy;
To Freedom boundless still, and bliss without alloy?

A thousand hopes by Time unsatisfied;
A thousand longings still ungratified,
Prayers and desires unceasingly denied,

Till the soul pants to fly
Where endless are its joys, long as Eternity.

Delusive smiles of earthly happiness,
Unmeaning dreams sleep senseless hours to bless:
Who e'er awoke, in earthly joys caress,
But to lie down at eve
In sorrow's arms to suffer, sigh, complain and grieve?
'Tis even so—how dark would be the morrow,
How drear this world, so full of sin and sorrow,
Could not life's wanderer some bright promise borrow
From Hope's enchanted wand,
Telling the sinking soul—there is a Better Land.

It may be that but few longing aspire
To that high state: ambition may desire
But Time's poor praise; yet hope's unquenched fire
Lives in the humblest soul,
And sometimes lights the way to freedom's promised goal.

And when 't would burst its fetters as the soul
Soars to that height beyond Time's mean control;
Thus would it speak as freedom's longings roll,
Fiercely, beyond command,
"Vain hopes, poor world, farewell, I seek a Better Land."

For this we hope, and love, and live, and die:
For this we dare Time's ocean-mystery,
Oh! who would launch his bark on life's rough sea,
To heave, and toss, and sigh,
Did not the soul's sweet home beyond its surges lie?

Oh! wherefore bear the ills which life beset?
Why ever dry the tear-drops of regret?
When those we love and never can forget
In our embraces die,
And from our arms removed, on earth's cold bosom lie.

There is a Better Land—to Thee, oh! God
Be all the praise, heap, heap, oh! earth thy sod,
On all I love high, never to be trod,
Grief, pain and death, I stand
Upon this hope, and smile—there is a Better Land.

TWILIGHT.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Now slow the mellow day declines;
And in the glowing west,
Among the clouds a city shines,
In gorgeous splendors drest:
Tower and palace there appear,
And dome and temple fair;
A thousand turrets high uprear
That city in the air.

'Tis o'er, no more the picture glows,
A pall drops down the sky;
The ev'ning breeze more chilly blows,
The shadowy woodlands sigh:
The lowing kine, the twitt'ring bird,
The farmer's cheering call,
The bleating flocks no more are heard;
And silence hushes all.

ANNE BOLEYN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

"I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble lovers in content,
Than be perk'd up in glittering grief
And wear a golden sorrow."

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

THERE was a kingly revel in the palace of old Westminster—that stately pile whose walls had so often resounded to the mirth of Bluff King Henry and his court. A partition had been torn away, throwing the broad, deep hall of audience and the king's bed chamber into one vast room, thus blending the sumptuous furniture of two distinct apartments into one gorgeous scene.

The high ceilings of that which was properly the hall of audience, was surrounded by cornices of carved oak, polished almost to the blackness of ebony, and heavily dashed with gold. The entire walls were hung with tapestry, not allowed to fall loosely from the cornices in the usual fashion, but each compartment fitted into a vast formel or frame of oak, gilded and richly carved, thus taking the effect of so many splendidly wrought pictures set within the wall; for each compartment represented a different subject, and all were glowing fresh and gorgeous as they had just been imported from the nunneries of France. Along the frame work that separated each of the tapestried formels were ranged massive silver sconces, crowded with wax candles that scattered a blaze of light over the glowing walls; the benches of azure and gold ranged along them, and the richly arrayed courtiers that crowded the room, some reposing upon the benches, others dancing to the martial music that burst from an orchestra at the lower end of the hall, and others crowding in groups around the dias on which King Henry sat with his Queen Catharine of Arragon.

A right kingly and noble sight was King Henry and his queen, as they sat in regal state among their courtiers that evening. The dias which they occupied was placed where the partition had been that separated the royal chamber from the lower hall. Below them were the revellers in a blaze of light. Behind was the royal couch clouded with a drapery of crimson and gold, a beaufat piled tier after tier with massive gold plate, and toilet service of the same precious metal, the smaller articles crusted with gems—and three vast ebony chairs, cushioned with purple velvet, all glowing gorgeously, and yet in subdued contrast with the scene so brilliant with life and light lower down the hall. Above

the royal dias there was no light, save that which streamed in, strong at first, then growing fainter and fainter from the canopy that overhung the king.

The bed chamber thus thrown open was just sufficiently illuminated to give it an air of magnificent seclusion, for the canopy under which Henry sat was circled at the top with a crescent of small sconces, linked together with innumerable fine chains of silver. The glow of these sconces was flung back flash after flash from the roofing, which was an entire web of silver lace seamed together with gems, and valanced with a deep fringe of amethyst, emeralds, seed pearls and garnets, all knotted and strung together. The light which penetrated the silver net-work of this resplendent dome fell upon the royal pair, pure and artless as the rays of a full moon; while that which struck upon the fringe of gems took a thousand beautiful tints that played and quivered around them like a rainbow fading from its edges.

There in the prime of his manly beauty, and with his fine countenance as yet unmarked by the brand of blood that made it fearful in after years, sat Henry the Eighth. His under tunic was of cloth of gold blazing with gems, and over it flowed a robe of purple velvet, lined with snow-white ermine, that swept around him in magnificent drapery. Upon his head was a velvet cap, with a single white plume, set a little upon one side, and his beard thick, silky, and of a rich gold color, fell in glossy waves over his ample chest. Catharine was by his side, the cherished wife of his youth, the deserted of his age. A circlet of gems girded her lofty forehead, and a mantilla veil of the richest lace swept like a cloud over the glowing crimson of her robe, and the wealth of jewels that blazed upon her rounded arms and snow-white neck. At thirty-eight Catharine was still a beautiful woman. Her dark eyes were full of intellectual fire, and her noble forehead had expanded in breadth and beauty beneath the crown that had circled it almost from infancy. Every inch a queen, she sat leaning back in her chair of state, and addressing a word now and then to her stately husband, who answered her smiling also, but without turning his eyes from a group of dancers that had occupied his attention half the evening. Standing upon one step of the dias, and half concealed by the king's chair, stood Cardinal Wolsey, his gown of scarlet silk sweeping the splendid foot-cloth, and his massive brow half shaded by the deep brim of the cardinal's hat, which he wore even in the presence.

The Princess Mary, a sweet child of nine

years old, sat in front of her royal parents, her tiny feet half buried in the snowy fur of an ermine rug upon which her stool was placed, and her large, bright eyes wandering over the throng moving before her with a look of grave and child-like wonder.

Crowded around the dias, and gathered in groups down the room, were the nobles of old England. Cardinals and bishops, the representatives of a church soon to be shaken to its foundation by that happy and careless monarch—with the ambassadors of foreign nations, all in their richest vestments. The king, with hearty good will—for at that age he was capable of generous motives—had assembled his court to celebrate the marriage of Anne Boleyn's brother with Eleanor Howard, the beautiful but perverted girl, whom our readers met last in the woods of Norfolk.

When Anne Boleyn took her station at court as maid of honor to the queen, she was accompanied up to London by Sir Thomas and his family. The orphan Eleanor had no other home, and of course came with them. Catharine had been previously interested in the fair Boleyn by Cardinal Wolsey, and it was not long before her favor with the noble queen was sufficient to obtain a subordinate place in the royal household for the orphan. Once an inmate of the palace, and Eleanor possessed genius and craft enough to make her own way to favor not only with her royal mistress, but with Henry himself. Influenced perhaps by the charms of the fair girl who was hereafter to wield such influence in his kingdom, and at that time naturally disposed to kind acts, Henry had placed Arthur Boleyn near his own person, and become so effectually interested in the secret love borne by that young gentleman for the orphan protégée of his queen, that his royal influence was exerted with Sir Thomas in their behalf—and the result was this wedding festival of that evening, where the bridegroom and bride were presented by Henry to his court with every mark of royal kindness and favor.

Catharine, who had grafted the orphan bride a dower, which went far to reconcile Sir Thomas and his haughty child to the match, took a sort of natural pride in the beauty and apparent happiness of her *élève*. There was something in Eleanor's manners, in the meek humility of her address, that won upon the queen's generous nature, and, at the time of her marriage, the young girl had managed to fix herself more firmly in the royal favor than Anne Boleyn herself, with all the fascinations of her beauty and genius.

And now the personages of our story were

grouped in the royal presence. Arthur Boleyn brilliant with such happiness as the young heart knows when its warmest desires are accomplished, was dancing with his bride. In the same set was Percy, scarcely less radiant in his happiness, pacing a measure, with the small hand of Anne Boleyn clasped in his. Near by stood the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Thomas Boleyn, and a young man of low stature, plebeian features, and hair of a dusky red, whose dress, though expensive, was worn in a manner so slovenly and awkward that its very neatness seemed to be rendered vulgar by the person it was intended to adorn. This was Sir Piers Butler, the man to whom Anne Boleyn had been betrothed by her father.

She was moving in the dance, that haughty and beautiful girl, her red lips parted with smiles, and the luxuriant tresses of her hair falling over her shoulders far down upon the robe of purple velvet and jewels that glowed upon her queenly form. In times of excitement Anne's eyes would deepen from their rich violet hue to an intense black, and those who saw her only in public sometimes deemed those large, almond shaped orbs had no other color: now that they were flashing with the exquisite joy of being near the beloved one, a tenderness deep and holy broke over them like mist upon a diamond. The rose just bursting into blossom was not more fresh, more beautiful and joyous looking than Anne Boleyn as she floated along the dance with her thrilling hand enlinked with that of Lord Percy.

All at once she started, the color left her cheek, her limbs lost their graceful elasticity, and she leaned heavily on Percy, still clasping his hand and paused in the dance, breathless and with her eyes fixed upon the ill dressed man who stood by Sir Thomas gazing upon her with a sort of universal admiration in his small, light eyes.

"Percy, my Percy, that man yonder," she said in an agitated whisper, "it is Piers Butler. I have not seen him for years, but it can be no other."

Percy started and turned his eyes upon the stranger. An incredulous smile came to his lips, and pressing her hand he whispered—

"Impossible—impossible! there must be some mistake—this man has not the air of a country noble."

Still Anne kept her eyes upon the man.

"See!" she exclaimed, withdrawing entirely from the dance, "he is speaking with my uncle Norfolk. He looks this way again!"

That instant Sir Thomas Boleyn whispered to the Duke of Norfolk, and they both came toward the terrified girl with Piers Butler between them.

And now it was Lord Percy's turn to be agitated. His eyes flashed, the color came and went on his cheeks, and his voice was unsteady.

"Do not tremble thus, Anne," he said in a low tone—"let him come—they cannot force you to wed him without the king's consent."

"But his consent is already given," replied Anne hastily. "It is his own plan!"

Before Percy could answer, Sir Thomas came up and presented Piers Butler to his affianced bride. Anne was very pale, a look of keen repugnance swept over her face, and she received the homage of this man without relinquishing the support of her lover.

That moment King Henry was looking upon the group. Indeed his eyes had scarcely been turned from Anne Boleyn during the whole evening, something of dissatisfaction there had been in his face, and he ceased to answer the sweet-toned observations that Catharine from time to time addressed to him. Twice a flash of anger came to his eyes when Percy exhibited his devotion to the beautiful girl more openly than he was conscious of himself; and at one time Henry turned sharply to Cardinal Wolsey as if to address him. When Piers Butler moved forward to be presented Henry drew back, and leaning one hand on the arm of his chair as if about to arise, fixed his attention keenly upon the group. He saw the change that came over Anne's face, and the look, half of defiance, half of scorn, that Percy fastened upon the stranger: his own heart beat hurriedly, and the color grew deeper in his already flushed cheeks. Bending eagerly forward he addressed Wolsey.

"Look, my Lord Cardinal, and see if you can make out yonder stranger who is addressing Mistress Boleyn. But that he seems to know his grace of Norfolk, we should marvel at his courage in addressing a lady of such perfect taste as Mistress Anne in that marvelously ill fitting surcoat. Know you these features, my lord?"

Wolsey bent his eyes upon Sir Piers, and after scanning his features for a moment turned to his master again, not a little pleased to learn the distaste which Henry had taken to one whose wooing he had long determined to interrupt.

"That, may it please your highness," said Wolsey, "is Sir Piers Butler, the person whom it has pleased you to command hither, that he may make up a dispute between his house and that of Sir Thomas Boleyn regarding the Wiltshire property, by a marriage with Mistress Anne."

"Ha!" ejaculated King Henry, flinging his portly person back into the chair of state with a violence that made the gold tissue cast over

it rustle again—"I had forgotten this! But it must go no further, we will never see so dainty and sweet a lady given to yonder churl. Why the fellow walks like a horseboy!"

"It will gladden more than one heart to know that your grace thinks thus," replied Wolsey, mounting another step of the dias, and planting himself at the monarch's elbow with a degree of assurance that would have ruined any other man in the kingdom. "Yon fair girl is worthy a more noble mate!"

"By St. George!" cried Henry, turning an animated glance on the fair object of their conversation. "She is worthy to be mated with a king!"

The loud tone in which he spoke aroused the attention of Queen Catharine, she turned her fine eyes upon him with a questioning look and said—

"Of whom speaks my lord?"

The blood gushed over Henry's cheek and temples, for Wolsey had also fixed his black eyes searchingly on his master, and there was something innocent and holy in the half wondering gaze of his wife that abashed the haughty monarch. He forced a laugh and replied in a lower tone.

"See yonder stranger in the brown surcoat, sweet-heart—what say you, shall he wed with your fair serving woman, Mistress Anne Boleyn?"

"The saints forbid!" said Catharine, turning her serious eyes upon the group that had so long occupied her husband's attention: then she exchanged a meaning glance with the cardinal.

Henry laughed. The prompt answer had pleased him well. "See your eminence," he said, addressing Wolsey, "our royal lady decides against this thing; Sir Piers shall never mend his inheritance by wedding the most beautiful lady of our court! Send Sir Thomas hither that we may enlighten him regarding our will in this matter!"

Again Wolsey and the queen exchanged glances.

"My good lord," said Catharine, laying her hand gently on the arm of Henry's state-chair; "this decision against Sir Piers emboldens us to name one who in estate and person is far more worthy of sweet Mistress Anne. Has your highness never remarked how much the Lord Percy effects her company?"

"Ha!" ejaculated the king, with an intonation that made Catharine start in her chair, while Wolsey looked at the king from under his hat with aroused suspicion in his eye.

"Ha! sits the wind in that quarter?" quoth Henry, casting an angry look at Percy, who still

supported Anne Boleyn near the dancers; and drawing haughtily back he rested one hand on the arm of his chair, and watched every movement of the young couple with keen and jealous attention.

Catharine saw that her consort was in no mood to discuss Percy's pretensions to the beautiful maid of honor, and though she had long since pledged herself to intercede with Henry in their behalf, his reception of this first hint on the subject frightened her from proceeding further. The color broke over her cheek a little warmly at this abruptness, for, though rough sometimes to others, he had always been gentle to her. In order to conceal the pain his sharp tone had given, she bent over the little princess and addressed a caressing word to her. The child looked smilingly in her face, and stealing one tiny hand along the folds of her mother's robe, nestled it in the soft, white palm that lay half buried in the glowing crimson. That moment the Duke of Norfolk, accompanied by Sir Thomas Boleyn, advanced up the room in order to present Piers Butler to the monarch. Before they reached the dias Henry started up, and taking Wolsey by the robe, led him into the comparative obscurity of the chamber beyond.

"My Lord Cardinal, I pray you see Sir Thomas Boleyn as early as may be, and tell him that our mind is changed with regard to the match between Piers Butler and his daughter," said the king, with a sort of nervous haste in his voice and manner.

"But the Wiltshire property!" said Wolsey.

"Let Sir Thomas rest content in that. We will ourself see the judges who are to decide the matter. The Boleyns shall suffer no loss though we part with crown lands enough to make up the disputed gear. See to it, Wolsey, that our former consent to this marriage is revoked at once."

Wolsey was shadowed by the bed drapery, near which his royal master had led him, and the quiet smile that stole over his lips was unobserved otherwise. His suspicions regarding the real motives and feelings of the king might have been too apparent. In order to confirm those suspicions, or do away with them entirely, he ventured upon the subject which Queen Catharine had just timidly abandoned.

"It is evident that the lady can command a better match. Any one who has marked her this evening must see that young Percy has become the slave of her rare beauty. If it please your highness that she match in that quarter, the Earl of Northumberland might be brought to consent."

"The Earl of Northumberland—the Lord

Percy," said the king, with angry vehemence. "I tell you he shall not have the sweet lady—she affects him not! I tell you, Wolsey, she affects him not!"

"The queen thinks otherwise!" persisted Wolsey, resolved to fathom the king's secret wishes deeper still.

"The queen! I tell thee Kate knows nothing of the matter," Henry began to say with increased energy, but a glance of light happened to reveal the expression of Wolsey's face, and the monarch checked himself.

"It matters not discussing the question," he added more temperately, while the blood mounted to his temples. "It is our will that both Sir Piers and Lord Percy—if he has presumed to make suit to this lady—withdraw their pretensions at once. We look to you, lord cardinal, that the Lord Percy, who is of your household, does not offend again by his audacious homage in our very presence chamber."

Wolsey bent his head. "I will see that my *élève* conducts himself in conformity to your royal wishes," he said, ready at any time to sacrifice his dearest friend to the caprice of a master, who repaid him so bitterly in after years.

"See to it!" cried Henry, turning pale with rage, for he was looking down the room and saw Anne Boleyn walking toward the dias, leaning with a sort of graceful languor on the arm of Lord Percy, who seemed to be addressing her in a low voice.

"At once," he muttered, turning away, "or the house of Northumberland may lack an heir."

The cardinal did not hear the last words—for Henry strode away as they fell from his lips. But he was startled by the angry tone in which the whole conversation had been carried on, and remained in the shadow musing with himself for some minutes after the king had left him. The subject seemed to give him some anxiety, but after pondering it over in his mind while his countenance resumed its usual serenity.

"It is but a passing fancy," he muttered, "such as gave the good queen a brief season of anxiety regarding this demoiselle's sister Mary. Still it is better that Percy be withdrawn from the court. In truth I had never countenanced the matter but to please her highness. At all events the king must be obeyed!"

After taking this resolution the cardinal left his obscure position, and moved, with his usual grave dignity, toward the dias where Henry was standing, with one foot upon the lower step, while he conversed in a low voice with Sir Thomas Boleyn. As Wolsey came up, Henry withdrew with the baronet to a window, where they talked earnestly for some time.

The cardinal found means to separate Percy from the young maid of honor, for he observed that Henry eyed the pair suspiciously from time to time.

Catharine saw Sir Piers advancing toward his cousin, and kindly beckoned her to sit down upon a step of the dias.

"Be of good cheer," she whispered in a sweet voice, bending toward the lovely girl who had sought shelter from unwelcome homage at her feet. "The king took it somewhat amiss when we ventured to hint a word in favor of poor Percy, but when he is alone, with nothing to chafe his noble spirit, we will urge the subject again—he will not deny his queen the pleasure of making her own maiden happy."

"Ah, how good your grace is!" cried the grateful maiden, and gathering the hem of Catharine's robe in her hand, she pressed her glowing lips upon it.

Shortly after the king came up to the dias, and, without appearing to notice Anne Boleyn, led his wife from the room. She smilingly bade the anxious young creature to follow them with the little princess, hoping to interest the king in her behalf by such acts of personal confidence.

Soon after the reception hall of old Westminster was empty.

CHAPTER IV.

IN his parlor of York House sat Cardinal Wolsey, clad in robes of sweeping scarlet, and with his massive brow uncovered. The chair which he occupied was of ebony, and more richly carved than any to be found in the palace of old Westminster, though it had been so long the home of kings. A heavy cord of red silk bound his robe at the waist, and his foot sunk luxuriously into the purple and gold cushion of a stool always placed upon the carpet of rich tapestry convenient for his use. He had been writing, for scrolls of parchment lay on the table at his right hand, some of them glittering with the gold dust with which he dried his manuscript, others tied neatly together with skeins of crimson floss. The standish which had afforded him ink was of massy gold crusted with rubies, and a goblet blazing with jewels, and half full of wine, stood close by. The room was small, but high in the ceiling, and lighted by an arched window, deeply stained. The cornice was a grape vine carved on ebony, with clusters of fruit burnished in gold. Everything was new like the man! The golden arras hanging over the walls and drawn back from the stained window with massive bullion cords; the chairs glittering with gilded leather; the Persian footcloth, all shone and glittered with their first rich gloss.

The very books in their covers of spotless vellum, and the articles of plate scattered profusely around, seemed to have passed into that room directly from the polisher and goldsmith.

In the room without were fifty pages, all of noble birth, clad in the cardinal's livery, more than fifty others were scattered through the vast palace, ready to obey the slightest behest of this new man. This son of a butcher, whose father served beef for the kitchens of the very nobles who allowed their sons to bend the knee to him.

This band of youthful nobles formed but a small portion of the eight hundred retainers, all distinguished for birth or talent, that followed in the train of Wolsey.

In a little closet or oratory, from which the arras was partially drawn back, knelt a tall and handsome man in priest's garments. His head was bent before a crucifix of silver elevated upon an altar of black marble, whence it looked down pure and holy, as if in compassion of the gorgeous pride revealed through the lifted drapery. The priest seemed deeply absorbed in his devotions, but when the cardinal spoke his name he started up with a brightened countenance, and came forth into the closet.

Wolsey was leaning back in his seat. One hand, on which there was a faint ink stain, fell over the arm of his chair, the other lay half closed upon the page of manuscript which he had just been writing. His eyes were bent upon the floor, and he seemed lost in a fit of musing. The priest neither moved nor spoke, but stood with his arms folded patiently beneath his robe waiting to be addressed. At length the cardinal raised his head.

"Ah, I remember," he said, after looking at the priest a moment with a sort of half doubt upon his face. "Go into the ante-room and bring hither the young Lord Percy, son to the Earl of Northumberland."

The priest bent his head and left the closet. In a brief space he came back, preceded by Lord Percy.

Wolsey received the young man with a grave smile, but neither arose to greet him nor seemed to expect that he would be seated. The butcher's descendant loved to humble the pride of an earl's son.

"Go to thy prayers again, father Paul," he said, addressing the priest in the bland and courteous tone which he always used to those undoubtedly his inferiors, for it was only to the great that Wolsey was imperious. "Go to thy prayers, and drop the arras that thy devotions may be more profound; nay, draw the inner curtain that we may not disturb thee in thy orisons."

The priest bent his head and withdrew into the oratory, unlooping the arras on his way. The cardinal listened till he heard a second sweep of drapery behind the arras, and then he turned to Lord Percy. The young man was a good deal agitated, for he knew that Wolsey was about to speak of his love suit to Anne Boleyn, and in that, every hope of his soul was ventured.

"My lord," said Wolsey, "you will think no more of the queen's maid of honor, Mistress Anne. The king wills that you cast her from your mind."

For a moment Percy stood mute from surprise, gazing at the cardinal. There was something so indifferent and business-like in his words and manner, that it required an effort for the young man to realize that they were intended to crush the sweetest and dearest hopes of his life. At length he found voice to speak.

"Not think of Mistress Anne more," he said. "Your eminence might as well expect me to stop the pulses of my own heart as cease to think of her."

"It is the king's pleasure," replied Wolsey, in the same quiet but firm tone of voice—"not only that you abandon all suit of Anne Boleyn, but that your contract with Lord Shrewsbury's daughter be at once fulfilled."

"My lord, you know this to be impossible—the king knows it to be impossible—has not our gracious lady, the queen, sanctioned the love I bear her waiting lady? My honor—my life—is pledged to Anne Boleyn—it were perjury in the sight of God were I to wed another," cried Percy, speaking with such energy as a young heart threatened with sudden devastation might well exhibit.

"And think you," said Wolsey, wavering somewhat in his manner—"think you the king and myself are not the best judges of what is due to the honor of a noble, that you withhold submission to our wishes?"

"If it please your grace," said Percy, "I would submit myself wholly to the king and your grace in this matter, were it not one of honor and conscience—one which invokes the happiness of my whole life—of a being dearer to me a thousand times than life."

"This is constancy," cried Wolsey, growing stern and cold from resentment at this unexpected opposition. "Father Paul!"

The priest appeared.

"The Earl of Northumberland should be somewhere without, search for him in the ante-room."

The priest withdrew, and Wolsey turned toward the agitated young man.

"If neither the king nor me, thy spiritual adviser can have control over that proud heart, perchance, the old earl, your father, may find some strength in his authority."

"Not here will I meet my father," said Percy firmly. "Even for him I will never break the faith thrice plighted to one who possesses every wish of my heart. She alone can release me from a compact made with my whole soul. I must have time for thought. I must see the lady."

"On your life and honor, I charge you not to see Anne Boleyn again. Go now if you will, but under this interdict," said Wolsey. "I will see your father, and learn of him if the contract privately rushed into by a hot-brained youth can annul the alliance projected by two noble houses years ago. Remember the heirship of Northumberland may be converted to the younger sons at the old earl's pleasure!"

"My father has authority to control that which was to have been my inheritance," said Percy, with feeling—"but the right to redeem my own honor, to love that which is good and beautiful, even he shall not wrest from me."

"Go," said Wolsey, half rising from his chair, "it is not in this spirit that you should meet the old earl—we will ourselves discuss the matter with him. A night's reflection may bring that proud heart to a sense of duty, nay, it must," and with a haughty wave of the hand Wolsey dismissed the unhappy noble just before Paul entered another door, followed by the old Earl of Northumberland.

The two remained together more than an hour, and when the earl went forth he passed by his son in the gallery without addressing a word to him, though they had not met in several weeks.

At this very time Anne Boleyn was on her knees before the queen: her eyes were flushed with weeping, and her limbs shook with grief as she clung to Catharine's robe.

"Alas! I cannot give him up—my very soul is woven to his," she said, lifting her tearful face with a look of passionate grief to the benign features of her royal mistress.

"Why should his majesty thus interpose his authority between two beings that have no hope or joy save in each other?"

"You should not rave thus—nor speak harshly of that which the king wills," said Catharine, with a calm dignity, and yet there was true womanly compassion in her tone. "Has he not released you from that which seemed most dreadful, your engagement with Sir Piers Butler? Has he not promised honors to your father—advancement to your only brother? My poor maiden, learn to look more calmly on the matter. I, who have

been eighteen years the wife of his bosom, never questioned my Henry's will thus!"

"It is not his will that I question, but that of one who has neither love, honor, nor honesty," cried Anne with imprudent warmth. "This is the work of Cardinal Wolsey; I saw his cold eyes upon me last night at the revel!"

"Hush, poor child—hush," said Catharine, with wonderful forbearance, for Anne's passionate grief made her forgetful of the respect due that noble woman. "I cannot hear the cardinal thus spoken of—take heart! our influence has ever been great with the king."

Anne looked up, and a smile broke through her tears. She was naturally of a hopeful disposition—she kissed the queen's hand—she gathered the folds of her robe between her trembling palms and pressed them again and again to her lips with an overflow of grateful love that was scarcely less than devotion. Then she arose, clasped her hands, and lifting her beautiful eyes to heaven, said in a deep and earnest voice—

"May the sweet lady of heaven bless thee, most royal lady—and bless me only as I prove thy grateful and true servant."

Catharine smiled, and tears started to her mild, dark eyes. Touched to the heart by these grateful words, she took Anne's hands between both of hers, and—as the girl sunk to her knees again—pressed a kiss upon her forehead. It was not often that Catharine allowed such tender feminine feelings to overcome her dignity. But to see herself thus beloved was sweet, and Catharine of Arragon pressed her lips upon the brow of Anne Boleyn before the doomed maiden went forth to work ruin to both.

When Anne entered her chamber she found Eleanor, her brother's wife, sitting by the window waiting for her. The poor girl was new to grief, and her heart panted for sympathy—she sat down by the bride and unfolded her heart, its sufferings, and its wishes.

"I will see him," she said, "spite of Wolsey—spite of the king—they cannot force him to wed another. See, here is the letter that his page gave me as I come along. He will reject the Lady Mary Talbot even at the altar—does he not swear it?"

Eleanor read the billet attentively, her lip quivered a little, and her cheeks burned, while Anne blessed her for these marks of sympathy. After she had searched that warm and passionate heart to its depths, the bride went out, uttering protestations of sisterly love.

That night Eleanor met the king as he came in from the chase. He paused to speak with her, for there was something in her dark eye

that seemed to plead for attention. They conversed together several moments, and at parting Henry took a jewel from his finger and forced it on her acceptance.

The next day Anne Boleyn was dismissed from the queen's service, and sent down to Hever Castle, accompanied by her father. She did not see Percy again—and the letter which she left in charge of her brother's wife, passed with all its poetry of passion and love into the hands of King Henry. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SEA-WEED.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

WANDERER of the wide, blue sea,
Exiled to this lonely shore,
Lifted from thy halls of glee,
Borne the rolling wave before.

What could tempt thee thus to roam
From thy peaceful halls of sand,
Far beneath the silvery foam,
In the bowers of shadowland?

No bleak wave might toss thee there—
Not the breath of Polar storm
Might thy peaceful slumber scare,
Or thy tender bloom deform.

In what grotto vast and dim,
By what rock of ancient mould,
'Midst what mouldering navies grim
Streamed thy waving leaves of gold?

Now dost answer me outright,
"Deep in ocean's darkest aisles,
Where through waves and mists and night,
Never ray of Summer smiles;

Was I born, and was I nurst,
On the coral bough I grew;
'Till my watery bars I burst,
Up to sunshine and to dew?"

Sea-weed! thou like sailor lost,
Hast been tost and cast away
On this bleak and lonely coast,
Here to wither and decay.

Sea-weed! thou like maiden fair,
O'er the fiery wave of scorn;
Hast been driven 'neath the glare,
Thus to perish, lost, forlorn.

Wanderer of the wide, blue sea,
Borne the rolling surf before;
Through thy native halls of glee,
Shall thy soft plumes wave no more.

What could tempt thee thus to roam
From thy peaceful halls of sand,
Far beneath the silvery foam,
In the bowers of shadowland?

HOME DEPARTMENT.

PICKLES.

Kettles of block tin or lined with porcelain are the best for pickling. Iron discolours the acid, and the verdigris produced by the vinegar on brass, copper, or bell-metal, is extremely poisonous. If, after keeping the pickles any time, you discern any symptoms of their not keeping well, boil them over again with fresh vinegar and spice. The jars in which pickles are kept should always be full enough of vinegar to cover the pickles themselves. Vinegar for pickles should only boil five or six minutes.

TO PICKLE TOMATOES.—The tomatoes should not be very ripe when used for pickling. Mix in a large stone jar an ounce of mustard, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of pepper. Fill the jar half full of the best vinegar, then lay in the tomatoes, mixing amongst them a dozen or more whole onions.

The jar should not be opened for a month, when the pickle will be fit for use. Great care must be taken to close the jar closely every time that any of the pickles are taken out. If these precautions are followed, the tomatoes will keep a year.

PEACHES AND APRICOTS.—Take those of a full growth, but perfectly green. Put to a gallon of vinegar half an ounce of cloves, the same quantity of peppercorns, sliced ginger and mustard seed—add salt and boil the vinegar—then turn it on the peaches scalding hot. Turn the vinegar from them several times. Heat it scalding hot, and turn it back while hot.

CUCUMBERS.—Gather those that are small and green, and of a quick growth. Turn boiling water on them as soon as picked. Let them remain in it four or five hours, then put them in cold vinegar, with alum and salt, in the proportion of a table-spoonful of the former and a tea-cup of the latter, to every gallon of vinegar. When you have done collecting the cucumbers for pickling, turn the vinegar from the cucumbers, scald and skim it till clear, then put in the pickles, let them scald without boiling, for a few minutes; then turn them while hot into the vessel you intend to keep them in. A few peppercorns improve the taste of the cucumbers. Another method of pickling cucumbers, which is good, is to put them in salt and water, as you pick them—changing the salt and water once in three or four days. When you have done collecting your cucumbers for peeling, take them out of the salt and water, turn on scalding hot vinegar, with alum, salt and peppercorns in it.

MANGOES.—Musk melons should be picked for mangoes, when they are green and hard. They should be cut open after they have been in salt water ten days, the inside scraped out clean, and filled with mustard seed, allspice, horseradish, small onions, &c., and sewed up again. Scalding vinegar poured upon them.

TO PICKLE GREEN PEPPERS.—The peppers must be pickled when half ripe, and the smallest ones chosen. Make a small hole at the top and another at the bottom of the pepper, and extract the core and seeds. A pen-knife should be used in performing this operation. Simmer the peppers for a whole day in salt and water

over a very moderate fire—stir them every once and awhile that those at the bottom may not burn. Leave them over night to cool, and the next morning lay them gently into a jar, sprinkle a small quantity of mustard over them, and fill up the jar with cold vinegar.

GAME.

Pigeons may be either *roasted, potted, stewed, or broiled.*

Potting is the best, and the least trouble. After they are thoroughly picked and cleaned, put a small slice of salt pork, and a little ball of stuffing, into the body of every pigeon. The stuffing should be made of one egg to one cracker, an equal quantity of suet or butter seasoned with sweet marjoram, or sage, if marjoram cannot be procured. Flour the pigeons well, lay them close together in the bottom of the pot, just cover them with water, throw in a bit of butter, and let them stew an hour and a quarter, if young; an hour and three quarters, if old. Some people turn off the liquor just before they are done, and brown the pigeons on the bottom of the pot; but this is very troublesome, as they are apt to break to pieces.

Stewed pigeons are cooked in nearly the same way, with the omission of the stuffing. Being dry meat, they require a good deal of butter.

To *roast* pigeons, put them on a little spit, and tie both ends close. Baste with butter. They will be done in fifteen or twenty minutes.

In making a *pigeon pie*, put inside of every bird a piece of butter and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg.

WOODCOCK, SNIPES, &c.—To roast these birds, put them on a little spit, take a slice of wheaten bread, and toast it brown, then lay it in a dish under the birds; baste them with a little butter, and let the trail drop on the toast. When they are roasted, put the toast in the dish, lay the woodcocks on it, and have a quarter of a pint of gravy; pour it in a dish, and set it over a lamp or chafingdish for three minutes; and send them to table. Epicures say you should never take anything out of a woodcock or snipe. The head of a woodcock is considered a great delicacy.

To roast *pheasants, partridges, quails*, and other small birds, pick and draw them immediately after they are brought in. If they are of a nature to be improved by it, lard them with small slips of the fat of bacon drawn through the flesh with a larding needle.

To roast *reed-birds or ortolans*, put into every bird an oyster, or a little butter mixed with some finely sifted bread crumbs. Dredge them with flour. Run a small skewer through them, and tie them on the spit. Baste them with lard or with fresh butter. They will be done in about ten minutes. Reed-birds are very fine made into little dumplings with a thin crust of flour and butter, and boiled about twenty minutes. Each must be tied in a separate cloth.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Receipt for Raspberry Wine.*—Take of cold soft water, six gallons, cider, four ditto; raspberries, six ditto; any other fruit, three ditto. Ferment. Mix, raw sugar, eighteen or twenty pounds; red tartar, in fine powder, three ounces; orange and lemon peel, two ounces dry, or four ounces fresh; then add brandy, three quarts. This will make eighteen gallons.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

OUR artist, for this month, has made a very beautiful picture for the fashion plate:—a bridesmaid showing the necklace presented to the bride. The costumes are the very latest.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of striped silk. Corset tight, *a point*, high on the shoulders, and with bands of gympe trimmed across its front. The sleeves are tight, with three bands of gympe. A small square lace collar is worn around the neck. The skirt is trimmed down the front in the same manner as the corsetage. Bonnet of silk, trimmed with lace and ribbon.

FIG. II.—A BALL DRESS of pink tulle. Corsetage tight, *a point*, with two berthe capes, and low in the neck. Two *jupes*; the under one trimmed with three rows of quilled tulle: an open tunic above, trimmed to match, and fastened with small bouquets of flowers. The hair is trimmed with a wreath of flowers, passing over the top of the head, and falling down by the ears.

FIG. III.—A WEDDING DRESS of white satin. Corsetage tight, *a point*, and low on the shoulders with two deep falls of lace. The skirt is trimmed with five flounces of rich Brussels lace. The back part of the hair is dressed with orange flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The style of bonnet most fashionable for fall is that given in fig. 1. Plumes and flowers, however, will also be used to trim capotes, and indeed will never go entirely out of fashion. Walking dresses are now made high in the neck to suit the season: in this climate low-necked dresses should never, scarcely in summer, be worn in the street. Where flounces are used on promenade dresses, no more than four are now allowed by the ton. Many milliners will trim dresses with black lace and buttons: three rows around the neck and top of the body, and four or five strips on the skirt in front, instead of gympe as in figure 1.

Sleeves are invariably long, and generally what are called *half bishop*. For materials silks, *mousseline de laines*, &c., as usual, are worn. The most fashionable silks are large plaids, generally in gay colors, and have a superb effect, especially on tall persons. Stripes are, however, also allowable: these add much to the grace of short figures, and indeed should be almost exclusively worn by them. Some elegant *mousseline de laines* are in the market, made in small plaids: these look well on every body. Rich silk cardinals trimmed with lace are the most suitable over-dress for this season. Long shawls will still be worn by many, however. We annex descriptions of the most elegant carriage and opera costumes of the season.

A CARRIAGE DRESS of shot pink and mauve colored taffetas, the skirt decorated in the front with three deep falls of black lace, put on rather full and very narrow; plain high body, and long sleeves. Cloak of a light green silk, trimmed with a narrow double fulling of the same; this cloak is of a round form, and looped up with a small bow on each side of the front; round collar, fitting quite flat to the shoulders, and encircled with the same kind of trimming as that on the skirt. Drawn capote of white gaze, edged with white lace,

and having a beautiful branch of pink roses on the left side.

AN OPERA DRESS.—This splendid costume is composed entirely of a rich lace, worn over a pink skirt, and ornamented down the front with *choux* of pink satin, from which depend three long ends, fringed at the extreme points; the half-high corsetage is cut low in the front, and surmounted with a beautiful *berthe* cape of the same description of lace, finished in the centre with a *chou* to correspond with those on the sleeves, the latter being formed of a double fulling, finished round the arm with a deep frilling of the same, looped up in the front. Hat of white *crêpe*, the crown decorated with two *rouleaux* of white gauze ribbon, and a plume of short white ostrich feathers, the interior having sprigs of light pink leaves.

REDINGOTES are at present much worn, made of silk; they are embroidered *en tablier*, in silk braid; when buttons are used, they must be of the richest description. The sleeves of these pelisses are made tight, but open at the elbow and wrist.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Harper's New Miscellany.—Since our last notice of this invaluable series of books, the Harpers have added some half dozen, all remarkable for a higher degree of excellence than can be found in any series ever published in this country. Every work seems to have been selected with peculiar reference to the American people. In everything connected with these books judgment and taste go hand in hand. There is not an indifferently written, or uninteresting volume among them. Among the last series of the *Miscellany* is *The Modern British Plutarch* in one volume, containing brief and delightfully written biographies of more than thirty of the most eminent men of Great Britain: men who have been instrumental in forming her sons, exalting her literature, or advancing science and the arts in the fatherland. For young persons it is a valuable book indeed; combining so much in a brief space, and all richly worth reading, it could not well be otherwise.

Harper's Pictorial History of England.—Next to Harper's Bible we consider this Pictorial History the greatest work ever attempted in America. The illustrations form almost a history in themselves, besides being in most cases gems of art. The church of St. Stephens' in No. 5 is really beautiful. There is a view of Richmond, Yorkshire, in the same number, and one of Carlisle, that seem to us unequalled by anything of the kind that we have seen. In the sixth number we find two subjects of great historical interest, that of the Tower of Oxford Castle, and the ancient royal Manor House of Woodstock. The sixth number brings the pictorial history down to the time of Richard the First, he of the lion heart.

The Chaplet. By C. H. Coggins. 1 vol. Philada: F. C. Wilson, 1846.—This is a neat little volume, containing many sweet and touching poems. The author is yet young. His verse does not pretend to the highest walk of art, but is nevertheless pleasant and smooth. It will find a response in many a heart.

Chamber's Information for the People. No. II. Philada: Zeiber & Co., 1846.—This is a work, somewhat akin to Brande's *Encyclopædia*, and yet so different as to warrant a separate patronage. It contains information on chemistry, mechanics, and indeed on all the other useful sciences. There is scarcely a trade or profession whose members would not be benefitted by the possession of this work; and for general reference it is unquestionably the best book of its kind. We had long wondered that no American publisher undertook the republication of so valuable a work. Mr. Zeiber deserves great credit for the handsome manner in which he has begun the task at last: and if merit can guarantee success, he will make a most profitable speculation. The work will be issued periodically in fifteen numbers, at twenty-five cents a number.

Temper and Temperament. By Mrs. Ellis. Harper & Brothers.—An essay or a plain narrative is never in better hands than with the author of this little book: but with reverence be it spoken, Mrs. Ellis cannot, at any rate does not finish up a story well, nor does she seem to possess that kind of power necessary to carry out a well organized plot, or exhibit a character in all its phases. Her language is beautiful, her sentiments are always good, but all her attempts at works purely fictitious are fragmentary and incomplete. The two stories in this volume, both leave the reader dissatisfied and in doubt. They are excellent so far as they go, but they do not go half far enough. Still the book is one that will be read through when once taken up. It is neatly bound and printed on good paper, two great recommendations.

Bell's Life of Canning comes next in order. It is impossible to read a book like this without a feeling of respect for human nature—respect for the great man whose life forms its subject, and for the author, who has so faithfully portrayed the events of that life, and the traits of character that moulded these events. The life of Canning is the history of that period of time in which he lived and acted. The doings of the man are so woven with the history of British legislation, that any interest bestowed upon the man naturally leads to a far wider range of information than can usually be gathered from a biography of an individual.

The Leaflets of Memory. An Annual for 1847. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.—In noticing the volume of this annual for 1846, we declared it one of the best of the season. Its successor is equally elegant: indeed many will think it superior. Several magnificent illuminations adorn the volume: and the engravings and contents are equally meritorious. This and the other annuals we shall notice more at length hereafter.

Shores of the Mediterranean. By T. Sherader. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.—These are two volumes of light gossiping and pleasant matter, such as one seldom meets with anywhere. The author has high descriptive powers, which he exercises apparently without effort, dashing off a scene, or giving the outline of a character with artistical effect. The description of Constantinople and its beautiful environs is delightful. Ten superior engravings enrich the work.

Connection of the Physical Sciences. By Mrs. Somerville.—We are almost fearful of attempting an opinion of this volume. The woman who wrote it is so far in advance of anything we ever hope to obtain in the sciences, that we can only recommend it to others without venturing to tell them why. That it was written by a woman who has immortalized herself and her sex, is sufficient reason why every woman should become familiar with its pages.

French Domestic Cookery. Harper & Brothers.—This little volume makes a most useful companion and instructor for the lady housekeeper. It has one advantage not usually supposed to belong to lessons on French cookery. There is great simplicity in the directions, and the head of a family might take it for a guide without outraging any previous ideas of economy that may have been formed. It is, as a whole, a very useful book.

Biblical Legends. By Weir.—This is a volume of scripture subjects, illustrated by no ordinary mind. In this single volume is combined a world of that grand and holy poetry which sometimes bursts upon the heart like the sound of a silver trumpet when the sacred pages are open before us. Much that is beautiful in biography and useful in sacred history is mingled with the poetry with which its pages abound.

Littell's Living Age.—This magazine, declared by John Quincy Adams to be the best in the world, is maintained with great spirit. The reader is always sure of finding in it the choicest selections from the English reviews and magazines. We always peruse it with the greatest pleasure. We recommend it to all who desire solid and useful reading. *Zeiber & Co., Philadelphia.*

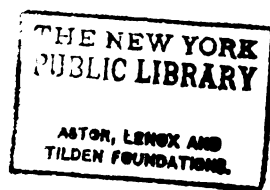
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The Fountain. A Temperance Annual for 1847. Philada: W. Sloanaker.—This annual is edited by H. H. Weld, whose name is a guarantee for its literary excellence. The illustrations, eight in number, are mezzotints by Sartain. Altogether it is a most beautiful affair.

The Diadem. An Annual for 1847. Carey & Hart.—All the engravings in this annual are by Sartain, and from original pictures. This volume of the Diadem is the best yet published.

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Painted by T. Stothard R.A.

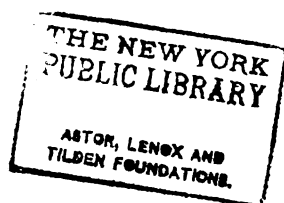
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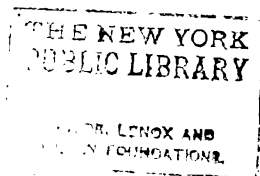
THE GREEK MYTHS.

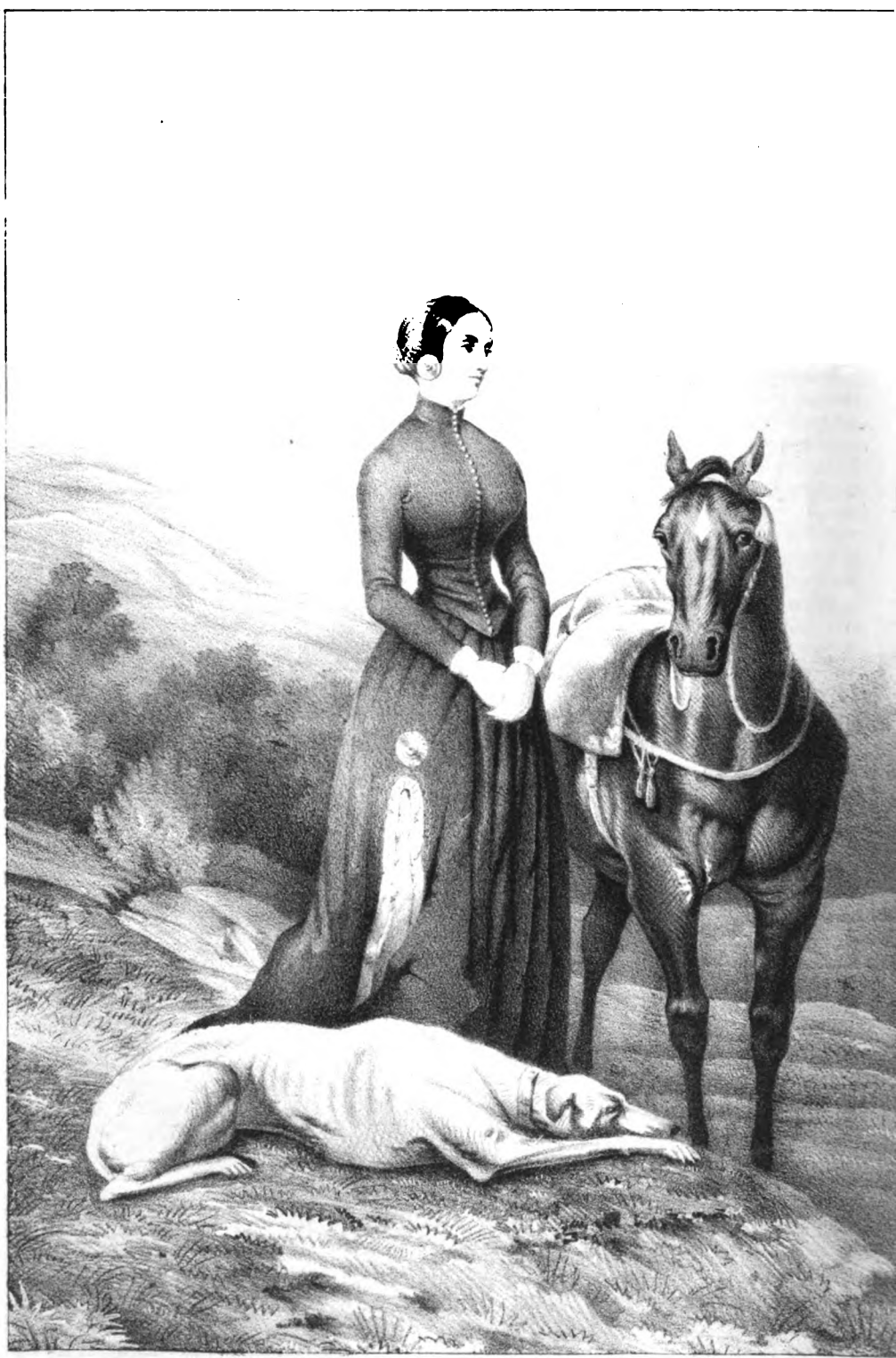
THE GREEK MYTHS, AS TOLD BY THE GREEKS.



LES MODES PARISIENNES







LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1846.

No. 5.

A WEDDING SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

It was Wednesday morning, and Mr. Lyndhurst, a young clergyman, who had just accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of a congregation in a thriving country town near Boston, was in his study nibbling his pen, preparatory to making a few alterations and amendments in what he considered his best sermon, with which he intended to address his flock the ensuing Sunday, when two or three rather smart raps were heard against his door.

Slightly irritated at the interruption, for he felt in the vein of interlining his manuscript with a few capital phrases, which he thought would be likely to make a very favorable impression on a certain portion of his anticipated audience, among whom a fair blue-eyed girl, with golden hair, skin like a snow-drift when tinged with evening's last rose-colored beams, and lips of a delicious vermillion, was not the least conspicuous, he opened the door.

"Are you the minister of this 'ere place?" enquired a sunburnt, sturdy looking young man, dressed in a tow and linen farmer's frock, so long as nearly to conceal his other garments, and grasping in his hand a stout, sharp-bradded goad, with which, a minute before, he had rapped at the study-door.

"I am," was Mr. Lyndhurst's reply.

"Well then," said the young man, "I want you to go over to our town to-morrow and do a little job for Ben Platts, an old playmate of mine. I told him he was silly, and tried to put him off, but the black eyes and red cheeks of little Hetty Welwood have perfectly bewitched him, I believe."

"Your friend wishes me to marry him, I presume," said Mr. Lyndhurst, his countenance at the same time clearing up, for, as he liked to observe human nature in its brighter and happier phases, the idea of the wedding pleased him.

"Yes, you have guessed right," replied the young man, "for he says that Hetty, whom his

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mother took when a child, will be for going off when she is eighteen, where she can get good wages, and that they cannot get another girl so smart and capable; but if it were not for her black eyes and red cheeks, and the pretty and taking way she has with her, he would not care a straw whether she went or not."

"What is the distance from here to where Mr. Platts lives?" enquired Mr. Lyndhurst.

"Well, I suppose it is the value of twenty-five or thirty miles, or somewhere thereabouts, but you live the nearest of any minister I know of, besides being right on the main road that leads to Boston, where I am going to barter away a little produce for some tea and sugar and allspice, and a pair of morocco shoes for Hetty, if I can get any small enough for her."

"The distance is so great that it will consume more time than I can well spare," said the young clergyman, "but I believe I must try to oblige your friend."

"Yes, you must try to, if you can, for if you don't Ben will be awful disappointed, and, to tell the truth, I don't think Hetty would feel very well pleased if she found I couldn't get a minister to marry her to poor Ben, for all she has for six weeks past teased him so by praising the new school-master."

"You may tell the young couple that they may depend on me," said Mr. Lyndhurst, to which the young man replied with a nod of approbation, and then took leave.

Mr. Lyndhurst, who was an excellent equestrian, was on horseback a little after sunrise. The road was a rough one, a great part of it having been recently cut through heavy woodland, so as to be scarcely passable for vehicles of any description less substantial than wagons drawn by oxen. But the asperities of the road were a less serious obstacle to a horseman, and nothing could have been more exhilarating than the cool, dewy air of the morning laden with the perfume of flowers that fringed the green borders of the road, and the music of the birds that came floating from the adjacent woodland.

Occasionally the scene was varied by a log

house, the trees having been felled around it so as to form an open space of ten or twelve acres, not a single tree being left so as to break the glare of the midsummer sunbeams poured upon the roof of shining shingles, or to afford a place where the zephyrs could rustle their wings and whisper of the cool woodland haunts of their sisters.

Even over the barn, placed on the opposite side of the road, and in every instance presenting a much handsomer exterior than the house, not a single majestic oak or rich maple was permitted to wave. The large, half charred, unsightly stumps, were the only vestiges of those once noble sons of the forest. At length the humble dwellings, which had hitherto presented themselves at nearly regular intervals of three or four miles, began to be less and less frequent, and he had, as nearly as he could judge, rode a distance of ten or twelve miles without hearing or seeing any sign of a human being, when the sharp and ringing sound of a woodman's axe broke in upon the stillness. A few minutes afterward he came in sight of a log house, which, at the first glance, he suspected was to be the scene of the wedding, for there could be no doubt but that the taste of some lass, bright and beautiful as Hetty had been described to him, had been brought into requisition in training over the doors, windows and roof green and luxuriant vines, and in the disposition of several shade trees, so that it looked as comfortable as a bird's nest peeping forth from the sheltering foliage. A bee-hive, surrounded by great clusters of red and white wild honeysuckles, to and from which the industrious inhabitants were constantly passing, added another pleasant feature to the scene.

All doubt on the subject was removed when he stopped opposite the house, for a face with rosy cheeks, and a pair of such sparkling black eyes, that they could belong to no one but Hetty, appeared an instant at the open window and were then withdrawn. Slipping the bits from the horse's mouth that he might with comfort crop the clover and grass surrounding the house like a soft, rich carpet, he approached the door, which, contrary to the usual practice on a bright day in summer, was closed; thus affording a temporary barrier between the inmates, and what in those days of primitive simplicity, especially to those so entirely secluded from society, was regarded with a reverence nearly approaching to awe, an ordained minister. By the quiet appearance of all around, it was evident that no bridal party had as yet assembled, but he was confirmed in his conjecture as respected the identity of the house by hearing a voice say in a very loud

whisper,—“do look quick, Hetty, before the minister knocks, and see if my cap is put on right, and if the corner of my handkerchief is even. Did you mind what a nice suit of black broadcloth he has got on?—and his neck-cloth, did you see that? The driven snow was never a mite whiter, and I will warrant you that it is twice as fine as this best lawn handkerchief of mine.”

The whisper in which Hetty replied being less sonorous than that of her companion, he could not hear what she said, but hoping by that time the cap was satisfactorily adjusted, he ventured to knock. He was immediately bid to enter, which he did in season to catch a glimpse of Hetty escaping to the adjoining apartment, whose courage had failed at the trying moment. Mrs. Platts, the bridegroom's mother, a comely matron of fifty, dressed in a brown silk gown which she had worn at her own wedding, and a stiffly starched cap, with the border nicely crimped, handed him one of the flag-bottomed chairs, and requested him to be seated.

The floor was very white, and the moist sand had been recently strewn on in such a manner as to bear, in shape, some resemblance to medalions more or less regular. In a corner stood a low bed enclosed with green stuff curtains, and near by a chest of drawers that reached quite to the ceiling. Two peacock feathers drooped gracefully over the small looking-glass, and a comb-case made of some gay colored paper hung beneath it.

The good woman, after several attempts to clear her throat, for the words stuck in it like Macbeth's amen, succeeded in saying—“it is a very pleasant day, sir.”

“Remarkably so,” he replied, and as he was naturally rather sociably inclined, and had the happy talent of making persons of whatever class feel easy in his presence, to her great surprise, as she afterward said, she soon found herself talking with him just as if he had not been a minister.

Hetty listened with as much surprise as was experienced by Mrs. Platts, and finding that he was far from being the stiff, solemn personage that she supposed every minister must be, soon glided in a very noiseless and unobtrusive manner into the room, looking far too demure to be guilty of playing off those coquettish airs in favor of the school-master, of which she had been accused. If any one, however, had looked steadily into her bright eyes, a world of roguish mirth might have been detected in their sunny depths, ready to flash forth on the first provocation.

Mrs. Platts' brown silk gown was a kind of heir-loom, having originally belonged to her

great grandmother, and what wonderfully enhanced its value in the estimation of its present owner was, it was purchased in the great city of London. But for Hetty a silk wedding dress was not for a moment to be thought of, as it could not have been obtained short of the sacrifice of every web of cloth that had been woven in the house for a twelvemonth. She was, therefore, obliged to content herself with one of her own manufacture, consisting of linen, which, though it must be confessed, was somewhat coarser than the muslin fabrics from the India looms, was fully equal to them in whiteness, and was relieved by some delicate stripes of light blue.

"Hetty," said Mrs. Platts, having under pretence of putting something in place, rose and approached the chair where she sat, "it is high time, according to the sun, for Sam Thurlow and Dolly Chase to be here, and I guess I had better sound the horn to let Ben and David know that the minister has come—don't you think I had?"

Hetty blushed and cast a sidelong glance at Mr. Lyndhurst, her natural bashfulness scarcely conquering the inclination she felt to laugh at the entire faith which Mrs. Platts appeared to have in the efficacy of her loud and sonorous whisper to conceal from him what she intended for a private consultation.

"Don't you hear, Hetty?" said Mrs. Platts, placing her lips close to the damsel's ear, and repeating what she had said.

"I don't know," replied Hetty, "whether you had better sound it or not."

"Well, I know if you don't," said she somewhat indignantly, "for the turkey and pudding will both be done too much if we wait much longer," and passing briskly into the kitchen, she in a very emphatic manner took the tin horn from its peg, and going to a window blew two or three notes so loud and ringing as to wake the echoes sleeping amid the distant hills, and to cause the young clergyman to start involuntarily from his chair. From five to ten minutes had elapsed, when Mrs. Platts, looking out of the window, said—"I can see Ben and David coming, and two more with them. Look out, Hetty, and see if you know who they are."

"Jonathan and Daniel Shaw, David's brothers, I believe," replied Hetty.

It was not long before Mr. Lyndhurst could see the young men from the place where he sat. The two forward ones had each an axe on his shoulder, in one of whom he recognized him, who the day preceding had called to engage his services. The other he at once made up his mind was the bridegroom, for he was convinced

that neither of the others, though they had the advantage of being dressed in their Sunday clothes, would be at all to the taste of the handsome Hetty. Like his companions he was deeply bronzed by exposure to the summer sun, but his countenance was bolder and handsomer, and whenever he spoke a set of firm, even teeth covered with enamel of dazzling whiteness, imparted their own peculiar charm to his fine mouth. A mass of short, glossy curls of a rich, dark brown rested on the unbleached collar of his farmer's frock, and a pair of lively blue eyes that looked as if sunbeams were darting from them, were not without their agency in redeeming his features from that over bashful expression, which, with the exception of the messenger, was so conspicuous in those of the others, as to awaken a feeling of compassion in the breast of the young clergyman.

Having made their entrée at the back door, neither of them till young Platts and his fellow laborer had arrayed themselves in their best apparel, ventured to enter the "fore-room." When ten minutes afterward the bridegroom made his appearance, with David Shaw's two bashful brothers pressing close upon his steps, in order that he might serve as a partial screen, he acquitted himself extremely well, though he had lost a little of that natural freedom and grace perceptible in his appearance when hastening through the forest-paths with his axe on his shoulder.

David, who brought up the rear, and who was possessed of so much imperturbability as to prevent him from standing in awe even of a minister, accosted Mr. Lyndhurst as if he had been an old acquaintance, and shook hands with him very heartily.

"We did not reckon on your getting here before six o'clock," said young Platts, addressing Mr. Lyndhurst, "so we thought we would work till five, for if we don't improve every minute we shall hardly have time to get the timber out for a house, which we calculate to have ready to move into before winter."

Mr. Lyndhurst assured him that they were quite excusable, and commended their industry.

"There," said Mrs. Platts, who stood looking out at the door, "Sam and Dolly are coming at last, and I am sure I am glad. I thought," added she, turning to Mr. Lyndhurst, "that Hetty ought to have a girl near her own age at such a time, to talk with about her ribbons and curls, and all that kind of nonsense, so we sent for Dolly, who is the only young woman we are acquainted with who lives within twenty miles of here that is not married."

The horse which the young couple rode

betrayed his intimate acquaintance with the cart and plough, though his master took care to spur him to his briskest trot as they approached the house.

Dolly, a pretty brunette, who rode behind Sam on a pillion, nodded and winked to Hetty, who had gone out to welcome her as she dexterously slid from the horse, while her beau was preparing in a very solemn and deliberate manner to assist her in what he considered the most genteel style.

"La, what will the minister think to see you get off all alone," said he, vexed at having lost so good an opportunity of exhibiting his knowledge of politeness.

If Dolly heard him she made no reply, her attention being engrossed by Hetty, who was earnestly enquiring in a voice so low as not to be heard, if she had brought the breast-knot of blue ribbons she had promised her.

"Yes," replied Dolly, "it is safe in my pocket, done up in a piece of paper, and a white gauze handkerchief with it. Why, what a handsome piece of linen your gown is. I believe you have beat me"—and she held the skirts of their blue and white dresses together that they might compare them.

"Come girls," said Mrs. Platts, calling to them from the window—"you mustn't stand there talking all day. It is high time that Hetty was ready."

Hetty blushed, and they both slipped round to the back door and into her little bed-room, that they might arrange the gauze handkerchief and the blue ribbons.

"Oh, I am glad your white rose-bush is in bloom," said Dolly, as she caught sight of a spray full of buds and flowers that had insinuated itself into the room between the window-frame and coarse white curtain. And she continued,

"Here, let me put this one that is just blooming in the centre of your breast-knot, and this sprig with one rose and three buds I am going to fix in your hair. How bright your hair shines through the powder—it makes me think of gold with frost lying upon it."

"You lazy, idle creatures, what are you about so long?" said Mrs. Platts, whose rosy, good-natured face was at this moment thrust inside the bed-room door. "Come, you look full well enough both of you, and we are all tired of waiting."

Hetty and Dolly throwing into their countenances an expression of becoming sobriety, followed Mrs. Platts to the parlor.

The marriage ceremony was soon performed, which was followed by a short and appropriate prayer, after which Mrs. Platts and the bride,

assisted by Dolly, busied themselves in preparing supper. The minister who went out to breathe the fresh air and look at Hetty's vines and flowers, was soon accosted by young Platts.

"You thought rather strange, I guess," said he, "at not finding the customary fee enclosed in the certificate, but the truth is, I have not a cent of money in the world, and am in no way to get any. I shall not forget you, however, when harvest time comes. You see that the corn and turnips look pretty thrifty, and over yonder we have a large field of winter rye that looks complete. Mother and Hetty too, have a cheese-safe full of nice, new milk cheeses, which by that time will be dry enough to cut."

"The produce of your farm will be just such pay as I shall like," replied the young minister, "for by harvest time I hope to be so fortunate as to persuade some lady to commence house-keeping with me, who will make as charming and as good a wife as Mrs. Platts promises to be."

His companion seemed much pleased with this answer, and related with some pride the labor it had cost him to bring so much wild land into such good cultivation.

Soon afterward they were summoned to supper. Mr. Lyndhurst felt sure by the satisfied and somewhat bustling appearance of Mrs. Platts, that the turkey and pudding were done in such a manner that she felt no doubt as to the honor they would confer on her, as regarded her skill in the art of cookery.

The turkey was placed in the centre of the table, flanked on one side by the pudding, and on the other by a large loaf of warm, brown bread, the steam rising from each commingling in a cloud which shed a savory odor throughout the apartment. Instead of potatoes, which were scarcely known at that early period, was a large plate of turnips, boiled just enough to preserve their snowy whiteness and their sweet and pleasant flavor. Plates filled with slices of spongy rye bread, others with golden hued butter, and a saucer filled with honey, clear as amber, filled up the interstices; but there was no loaf of wedding-cake, nor did Hetty, although she had heard that there was such a thing, imagine it so essential as to feel annoyed at its absence.

Mr. Lyndhurst, after saying grace, finding all eyes for a moment expressively fastened upon the turkey, and then directed toward him, took it to be a mute invitation for him to carve. He, therefore, requested the privilege, which was most readily and thankfully granted. After some little trepidation and awkwardness on the part of the more timid portion of the company, occasioned by the presence of the minister, which manifested itself by the dropping of a few

knives and forks, and by such an unsteadiness of hand in conveying the food to the mouth that some of it was dropped in its passage, finding that his manner of eating did not essentially differ from their own, they took courage and addressed themselves more earnestly to the pleasant task of doing justice to the wholesome and plentiful fare.

The declining sunbeams were pouring their parting radiance over field and forest, and fringing with gold the purple and crimson clouds, when they rose from the table. It was of course too late for Mr. Lyndhurst to think of returning home that night, and Dolly Chase, after being urged by Mrs. Platts and Hetty to remain till morning, concluded to let her beau ride home by starlight without her company. As he was, however, considered the best proficient in psalmody of any one in that region, he was prevailed upon to remain long enough to assist in singing the "Indian Philosopher," which had just begun to come in vogue at weddings. His performance proved much to the edification of Mrs. Platts, as he not only beat time with both hands and one foot, but, to use her expression, "quavered when he sounded some particular notes in a very moving and pathetic manner."

The satisfaction and self-complacency afforded him by this exhibition of his musical talent was very seasonable, suffering as he was from the slight he had received from Dolly, by her declining to return home with him. During his solitary ride many an innocent bird was startled from its slumbers by his attempts to repeat some of the more brilliant "quaverings" that had so edified Mrs. Platts, in order that he might, now that his mind was calm and unruffled, have a more accurate idea of their effect. The result was even more satisfactory than he had anticipated, causing him, for his own delectation, to repeat many of the notes several times, and he was often afterward heard to say that he never enjoyed a ride so well in his life.

It was about three months after the wedding that Mr. Lyndhurst, who had just risen from the breakfast-table, at which a very beautiful blue eyed lady had presided, was told that a young man was at the door who wished to speak with him. He with much pleasure found that it was Benjamin Platts, whose loaded wagon stood opposite the house. Mr. Lyndhurst urged him to go in that he might introduce him to his wife, but he begged to be excused.

"I am not," said he, "exactly in trim to see a minister's lady, and have only called to leave a few bushels of rye, which proves to be white and nice; and mother and Hetty did not forget to send one of their best and largest cheeses."

Mr. Lyndhurst assured him that he was well pleased with both the grain and the cheese, and before his departure exacted from him a promise to bring his wife to make them a visit the first good sleighing.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY ELIZA S. BAXTER.

LOVELY and beautiful is this green earth!
Yes, joyful when the early Spring gives birth
To fairy flowers, and wakening glades again,
And tiny leaves, a budding infant train.
But ere Spring's loveliness again be here
My spirit will have done with hope and fear;
One of Eternity's unnumbered throng,
'Twill sink in wo or swell a seraph's song.
Oft have I held communion long and sweet,
When the pale moon and silent stars did greet
The sleeping earth, longing to pass away,
Like transient clouds at Summer's close of day.
But still my recreant memory wildly clings
To many a youthful hope, that sadly flings
A weight upon my scarcely beating heart,
So early doomed from life, and love, to part.
Nature hath charms so widely rich and rare,
Some welcome beauty greets me everywhere;
'Tis hard to part with all the heart hath prized
To pale Consumption to be sacrificed.
And yet 'tis sweet at Autumn's saddening close
To sink in death, our long, our last repose,
While Nature sighs a requiem o'er the grave,
And weeps the victim that she cannot save!
I fear it not, my spirit shall be free,
Though cold oblivion round my memory be,
And though my tomb, the world shall know it not—
In some dear hearts I shall not be forgot.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY CAROLINE E. WOOD.

THERE are glances that fall with a peace o'er the heart
Like dew on a flower at even:
There are voices that thrill with a music as soft
As the whisper of seraphs in Heaven.
There are words of pure passion, breathed holy and low
When the soul with deep feeling is shaken;
And the slumbering spirits, with tremulous thrill,
To its first gushing tenderness waken.
There are moments when shadows fall darkly and cold
O'er the fount of the heart's gushing gladness,
And the sweetness of memories once treasured and
loved
Is shrouded in gloom and in sadness.
When the sunlight and music is gone from our soul,
And we hear the sad whisper of sorrow;
How cheering to see through the clouds and the veil
A glimpse of a glorious morrow.
Oh! sweet to look forward, though be it through tears,
And amid the dim twilight of even
To behold breaking forth, in its pureness and peace,
The radiant sunshine of Heaven!

IF I WERE RICH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

"If I were rich, mother, how happy I should be."

These were the words of a young lad of sixteen, the child of respectable though not wealthy parents. He was about leaving school for a merchant's counting-room, and envying those of his richer classmates who were going to college, he uttered the words in our opening paragraph.

His mother smiled somewhat incredulously, but with unbounded affection on her first-born, and replied,

"And yet, Frederick, I doubt if you would be happier than you are now."

"What! not with houses, and carriages, and a country-seat, and as much money as I wished to spend? If I was rich I could go to college and travel in Europe!"

"You know Mr. Benson and his son—they are rich and have been to Europe: they have carriages and a country-seat, and yet do they seem happy?"

Frederick mused a moment: he did not like to own his mistake: at length he answered,

"No, they are not happy. I don't know a more peevish lad than James Benson. But then it is not so with every rich person."

"I did not say it was. But neither are all poor persons unhappy. I am sure your father and myself are happy."

"Oh! yes," replied the lad, and his whole face irradiated. "You are happy if any are so."

"Well, now, think a minute," said his mother, "there are the Parsons who are poor, yet they always seem happy, while the Johnsons, though rich, are miserable because they are not wealthier. If you will take the circle of our acquaintance, you will find that happiness, so far as we can judge, is pretty equally distributed among them; and that quite as many who are poor appear happy, as those who are rich. After all, it is a contented spirit, and not money, which brings happiness. The rich man has his troubles as well as the poor man. All are equally dissatisfied, because all have superiors whom they envy. Dismiss then, my boy, this repining after wealth. Be satisfied with your lot, do your duty to your employer, and you will thus be happier than nine-tenths of your idle, rich friends. You will have food, raiment and the comforts of life, and they will have nothing more."

"I believe you are right," said Frederick, and he walked to the window and fell into a fit of deep thought.

On that very day and at that very hour, a young girl was sewing by the side of her mother, in an apartment, which though clean, bore perceptible marks of the straitened circumstances of the occupiers. Suddenly the young girl laid down her work wearily and sighed.

"I wish I was rich!" she said.

"Why, my dear?" said her mother, gently.

"Because then I would not have to sew all day; because then I could have a silk dress and give parties like Julia Hartley. You don't know how ashamed I was the last time I went to her house, and her brother Frederick came in and saw my poor old bonnet that I have had these three summers, when his sister has a new one every spring. I thought I should die with mortification. Oh! if I was as rich as they are I should be perfectly happy."

"And yet the Hartleys are by no means rich," said the mother; "Mr. Hartley is President of an Insurance Office, but his family lives up to his salary, and his boys will all have to work for a living."

"Yes! but they will be clerks and not mechanics; and Julia will marry some rich man, perhaps, and then how happy she will be. She will have plenty of servants, and a fine house, and such magnificent dresses, and nothing in the wide world to worry her."

"She may have the fine house and dresses, Emma, but I doubt her having nothing to worry her. She will, perhaps, like you worry herself because others have more money than herself, just as the washerwoman's daughter in the alley, I doubt not, worries herself because you are better off than she is."

"Do you think so?" said Emma, forcibly struck with this remark.

"I know it, my dear, for I overheard her one day myself. Nothing is more certain, my child, than that all persons of ill-regulated minds have this fertile source of unhappiness, and are continually making themselves miserable by vain longings after the wealth they see others possess."

Emma looked down abashed.

"And so you think I have an ill-regulated mind," she said.

"In this respect, I fear you have," replied her mother, "though I hope you will cure yourself, for if not you will never be happy, no matter what your success in life. It is a very general error in the young to believe that wealth is a panacea for trouble. But all classes have trouble pretty equally divided among them. Death and disaster respect no ranks."

"But surely there are many troubles that we have, which are unknown to rich people,"

interrupted Emma, as if she had detected a flaw in her mother's argument. "They never have to deny themselves a better dress, they never want money to pay rent—oh! they have not half the trouble we have."

"They may not have exactly the same kind, but they have quite as many troubles of a different character," said the mother. "They do not have to work for a livelihood, but they are often wearied to death for something to do. To kill time they engage in parties, go to the springs, and ride about in their carriages making calls. Now this seems very pleasant to you, but if you had to do these things every day, you would get heartily tired. What is a recreation to you is a task to them."

Emma seemed to ponder on these words: she had never thought of the subject in her life before. Her mother continued,

"Do you remember the month you spent with your rich aunt in New York? Was she happy?"

"No, no. She looked always so peevish and out of health."

"And was her sister happy?"

"No; they were both as unhappy as they could be, and hated each other heartily. One was always striving to out-do the other, and in the rivalry the worst feelings of the heart were continually excited. Every day they became more soured toward each other."

"And that is the way, not only with them, but with hundreds of the rich. Having nothing else to think of, they spend their time in rivaling each other in show and expense. My dear child, the true secret of happiness is occupation. Your idle person is always miserable. Do your duty, in whatever station of life you are placed, and you will be happy. Repine for fancied blessings and you will always be miserable; for, like the mirage in the desert, of which you read last night, they always flee before you."

Neither Frederick Hartley nor Emma Morris forgot the lessons of their excellent mothers. They grew up contented, and therefore happy; and being happy were always pleasant and good humored. It came at last to be said that they were the two best tempered young persons in the place. Emma, without regular features, was still beautiful, for her cheerful disposition made her face always a smiling one. She had accordingly many suitors, but among all none prospered so well as Frederick, who was now in good business for himself. On the day of their marriage, Emma reminded her mother of the conversation they had held together years before and attributed all her happiness to it.

"I am now richer than I ever expected to be," she said, "and have for my husband one

whom I loved while yet a child. I have no doubt we shall be supremely happy; for we agree in all things. Like myself, Frederick believes that riches have little to do with felicity, and that even trouble flies when met manfully."

"With such views," replied her mother, "I have no fears for your happiness."

WE MET.

TO M. C. J. OF NEW YORK.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

We met when the lustre and glow of midsummer
Slept fresh as the Spring on the meadow and lea,
And the winds of July o'er the far-stretching valleys
Rose soft as the sweet song of birds in their glee.

Not a blight on the leaf, not a hue on the blossom
To whisper of Autumn, to tell of decay,
As each dew-spangled floweret threw open its bosom
To drink in the warmth of each lingering ray.

How light were our hearts, and our footsteps how
buoyant!

The song from the bough and the gush of the rill
No blither could be, as together we wandered
O'er the green sloping banks, by the wood and the
hill.

We stood where the young, and the fair, and the lovely
Had gone from their labors to rest 'neath the sod;
The dust to the dust whence it sprang in its beauty,
The soul to its fountain, the bosom of God.

And we thought it were meet, when the spirit away,
Should pass to its refuge of rest in the sky,
And its mansion all lonely, forsaken and dreary,
In the motionless slumbers of silence should lie,

Thus to rest where the breath of the spring with its
splendors

And beauties supernal might deck our repose;
And the lily enwreathed with a garland of glory,
Sweetly bend to the touch of each zephyr that blows.

But the message of sorrow has been to thy bosom
Since last by the wave of fair Schuylkill we stood;
Where wild vines were creeping and zephyrs were
sweeping

Above the repose of the loved and the good.

Oh, sweeter to me than a dream of the forest,
Or the slumbers of moonlight at eve on the hills;
Is the sound of a voice in a dream of my fancy
As each tone o'er the harp-strings of memory trills.

HOPE.

HOPE never dies, but up and onward looks,
And sees far off 'mid clouds and storm the prize:
Though disappointed, Hope no failure brooks,
But plumes its wings and soars to Paradise!

THE BRIDESMAID'S VISIT.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"So Miss Howard is coming at last!" exclaimed Dr. Kingston, as he entered the nursery where his wife sat as usual surrounded by her little family—"Henrietta, I wish you joy—it will quite brighten you up to have your friend with you once more."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kingston, with more animation than she had shown for a twelvemonth, "it will indeed be a great happiness. Dear Rose! she was always so attached to me—and Emily, how she doated upon her!"

"Upon me, mamma!" said Emily, the eldest daughter, "why, I never saw her in all my life!"

"You were not a year old, darling, when Miss Howard was here before, ten years ago. Ah!" said Mrs. Kingston with a deep drawn sigh—"she must be sadly altered now—then she was a beautiful creature, but beauty in this country fades so soon!"

"Soon indeed!" echoed her husband, as his eye rested upon the pale and care-worn face before him—"but I am sorry you reminded me of that, Henrietta, for in my mind's eye she has always been the same bright and blooming Rose that she was when she parted from us, and I would fain keep up the delusion as long as I can."

"It could not have lasted long at any rate," said Mrs. Kingston. "She leaves home to-day and will be with us on Thursday evening."

"Is Miss Howard old, mamma?" asked Emily.

"She certainly is not young, my dear; she was my bridesmaid, and I have been married nearly twelve years. I declare, George," said Mrs. Kingston, turning to her husband, "Rose must be thirty—quite an old maid—and such a belle as she has always been!"

"An old maid!" exclaimed Emily,—"I hate old maids, they are always so cross and ugly."

"Be quiet, Emily," said Dr. Kingston impatiently. "And you, Henrietta, for pity's sake, until we see what Rose Howard is—let us think her the lovely creature that she was. In character at least she is unchanged—her letters plainly show that the gay, warm-hearted girl is now a bright, intellectual, affectionate woman."

"Sadder and wiser, I doubt not, with her ten years experience of life," said his wife.

"Wiser, I grant, but at sadder I demur—no, no," added Dr. Kingston, smiling as he dwelt upon the lovely image his memory so vividly recalled, "it must be heart sorrow indeed that could drive the gladness from that joyous spirit and animated face, and from such I believe Miss

Howard has been happily exempt—favorite of nature and of fortune as she is."

"How can you possibly tell that, my dear? She may have had heart sorrows enough for all that we know. She has refused a great many excellent offers, and there must be some good reason for a girl's doing that—besides, her father lost nearly half his fortune during the hard times; her mother's health is often delicate; and her sister's two children died of scarlet fever. If that is not trouble I don't know what is. I am sure, now I think of it, that we shall see dear Rose very much changed indeed."

"Well, wife, if you will look as usual upon the dark side I cannot help it. Rose Howard is associated in my mind with some of the happiest hours of my life. Never shall I forget how exquisitely her graceful form and Hebe face contrasted with your Juno-like and stately one as she stood beside you at our wedding—she such a dazzling blonde, you such a beautiful brunette—both so lovely and yet so unlike."

"And yet, George, you see how I am changed—broken all to pieces—and Rose's beauty was even of a more perishable nature than mine—entirely depending upon youth and health. Ah! it is but a fading flower at best, and my sweet Rose has faded of course like others—still I long to see her."

"Well, if you go on talking in this style I shall not long to see her at all, so we will drop the subject; only, dear Henrietta, do try and wear a less anxious face while your friend is with you, or she will think I make you but a sorry husband."

Mrs. Kingston smiled sadly and said something about "being quite worn-out, fagged and jaded." As her husband knew this was a subject well nigh inexhaustible, he kissed his children, retreated to his office, and betook himself to his usual domestic solace—a cigar.

Twelve years before, Dr. Kingston, a talented and rising young physician, had led to the altar the beautiful, accomplished, well born and well bred Henrietta Shulook. Their marriage was the result of an affection of which the wear and tear of twelve years of married life had not diminished the strength; both had good sense, good temper, and excellent principles; they had prospered in the world, were blessed with lovely children, a handsome establishment and competent means—with all in fact that can render life desirable. But were they happy?—we shall see.

Comfortably lounging in his well-stuffed leather chair, his feet crossed on another before him, his eyes half closed and dreamily following the curling smoke from his cigar, Dr. Kingston rested his wearied frame from the fatigues of the day,

while his mind still dwelt upon the memories called forth by the recent conversation. He recalled the lingering suspense of his protracted courtship—his early struggles to overcome the barrier which limited means on both sides had interposed between him and the object of his love. He remembered how when all was dark and gloomy before him, and he well nigh despairing, the young and beautiful Rose Howard, the chosen friend and confidant of Henrietta, had still whispered to him of hope, had urged him to perseverance, and finally exulted in his success. He dwelt on her sparkling glance, her merry laugh, her blooming cheek, her bright intelligence, until she had almost appeared to stand beside him, and with her the gay and still more striking beauty he had worshipped with such passionate idolatry. But then, alas!

A change came o'er the spirit of his dream,

The lady of his love; oh! she was changed,

and with a sigh at the recollection of what *she* once was, came a faded, sickly hue over the other fair phantom of his imagination, and tired as he was, Dr. Kingston almost welcomed a professional summons which obliged him to shake off the uncomfortable feelings to which his reverie had given birth.

Thursday came, and all was ready for the expected guest. Mrs. Kingston, to whose pale cheek the excitement of the occasion had imparted a faint flush, had exchanged her morning wrapper for a handsome dress and tasteful French cape, and the children all in their best, were awaiting impatiently the arrival of the stranger. The anticipated hour came, passed, yet brought no Miss Howard; and by the time Dr. Kingston, after hurrying his visits reached home, he found his wife in a perfect fever of anxiety. Her ready imagination had conjured up all sorts of horrors—burst boilers, snake's heads, collision with other cars, fallings down precipices. Poor Rose crushed, bleeding, perishing without help; and her husband after vainly attempting to stem the torrent of self-imposed misery, was about quitting the room when a carriage rolled rapidly to the door.

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Mrs. Kingston, inexpressibly relieved, while the doctor ran down to the carriage. Among bonnets, and furs, and cloaks, he could at first only see the pretty little foot that was projected toward the step. Rose was busy taking leave of the friends who had escorted her and were to pursue their journey; but when she turned round, when the same radiant smile met his, when with the same ardent fleeting she darted past him up the steps exclaiming—"dear, dear, Henrietta, it is ten ages since I have seen you!" Dr. Kingston

repeated to himself, "ten ages!—to look at her one could scarcely believe it was ten days!"

"Beautiful as ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Kingston, when the bonnet and cloak thrown aside, Rose stood beside her in her closely fitting travelling dress—"let me look at you again," and she drew the blushing face toward her and parted the light brown ringlets upon the fair and open forehead of her friend. "Who could believe, Rose, that you are ten years older than when I saw you last?"

"Then do not believe it," said Rose laughing: "let us drop those ten tedious years. We single women have no such milestones as these," advancing toward the little ones who still stood shyly in the distance—"to remind use of the length of our journey. To think of this being my pet Emily! Till this moment, dear child, you have been a year old to me—there is my imagined Emily," she added, as the nurse entered the room with a lovely baby in her arms. "Ah, Henrietta, you are too happy in the possession of such priceless treasures!"

"Like other treasures, Rose, they bring many cares and anxieties," said Mrs. Kingston.

"True," replied Rose, who by this time had seated herself with the baby in her lap, while the other children following Emily's example had crowded round her—"but who can compare that with the happiness they bestow? Ah, you little rogue! stealing my watch already?—there then," and the watch and its rich ornaments were soon in their hands, Emily being appointed to guard it from injury. "They all look in perfect health," added Rose, "and are remarkably pretty."

"Yes, they *look* well enough," replied Mrs. Kingston, "but their constitutions are not strong. Emily is often complaining—sometimes I fear an affection of her spine, and Charles' lungs have been decidedly weak since the whooping cough."

"Don't look so concerned, my dear Miss Howard," said Dr. Kingston. "On the word of a physician both spine and lungs are perfectly sound. You have become acquainted with but part of a host of spectral diseases which haunt Henrietta continually."

The tone in which Dr. Kingston spoke jarred painfully on Rose's ear, who, turning to her friend and taking her hand, said—"and you, dear Henrietta, are quite well yourself? You look both paler and thinner than I had hoped to see you."

"Do not look at me, Rose," said Mrs. Kingston mournfully—"I am but the wreck of what I was. George will not listen to it, but I know well that my constitution is broken up—utterly ruined and gone!"

With a look almost of indignation Rose turned toward Dr. Kingston. He had risen from his seat to ring the bell, saying as he did so—"while entertaining Miss Howard with our family miseries, we must not forget that she has had a long journey and needs refreshment. Tea immediately," he added, as the servant entered, and then began to question Rose about her friends at home, and thus changed the conversation.

But in spite of all Dr. Kingston's efforts to make the evening pass pleasantly, Rose laid her head upon the pillow in the handsome chamber that had been so carefully prepared for her, with a feeling of depression about her heart that made her sigh bitterly—"what can it mean?" she thought. "Henrietta so dull and gloomy—her husband dissatisfied—yet who should be happy if they are not? Well, another of my bright illusions is dissipated—would that I were once more safe in my happy home!"

With the sunshine the shadow that last night had fallen over Rose's spirit was readily dispelled, she arose full of the happiness of being again with the friend from whom she had so long been separated; and the sight of the bright little faces that clustered round the breakfast-table, Mrs. Kingston's affectionate enquiries, and her husband's gay good morning, gave her a slight twinge of self-reproach for having entertained them for a moment. But alas! a long day spent in Mrs. Kingston's nursery convinced Rose of the reality of the evils she had suspected. To her clear discrimination it soon became distressingly apparent that her friend had, since they parted, suffered herself to dwindle down into a voluntary "slave of the ring," one whose mental vision never rises beyond the narrow circle of their own domestic cares, about all of which she indulged a painful, feverish anxiety, alike injurious to herself and to those whose welfare it was the great object of her life to promote.

"Do not go, dear Rose," said Mrs. Kingston, when at last weary of the constant demands of the children upon her attention, and the never ending recital of maternal trials and maternal apprehensions, she determined to seek a refuge in the drawing-room. "It is so great a pleasure to have you to talk to. There is no use of dressing for dinner—I never do it."

"Never dress for dinner!" exclaimed Rose in surprise—"you certainly do not dine with your husband in that costume?"

"Indeed I do, he never sees. Besides, what is the use of putting on a decent dress when the children are always pulling one to pieces?"

"But suppose any one should call to see you?" asked Rose.

"Oh, I never think of receiving company, they are glad enough to leave their cards—and the children go on so, that if I want to keep the house decent I must stay home and keep them all about me."

"But your husband?"

"He looks into the nursery now and then, but seldom takes a seat anywhere but in his office, where he can smoke his cigar in peace."

"But of course you dress and go down stairs in the evening, and then enjoy his company?"

"By the evening I am so tired and worn-out that I am glad to go to bed as soon as tea is over. Sometimes I lie down on the sofa in the dining-room and try to talk a little to George, but he never will stay there long, and is soon off to his beloved cigar."

"Well, I must dress at any rate," said Rose, as she made her escape from the room—"and this is married life!" she soliloquized. "Here is another phase in the ever varying round of minor miseries!—these are the devoted lovers who could scarcely live out of each other's sight! Heigh ho! I must try to mend matters a little or I shall die of the blues before a week is out. Poor Dr. Kingston, I pity him from my heart!"

"Henrietta," said Rose next morning when she found the same dull routine was to be pursued, "pray what is to become of me while you devote yourself to your children, and your husband to his cigars? In pure self-defence I shall have to lock myself in my room and study German."

"Nay, dear Rose, you can walk out and receive company, and visit as much as you please—I have no spirits for any of these things."

"What, by myself?—no, no, Henrietta, you must 'call spirits from the vasty deep,' for while I am your guest I am determined you shall be devoted to me. You can see enough of the children after I am gone. So mind," added Rose, turning to the little ones—"if you are good children and will stay contentedly with Martha while mamma goes out with me, I will give you some pretty playthings now, and some still prettier when I go away. Will you promise?"

The promise was given, the playthings bestowed, and after a pleasant walk which both enjoyed greatly, Mrs. Kingston and her friend, both becomingly dressed, awaited her husband's return in the dining-room.

"Ah, this is something like," said the doctor when he entered. "I told you, Henrietta, that Miss Howard would brighten you up—why you look a year younger already. Oh, Miss Howard, if you only knew how I hate that eternal wrapper!"—and the dinner hour passed away most pleasantly to all.

"Have you quite given up your music?" asked Rose in the evening as she opened the piano-forte, and ran her fingers over its keys to see that it was in tune.

"My dear Rose, what a question!—what time have I for music? But pray, give us some. I had the piano tuned on purpose for you."

"Let us try this duet together—one of your old favorites, doctor."

"Nay, Rose, I could not raise a note if my life depended on it—my chest is so very weak."

"You can try at least," said Rose, commencing the symphony—"come begin," and to her own infinite surprise Mrs. Kingston did actually join her own soft notes to the rich volume of her friend's voice, and encouraged by the delight expressed by her husband, she attempted song after song, her voice growing fuller and stronger as she proceeded.

There was no talk of either the office or the cigar that evening. To music succeeded gay and animated conversation. Rose's brightness seemed perfectly infectious—and when at last the baby cried, and Mrs. Kingston was summoned to the nursery, she exclaimed in surprise, "half past eleven!—who would believe it? Ah, I shall suffer for this to-morrow."

But Rose did not allow her time to think of suffering on the morrow. Fully convinced that she had to "minister to a mind diseased," for Dr. Kingston had assured her that his wife's varied bodily ailments existed only in her imagination, Rose hurried her friend through her usual domestic avocations, during which while lending her efficient aid she beguiled the time with cheerful talk, and then led her among her friends, who thronged to see the beautiful and accomplished stranger, whose prominent position in the society of her native town was such that she was soon loaded with invitations and civilities.

As it was not, however, Rose's object to lead her friend into a dissipation foreign alike to her tastes and her duties, she did not urge her to accompany her to the scenes of gaiety in which she was so constantly invited, but accepted the kind offices of one of the many chaperons who proffered her their services, and then delighted the quiet little circle at home with her animated accounts of all she had witnessed. She wanted to see her friend happy in the sphere of duty which Providence had assigned her, and by developing the resources *there* within her reach, to restore the sunshine to her brow and calmness to her spirit. Until now Henrietta's children, and husband, and house had been sources of perpetual and corroding anxiety. A devoted but despairing mother, she feared disease and

death in every breeze, and was ever watching and waiting for evils that in all probability were never to happen. An affectionate but desponding wife, her society to the husband that loved her sincerely always brought depressing influences. A thorough and industrious housekeeper, she wearied and worried her servants with perpetual directions, that irritated and disheartened them in the performance of their necessary duties. Into these various departments Rose contrived to infuse a new spirit—one of trust, and confidence, and repose, thus proving to her friend that in each and all of them the "garment of praise" might be substituted for "the spirit of heaviness," with benefit incalculable both to herself and all within her influence.

"Henrietta has been quite another woman since you have been here," said Dr. Kingston to his guest one day, when her visit, which had been protracted beyond its promised length, was at last drawing to a close. "All her maladies have vanished, and she is younger, and prettier, and in better spirits than she has been for years. But I am afraid she will go back to her old ways when you leave her, and I shall again be gratified with the sight of the old wrapper, and the sound of her dismal complaints."

"If you expect so, so it will certainly be," said Rose laughing. "You are just as bad as Henrietta with your prophecies of evil. You can help it if you choose."

"How can I help it? God knows I would if I could."

"How?—by encouraging and animating, strengthening and supporting her as a good husband should—by cherishing her, in short, as I heard you solemnly promise to do. Henrietta is most earnestly desirous of performing her duties, but they oppress and burden her, and she has not the inherent strength and natural buoyancy of spirit that will enable her to rise above it. It should be your endeavor to try and impart this. Instead of ensconcing yourself in your office and taking to your cigar, talk cheerfully to her, and try to lead her out of herself, or read her improving books, and encourage her to read them herself, and to cultivate the many delightful talents with which heaven has endowed her. As to the wrapper of which you have so just a horror," added Rose laughing, "I promise you she will not be anxious to return to that if you would now and then pay her a few of the compliments on her appearance you used to be so profuse of in old times. Flattery goes a great way with us women—but this, husbands are apt to forget, though lovers do not fail to remember it."

"Ah, Miss Howard, you have had great experience with lovers, but I am afraid my poor example will make you more fearful than ever of trusting yourself with a husband. It is a thousand pities though—a wife like you would be a sunbeam in a house—would she not, Henrietta?" he added, giving his hand to his wife, who that moment joined them.

"A sunbeam indeed," said Mrs. Kingston, affectionately kissing Rose's cheek, "whether as wife or friend—but a sunbeam from whom I am going to extort a confession. Tell me, Rose, honestly—did you not last night either smile or cry—I don't know which, for I am sure I saw a few tears—a soft consent to Mr. Melbourne's suit? And if so, why in the world did you not bring it about before, for to my certain knowledge he fell in love with you years ago?"

Poor Rose!—she did not know whether to laugh or to cry now—so she did both, first laughing, and then throwing herself upon her friend's neck and weeping as if her heart would break.

"Ah, Henrietta!" she sobbed at last, "it is a long, long story—too long to tell you now. Mischief was made between us, and I thought he had quite forgotten me, but somehow I never could care for any one else—and—but it is all over now, and I am too, too happy."

"And is it possible, dear Rose, that with that calm brow and cheerful face you have all along had this trial weighing at your heart?—what would I not give for the secret of your philosophy!" sighed Mrs. Kingston.

"You shall have it in two words—submission and trust. In my darkest hours I looked upward and knew all would come right at last—and you see it is so."

"Angel!" murmured Dr. Kingston.

"Angel indeed!" echoed a voice beside him—it came from a handsome and distinguished looking man who had that moment entered—"and what is better *my* angel—my dear doctor, am I not an enviable man?"

Dr. Kingston's answer was a warm pressure of the hand, an ardent congratulation—and with a sly look at Rose he soon after followed his wife from the room. While the lovers are enjoying their tête-à-tête we will give the outlines of the "long story," to which our heroine had alluded.

It was in the early bloom of Rose Howard's beauty that she had won the heart of him who, after years of absence and alienation, now sat beside her, her accepted lover. He was then a proud, sensitive, imaginative and gifted youth, with no prospect of either fame or fortune, save that afforded by a strong reliance on his own

high natural endowments, joined to an industry and perseverance which had already won for him the highest honors his Alma Mater could bestow. It was when fresh from the seclusion of a college life—for he had remained at Cambridge until his legal studies were completed—that his ideal of grace and loveliness stood before him in the person of Rose Howard, the centre of a brilliant circle, courted by the great, wooed by the wealthy, and to all outward seeming, one little likely to select from among many other admirers the awkward, shy, and reserved student, so inferior to most of them in position, fortune, and the all important graces of address and manner.

Yet so it was. Rose saw "that within which passeth show," and was awaiting with trembling hope the acknowledgment of a passion, which, though betrayed by every look and tone, was as yet unspoken, when she found herself suddenly forsaken. Charles Melbourne had departed to reside in a distant metropolis, and she was left to mourn over the bright delusion she believed she had cherished. But though crushed and wounded, Rose's spirit was not broken. She bowed in meek submission as the waves of disappointment passed over her, and had risen, upheld by a strength superior to her own, to hope and happiness again. The cheek that for awhile had paled again grew bright, and in the wide sphere of social and domestic duty, in the cultivation of her talents and the elevation of her tastes, Rose was blessed herself, and a blessing to all around her.

Thus years passed away. Rose heard of her lover's growing fame, and rejoiced though she knew she could not share it. She had crushed and she thought extinguished the flame that once had burned so brightly—but it could not be re-illuminated at another shrine—and she had learned to look trustfully and hopefully down the solitary path of single life, when at a spot far distant from the home of either, she unexpectedly met her former lover.

His first look told Rose that she still was dear to him—but why his desertion?—why his subsequent silence? All had resulted from the malice of an envious rival belle, aided by a rejected suitor, who had driven the poor and sensitive lover almost to madness by their well forged tales of Rose's coquetry, her worldliness, and her indifference to himself.

But the impression on Charles Melbourne's heart had never been effaced. Fame and fortune now were his, and when Rose again stood before him, her youthful loveliness undimmed, he did not heed the distant reserve with which she endeavored to hide her emotion, but soon

told her *all*—with what success we already know.

Within a few days Rose bade adieu to her friends—but she again looked in upon them in the course of her bridal tour, and saw the success of her efforts to promote their happiness in the full, rounded cheek of the once pale and languid Mrs. Kingston, and in her husband's joyous face.

And to this hour, though years have passed away, both Rose and her friends and her devoted husband, have reason to thank heaven for the happy results of *the bridesmaid's visit*.

THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHERE the green leaves dance,
And zephyrs play;
And snow plumes glance
From woodland spray:
There I'll plume my wing,
And golden breast—
There, at eve, I'll sing
My young to rest!

O'er the desert lone;
Over surging floods—
Where the night winds moan
Through cocoa woods:
O'er tallest mountains
Tipped with snow;
By silvery fountains,
Away, I go!

Over trackless strands,
Sprinkled with bones;
Bleaching on sands,
In tropic zones;
Where the Pilgrim's sigh
Went up to heaven;
And the simoom by,
Rides, thunder driven.

Over islets green,
Where gayest blooms,
Silent—unseen,
Waste their perfumes;
On the bright beam
Of the soft moonlight;
Over mount and stream,
I wing my flight.

So does the poet's thought
On Fancy's wing;
Up from its prison caught,
Heavenward spring;
Soaring triumphant
Through realms untrod;
Bearing right onward
Up to its God!

RUTH GLEANING.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

RUTH was a woman of Moab. She had married one of the sons of Elimalech, who had left Judah on account of a famine and emigrated to Moab. In time both Elimalech and his sons died. His wife arose and set out to return to her own country. She kissed both her daughters-in-law and bade them farewell. The rest of the narrative we give in the touching and beautiful words of Holy Writ.

"And they lifted up their voice and wept again. And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clove unto her.

"And she said, 'Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods: return thou after thy sister-in-law.'

"And Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.'"

Accordingly, the sacred story narrates, Ruth followed Naomi into Judea. While gleaning in the fields of Boaz, a rich relative of her late husband, she attracted the attention of the owner of the field. He heard her story and was charmed by her modesty and grace, and eventually took her home to him as a wife.

The whole of this pathetic tale is told in a style of the most beautiful simplicity; and is, moreover, interesting as affording an excellent picture of the manners of the early inhabitants of Palestine.

Painters and poets have united to celebrate the story of Ruth. One of the most beautiful poems written on the subject is from the pen of the late Thomas Hood.

"She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light,
What had else been all too bright.

* * * * *
"‘Sure,’ I said, ‘heaven did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean:
Lay thy sheaf adown and come
Share my harvest and my home.’"

The picture which accompanies this number is the most beautiful of the many which have been painted on the subject.

THE CALUMNY.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

THE Count Morénos had everything that could make a man happy. He was rich, noble, and held a high post in the army. Moreover, he was married to the young Marié Antoinette, whose birth and fortune made her one of the most desirable matches in France. She joined to these advantages that of good sense, cultivated by the best education. She was beautiful; but she was so little vain on that account that she gave no occasion to those with fewer attractions to envy her. In a word Marié Antoinette was the delight of the society in which she lived. The count congratulated himself on the choice he had made; Marié Antoinette was no less satisfied with her's, and love and pleasure crowned their days.

Among those who frequented the house of the count, were two gentlemen, whom it is necessary to introduce to the reader. The first named Loropère, joined to the prerogatives of birth the possession of a very considerable fortune; but he gave into all the follies which could spring from these two advantages without possessing any of the qualities which make them valuable: he had, however, in presumption what he wanted in sense; and, although he knew nothing, he wished to decide on all subjects. Irregular in his conduct, he yet affected to appear more so than he was; he spoke ill of everybody, especially of women. The other was announced under the name of the Chevalier de Vernéy. He was in the bloom of youth, spirited, lively and complaisant; and of beauty, very rare in the male sex; to conclude, he had as many agreeable qualities as Loropère had defects. Both paid their *dévoirs* assiduously to the countess. Loropère, who believed himself in love with her, was not backward in telling her so; but she made a jest of his passion; notwithstanding it increased every day; and as he thought it impossible that the countess could be blind to merit such as his, he imagined he was superceded by some rival, to whom through want of taste she gave the preference.

His suspicions fell on the Chevalier de Vernéy. It is true the latter had so many graces in his behavior that she always gave him the most flattering reception; the attentions they paid each other did not go beyond what politeness might authorize. Things were in this state when the war which was declared in 1734 between France and Spain, obliged the count to set off to Flanders to join a body of troops of which he had the command. Loropère was

in the same circumstances; but the sentiments which he entertained for the countess making him wish not to leave her without having obtained some mark of her favor in return, he delayed his departure under various pretences, hoping that the absence of the count would be favorable for him.

But it happened quite contrary to his expectations; for Marié Antoinette, fatigued with his persecutions, and fearful of violating decorum in suffering, in the absence of her husband, the attentions of a man who had declared himself her lover, refused to receive him at her house. He was the more angry at this treatment because the chevalier, whom he looked upon as his rival, did not experience the same affront. If he had dared he would have challenged him. He was but little accustomed to arms, those of which he made use of were much surer; a stroke of slander would fully satisfy his revenge: he, therefore, prepared for his departure, and set off for the army. A few days after, the Chevalier de Vernéy having finished the business that detained him at Paris, left it without being informed either of the jealousy, or of the designs of Loropère.

As soon as the latter arrived at Flanders, he went to find the Count Morénos, and told him that he was too much his friend to hide from him the manner in which his wife lived during his absence, and that he had surprised her tête-à-tête with the chevalier, and that he had not the smallest doubt of the sentiments she had for him. He spoke to the count of her youth and beauty, and dwelt upon the many attractions of his rival, the chevalier, poisoning the mind of the count until fury and revenge succeeded to the most tender love. The count, feeling now assured of his wife's inconstancy, let the rest of the campaign pass without writing her, who knew not to what to attribute such strange inattention. The season, however, obliging the troops to go into winter quarters, Marié Antoinette flattered herself she should have an explanation with her husband, which would bring him back to his former sentiments, but the count, more irritated than ever, did not leave her the means of accomplishing her intention, for, on taking the road to Paris, he sent before him two confidential servants, who carried the countess a letter, in which he enjoined her to depart immediately for a castle he had at the distance of ninety miles from the city; and he charged his servants to execute his orders without any delay. His poor wife was ready to die with grief at this cruel command; she saw herself treated as a criminal, although she had nothing to reproach herself with: her virtue,

however, gave her strength to obey the will of her husband, unjust as she knew him to be; and without any explanation the unhappy countess was carried, like a felon, to her place of exile.

The count had been two months at Paris without making any attempt to divert his melancholy; he saw nobody but his own family, and occupied himself only with thinking of his misfortune, about which he kept a profound silence, when one day that he was absorbed in sorrow, they announced the Marquis de Gondrécourt, one of his relations who had been lately married at Bordeaux, and who came to present to him his wife. The count made the greatest efforts to hide the profound sorrow which had taken possession of his soul, and, on their asking to see the countess, he contented himself with saying she was in the country. On observing the bride he thought her features were not unknown to him, and he continued trying to recollect where he had seen her. She perceived the embarrassment he was in, and after amusing himself some time, said—

“I see your perplexity: you did not expect to find in me the Chevalier de Vernéy.” The marchioness was in reality the pretended chevalier, whose name brought him to the count’s memory; but yet he could not conceive this metamorphosis till the lady had acquainted him with her story. When scarcely twenty-two years of age, she had become a widow and mistress of an ample fortune. The Marquis de Gondrécourt, who was then at Bordeaux, found the means to please her and to engage her to form new bonds; but as it was necessary for the sake of decorum to leave a longer interval between the death of her husband and her marriage with the marquis, it was agreed that he should spend the time in making a journey to Paris, where his presence was indispensable for the arrangement of his affairs.

After his departure, the relations of the lady, disapproving this second marriage, resolved to profit by his absence and ruin him in the mind of his mistress. They spoke of him in the most injurious terms, they sought to disparage his birth, to blemish his reputation:—every day anonymous letters, addressed to the lady, charged the unfortunate marquis with some new crime: and they finished by informing her that he passed his time at Paris in sacrificing her to the most contemptible rivals. The young widow who had had sufficient strength of mind to disregard all the other crimes they had laid upon her unfortunate lover, was struck with this last information. She was lively and impetuous; and the idea of perfidy such as they had imputed to the marquis made her shudder,

but she had too much justice to decide against him before she was well assured of the truth; and she wished to owe to herself alone an éclaircissement on which depended the happiness of her life. After having, therefore, left the care of her house to an old governess who was in her confidence, she left Bordeaux accompanied by a female servant; and as soon as she arrived in Paris she assumed male attire, that she might the better observe her lover, and free herself from the strict decorum which a woman is justly obliged to maintain.

She placed so many spies about the marquis that he could not take a step of which she was not informed: she had even found means to know what passed in the interior of his house; but happily for him his conduct was irreproachable: and thus all the inquiries of his charming widow did but augment the esteem she had for him. As soon as she was well assured of his worth, she informed him that a gentleman wished to converse with him on a subject of the greatest importance. The marquis went directly to the place she had appointed; but although she tried at first to deceive him by a story she had invented, he knew her immediately in spite of her disguise. She then told him the reasons which had induced her to assume it, and did not conceal from him the effect which her inquiries had produced. The happy marquis now employed the most tender expressions to testify his gratitude for her unwavering constancy and love. How many imposed upon by a false report persecute virtue without having taken the least step to develop the truth! As the lady wished to remain some time longer in Paris and to continue incognito, the marquis advised her to preserve the dress she had taken; and it was he who had introduced her under the name of the Chevalier de Vernéy, at the house of Count Morénos.

It is easy to conceive the astonishment of the count at this recital. He shed at the same time tears of joy and grief. On the one side he saw the innocence of his wife: but on the other he had to reproach himself with all the afflictions she had endured. The marchioness was almost inconsolable for having been the cause of so unjust a persecution; and after having expressed her regret, it was agreed that her husband and herself, together with the count, should go together to deliver their noble prisoner. They departed the next morning, and arrived in the evening at the castle where the unfortunate countess was: whom they found in the most deplorable state. Notwithstanding her courage she had not strength to support the horrors of her situation; and life had become a weary

burden to her. For nearly a month she had scarcely taken nourishment, she had become so weak that her voice, once so sweet and melodious, gave utterance in almost inaudible whispers; her eyes continually drowned in tears, had lost their lustre; and the death-like paleness of her countenance seemed to announce that the end of her life and misfortunes was at hand.

When her husband presented himself before her, she knew not what to think of a visit so little expected; she feared that he came only to increase the vigor of his treatment; and she conjured him (calling heaven to witness her innocence) to spare her from further molestation. But the count penetrated with confusion, sorrow, and love, threw himself at her feet, and would not rise till she had promised to forget his injustice, and to restore to him her heart. *Marié Antoinette* had too generous a soul to resist these marks of sincere repentance: she collected the little strength that remained to embrace her husband, whose joy at this proof of her true attachment can better be imagined than described. The first ear of *Marié Antoinette* was to inform herself of the reasons which had induced her husband to treat her with so much unkindness. To satisfy her he related in brief the history of the pretended chevalier, who entering at this period, all further explanations were at an end. They were all sincerely grieved at the sad state in which they found the countess: but although borne down by grief and suffering, her health was insensibly re-established by the pains the count took to obliterate the remembrance of the afflictions he had caused her to endure. The report of this adventure being spread abroad, the contemptible *Loropère* became the talk of the public and the detestation of honest men: he was obliged to retire into the country to escape the reproaches he had to sustain, and which he had not as much courage to support as he before had baseness to deserve.

THE FAIRY ISLE.

BY E. P. TEN BROECK.

A FAIRY isle, like an emerald crest,
In beauty repos'd on the Ocean's breast,
And its shore was girt by the dashing spray,
Which glitter'd like gems in the sunny ray.
The tiny bell of each lovely flower
Was fragrant with nectar from Eden's bower;
And the gentle breeze floated softly by,
Like the murmur low of an infant's sigh.
The sea-nymphs, each in a pearly shell,
From the ocean-caves and the sea-bird's dell,
Their treasures brought, and a coral throne
By their handiwork in its grandeur shone.

THE LIGHT OF GRANADA.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"MOURN not, lady! Allah is good, and means it for the best."

As the female attendant thus spoke she lifted up her eyes to the lattice, and saw a spectacle without such as the world has rarely beheld.

It was the last day of Granada. Away to the south lay the mighty city, lifting its palaces in the sunlight, and shooting its gay minarets on high as proudly as in the noonday of its splendor. The vast camp of Ferdinand covered the brow of the adjacent hill, and reaching down into the valley held in its circuit the countless hosts of Spain. The regal canopy in the centre; the lordly pavilions of the nobles around; and the long line of knight's, and esquire's tents, stretching far away to the right, glittering with banners of every hue, formed a spectacle more gorgeous than any which had been seen since the host of the Crusaders sat down before the walls of Acre. It was a stirring sight—and one worthy of the day. The contest of centuries was over, and the Moslem sceptre broken in Spain. The last hold of the Saracen was about to be given up, and Boabdil, with his little court, to go forth exiles from their father's homes. There was song and gladness, and hymns of triumph in the Christian camp: there was woe, and sorrow, and the agony of despair within the walls of Granada.

It was in a stately mansion not far from the Alhambra, that a young Moorish maiden sat. Beautiful she was exceedingly, even for the daughters of Andalusia. She was leaning abstractedly upon her hand, and her rich dress floated carelessly around her voluptuous form; but it needed not the watchful eye of her attendant to see that her face was overcast with sadness, and a tear standing in her liquid eye. Well might it be!—for she was the last daughter of her princely race. Well might it be!—for tomorrow and Granada would be no more.

"Mourn not, lady," said her attendant, "Allah means it for the best. Let us find a home in that sunny clime I have heard thee say thy fathers came from, where the sun and stars smile forever, and the winds breathe a music like a *Houri's* lute?"

The maiden made no answer to these words, but wept uncontrollably.

"Now, may Allah forgive me!" said her companion, "that I should have so forgotten him. Thou art thinking, dear lady, of the gallant Christian knight who rescued us from the freebooters in the *Alpuxarras*? ah! would he were here. I fancy I see him now, spurring his

charger down the defile, his armor glancing in the moonlight, as he struck now here, now there, to save us from the outlaws. And I do remember how he guarded us to thy father's palace, and how, night after night, he would steal back to meet thee in the garden, while thou, though ever venturing to meet him, would tremble at the rustling of a leaf lest it should be thy stern, haughty father. But it is changed now, lady—my master is dead, and the noble cavalier too, or he would not have let this war have kept him from thee."

"No, no, he is living," said the maiden, glad in the extremity of her grief to find a confidant again even in her humble nurse, "he is in the Christian camp; but alas! he thinks no more of me. It was not a month ago that I heard he was to wed some beauty from the court of the Christian king. But why do I weep, the daughter of a line of princes? Say no more."

"Allah forbid—he will not so forget you," said the attendant. But her mistress put an end to her condolence, by waving her arm imperatively, and pointing though the lattice as the pioneers of the conquerors entering the city, appeared up the avenue. In another moment the glittering procession burst upon the sight.

Little as she had said, the maiden could not hide from herself that no one was so dear to her as the Spanish cavalier. When travelling among the Alpuxarras, a band of outlaws had made her and her attendants prisoners, and it was only the opportune arrival, and daring valor of the young knight which had rescued them from the freebooters. These feats of courtesy were not unusual in that gallant warfare, which, carried on for generations, terminated only in the fall of Granada.

The Christian knights, too, often visited in peace the palaces of their foes, and some of the noblest families of Spain draw their origin from unions resulting from these interchanges of courtesy. But the father of Selima, haughty and imperative, a bigoted follower of the Prophet, ever discouraged such acquaintances; and even when his daughter was brought back by Don Roderigo Pelayo to his arms, he received him with cold, and distant courtesy. But though he could command, it was no longer in Selima's power to obey. The noble bearing and refined delicacy of her preserver had filled her heart with sensations as delightful as they were strange. Nor had her almost regal beauty, and the fascination of her manners, wrought less effectively upon the chivalrous Don Roderigo. They loved. In spite of different faiths, and the stern haughtiness of Alama, they loved. There's was the spring-time of life, when passion overpowers

reflection—and many a stolen interview in the gardens of the palace, bore witness to the intensity of their love.

Meanwhile the Spanish king began that war against Granada which ended in its downfall. The Moors were worsted in almost every contest, the open country was deserted, and the father of Selima, among other nobles, removed to his city palace, determined to die there with his king. Why dwell on that siege? Brave men fell, and the indomitable Alama among the first.

That day which saw Selima fatherless had almost closed her existence, and in mourning over her parent she forgot, for a time, even her love. But soon came other thoughts. Message after message arrived from the camp of the besiegers, but none for her—she knew her father's death was known there, and rumor was busy with the gallant exploits of her lover, yet still she heard nothing from him, who once would have braved death for her. She could deceive herself no longer: she was forgotten. Oh! that moment of heart-breaking agony.

But her cup was not yet full. A month before, the prisoners brought in had told of the gallantry of Don Roderigo in a late encounter, and that to reward him for it the king had bestowed upon him the hand of Donna Inez, the proudest beauty, and wealthiest ward in the broad realm of Arragon. The whole court was ringing with the magnificent preparations for the bridal. It needed but this to destroy the last hope in Selima's bosom. He for whom she would have renounced father, country, faith, all, ay! had cast insultingly away the priceless gem. Yet she wept not. She was a princess, and the daughter of a line of princes. Till this day no one had seen her shed a tear; but with calm voice, yet quivering lip, she had that morning given orders to set out in the evening for the nearest sea-port on the Mediterranean. She was going she knew not whither; but what was country now to her!

"See!" said her nurse, "they are coming up the street. Hark! to the clang of the trumpets."

Never had the sun shone upon a more gorgeous display. Knights clad completely in steel, heralds covered with golden tabards, priests in surplices of every hue, nobles in all the rich costumes of the day, boys clad in robes of purest white and swinging incense from golden vases, bishops and archbishops bearing their croziers in their hands:—and amid a cortege of the proudest of their courts, the king and queen of Arragon and Castile advanced, the whole vast procession joining in a triumphal chaunt. At the high mosque they stopped,

and the monarchs, with their trains, heard the "*te Deum*" sung by the bishops of the realm.

Slowly again the procession came on, until it passed beneath the lattice of Selima. Yet her eye sought only one in that vast concourse. Knight and noble, archbishop and prince swept by with their gorgeous trains, and still she gazed in vain. At length the monarchs drew nigh, and Isabella, surrounded by the ladies of her court, was borne along on a palfrey covered with trappings of gold. But Selima saw it not. Her breath came quicker, for was it his well known plume she saw? With throbbing heart she ventured to look again through her lattice. Oh! how her very life-blood seemed to freeze as she beheld Don Roderigo himself, riding at the bridle rein of one of the ladies of the queen, and seeming by his attention to merit the favor with which the beauty evidently regarded him.

Had a basilisk that minute looked her in the face, Selima could not have gazed more intensely than she did. Faithless, perjured as was her lover, must he thus openly insult her with his desertion? As they passed beneath her lattice, the attending crowd from the camp recognized Don Roderigo, and a shout of welcome rent the skies. His companion turned upon him, and a smile of gratified pleasure lit up her beauteous face; such a smile as no one but a betrothed maiden would give her lover, and which called forth a look from him that could not be mistaken. It needed only this. A wild shriek rose above all the uproar of the crowd, telling in its every tone of the agony of a broken heart. In another moment Selima fell senseless to the floor.

When her attendants had, almost against hope, recovered her, the vast procession had disappeared, and a silence like that of the dead reigned in the deserted streets. With a faint smile she dismissed her servants, telling them to hasten the preparations for departure; and it was only when she found herself alone, that she sat down and giving way to her feelings, wept long and bitterly.

"He has forgotten, and despises me," she said. "In the day of my prosperity he loved, but now, in my distress, he turns away and seeks a bride among the rich and happy. God forgive him!—I shall not live to reproach him long."

So utter was her grief that she heard not the noise of an advancing horseman in the street. He stopped at the gate of the palace, but his step through the corridor fell not on her ear. He entered the room in which she sat, and yet, wrapt in her sorrow, she seemed insensible of his presence, until leaning over her form, he whispered,

"Selima."

Quick as lightning the maiden started to her feet, gazed wildly an instant on the intruder, and then with a burst of joy fell senseless into his outspread arms.

"Selima, look up—awake—speak, speak, my life"—passionately murmured the cavalier. But she moved not.

"My love, my all, speak," he continued, "I conjure you—one word."

"Roderigo—Roderigo—you are here at last," murmured the maiden.

"Here, oh! yes—but what! why fly from me?" he continued, as she suddenly broke from his embrace, and with averted head flew to the opposite side of the apartment.

The maiden looked at him a moment incredulously. Unbounded love and faith shone in those dark, expressive eyes. She gazed incredulously.

"Why?—are you not betrothed to Donna Inez?" said she.

"By the holy cross it is false," he said: "who told you this?"

"But did I not see you scarce two hours since riding by her palfrey? and—and—"

"Oh! that was my sister, dearest," said he, clasping the now unresisting maiden to his bosom.

"How strange is all this," she said, at last. "Every one said the king gave you Donna Inez to reward you for your valor. They even spoke of the bridal preparations."

"It is false, all false," he said. "The king indeed offered me her hand, but I refused it, and for your sake. The bridal preparations were for another, whom she had long loved, and on whom I persuaded the king to bestow her."

Her lover's apparent desertion was easily explained. The accidents of war had prevented his messages from reaching Selima, and he dared not send them openly lest he might be suspected of traitorous intentions.

Before a month Selima gave her hand to Don Roderigo, and became the fairest bride in Spain.

WE'LL LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

WE'LL love one another!—for life has no bliss
Which may not be sweetened by moments like this.
Tho' dark be the sorrow that darkens the day,
Thy whisper at ev'ning will drive it away!

We'll love one another!—whate'er may betide
Down life's rapid current we'll go side by side:
Thy hand in my own, and our looks on the sky,
Together we'll voyage, together we'll die! J.

THE HIDDEN HEART.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

"Is it not a hard case, Harry?"

"What, Ned?"

"This one arbitrary law of society, that men have the privilege of selecting a partner for life, and woman must take up with a chance offer, whether it suits her not, or bear the name of old maid."

"Another of your abstract speculations, Ned, unmarketable pity, and so forth—how many women, think you, would give up the privilege of coquetting, accepting or rejecting at pleasure, to be allowed to choose and propose themselves?"

"All of them."

"Then my idea of female delicacy is in error, as I will show you."

"Pshaw!—do you not suppose that women have their ways of signifying their affections, as it is?"

"No, delicate women have not."

"All do."

"Not so. Harry, shall I tell you a story?"

"Certainly, Ned, while I finish this one regalia we have left—is the story as good as the cigar?"

"Nothing extraordinary, a story of every day life, and one, by the way, not second-handed. You saw Fred Forrest in my company, I think?"

"Yes."

"And his wife?"

"I did, a splendid specimen of womankind if her eye and lip were anything."

"They are true tests of the heart, full, yet firm—I shall never get at the story. Fred and I had been schoolmates, and when we left college together, and afterward, kept up the old friendship. We were, in short, confidential friends, and some five years ago when we did up our first fashionable frolicking together as men, there were but few things we did not tell each other. It was at a wedding in — street, one night in February, 18—, that Fred and I found a new vision of loveliness. We came late, after the ceremony was about commencing, and it was not till at the conclusion of the ceremony the crowd in the marriage room began to disperse a little, that either of us had much opportunity of observing the faces in the rooms. Fred and I were taking our cursory first examination of all persons present before entering into conversation with any, and he asked me in a half jesting tone to point him out the belle of the evening. I ran my eye over the mingled assembly of pretty and plain faces for some

time, and was on the point of remarking that there was no striking face in the company, when I caught an accidental glance of a cloud of dark ringlets half hidden from the lamplights in the shade of a window. I moved a step forward and saw the face, and truly it is but seldom that so fair a glance from the upper heaven is seen on earth.

"I have tried many a time since then to form in words the description of that exquisite face, but I never could do it: I can only tell you that one of those finely chiselled faces that were found of old in the Greece of song, had been transplanted to — street that night. I have seen many lovely women before and since in this country and in foreign lands, but I have never seen her equal."

Harry smilingly interrupted his friend by saying,

"So, Ned, you are giving us one of your love scrapes instead of Fred Forrest's!"

"Not a bit of it, Harry, though I am not so sure that I should not have been, but for one characteristic of that face; *the lip was cold*, beautifully cut and with fulness enough to have warmed the heart of a stoic, but cold. I do not think you will understand me, I can scarcely tell what I mean to say, but I know that amid all that exquisite loveliness, there was a shadow of coldness over that beautiful mouth, and a touch of the same over the fine eye and splendid forehead. I did not fall in love with her, perhaps for that reason, but I had found the belle of the evening, and I pointed her out to Fred five minutes afterward as she sat with her heavy curls thrown back, looking up in the face of some one who stood at the side of her chair.

"It was a lightning flash with Fred, one of those quick, unaccountable kindlings of the human heart that have never been explained, and never will be. It seemed to me as I saw Fred's face that instant, that some unknown want had been supplied, some unknown vacuum in his spirit filled to overflowing. I never saw joy, perfect joy so plainly printed on the face of man in my life, he was gazing out his soul at that fair girl, and I had to recall him twice before he could command himself and leave the room. I could not bear to speak to him as I would have done at another time, and there was no word spoken between us, but I returned to the room a short time afterward, and he was sitting at her side.

"Fred, as you noticed if you looked at him closely, is not handsome, the features in repose are too massive, but when lit up by excitement, whether of pleasure or of pain, I never saw a more expressive face than his. His head, too, with the finest natural hair in the world,

was shaped exceedingly well, and would have attracted the notice of any one after a moment. He had struck off then some of the sparks of genius that have since become so common with him, and his name was beginning to be used frequently and favorably.

"Joining all these to his ready and fluent language, I was anxious to know the impression that his first night's acquaintance made upon Mina Heathering, and I noticed them more closely perhaps, myself unobserved, than might have been considered proper by either had they known it. For the first time since our acquaintance, Fred Forrest was uneasy. He struck off one by one, some of his best flashes, but his conversation was not well sustained, and it was very evident to me that he felt the disadvantage he labored under of being but a new acquaintance, when so many round him seemed on the best terms with his newly discovered divinity. His efforts to retain her attention were at times almost convulsive, and she, without a word that was not sweetly tuned and modulated, seemed strangely at her ease.

"She was evidently young, scarcely at the age of womanhood, and I thought it strange that so much self-possession should be so soon acquired. I spoke of her during the evening to more than one of my acquaintances, and found one character of her, that she was proud, very proud, though not wealthy, and cold as an icicle. Scarcely one but spoke of her with a hint that her first season had commenced with most unmistakable coquetry, and my own observations confirmed the idea, that she was one of the most exquisite marble statues in existence, but about as impracticable as the marble itself for real feeling.

"I pitied Fred, as I knew his excitable temperament, and the probability that he would pour out his affections like water where they would be taken up by the sands of the desert, and no fertile spot left by them.

"It was a week afterward before Fred ever spoke to me on the subject, although we were together almost every day, for I could not rally him on that subject, and he seemed to keep away from it studiously. On his return, however, from a ball about a week after his first meeting, he spoke to me for the first time of her. It was not, as I had anticipated, a lover's rhapsody that I heard, but some bitter complainings over the cold heartlessness of woman. He confessed to me that Mina Heathering had made an impression on him that no other woman could have done, and that, had she a heart, no form on earth could be so dear to him. But his ear had heard the same as mine, the oft repeated

stories of her coldness and coquetry, and worse than all, he told me that on the second night, as she was leaving the ball, he had heard her rallied on his devoted attention, to which she made a reply of impatience and disdain, that had settled his feelings toward her forever.

"I thought I knew Fred Forrest well enough to know that his high pride and strength of character would lead him to cast off any remains of admiration, and to be as indignant and cold to her as any one could wish. But it was not so, at least in his realm of fancy, for some two or three times during the year that followed, I saw the praises of that glorious beauty ably penned by Fred's hand, and given to the world in such a manner that many understood them.

"I saw no more of her for months, nor did Fred. I know that she was absent in the north for some time, and that rumors were afloat that she would not come back again, that she had been sought by a rich and high-minded man in the north, and was engaged to be married to him. I was glad it was so, as I saw no other means of curing Fred's infatuation. She had grown to be his passion flower, around whom he worked the most glorious threads of fancy, and whom he invested with every grace and beauty that falls to the lot of woman. Even the rumor of her engagement did not disenchant him, it only changed to a more melancholy tone those fanciful musings of his love-sick brain. I have never seen such devotion as Fred's, devotion that apparently did not look for reward, but found its pleasure in itself.

"She came back again, not married, and I heard denials that she had ever been engaged, but I knew the intimacy between her and Fred was not renewed, although she yet ruled in his realm of fancy. This had an end, however. I do not know that I was ever more surprised in my life than I was to see in a newspaper of the day, some lines of Fred's, written in a tone of passionate devotion to a woman, but not to her. There were many things in the article that told me it was a new flame, and I could not help congratulating him on his return to reason. He confessed, that though his admiration of Mina Heathering was not changed, yet that he loved another, and one that he believed returned his affection. I saw the second idol, and truly there was no trace of the coldness that spoiled the other's beauty. Not half so beautiful, but with a soul in every feature. I thought at last that Fred's heart had found its home.

"I saw no more of her, and but little of him, but I heard of them as supposed to be engaged, and Fred's passionate breathing in the poetic line convinced me that his heart was at work.

"In the winter of that year Fred followed her home to the west, and in three weeks returned with his second dream dispelled forever. I met him the next day after he came back, and I never saw a man so changed. He had evidently received a stunning blow, and lost half his faith in woman's truth. He told me his story, a brief one, that he found her engaged to a richer man, and had given up his last dream of woman. There was a strange look of pain in his eye as he told me, that having been convinced that a warm face had no truth in it, he was determined to see whether a cold face was not false on the other side, and meant to discover whether Mina Heathering had not a heart.

"I endeavored to dissuade him from his resolve, and told him that he was only laying up for himself a second blow, yet deeper than the first. His reply silenced me, and would have done so, had I known I could save him from death by speaking. It was, 'Ned is there no one on earth to love me!' and I said no more, though my heart bled for the pain he was preparing for himself.

"He visited her immediately from the beginning in spite of decided opposition from her family, and I heard of him as her declared lover, with a fair prospect of success. He seldom spoke of her to me, but some months after he began visiting her, when I was absent he wrote to me in one of his letters that he was 'trying to find out whether there was a heart in Mina Heathering or not,' and he added, 'with some chance of succeeding in finding one.'

"When I returned there was a rumor in circulation, that in spite of family opposition and many other influences, among which gold was conspicuous, Mina Heathering was to be the wife of Fred Forrest. I must confess I doubted this, and had many fears that she had been practising on the remains of Fred's heart in a very disreputable manner. My first glance at the face of Fred, when I saw him, convinced me that he had no suspicion of her truth, for he was changed again, looking as fine, as happy as ever—there was one line on his forehead, deep and heavy, that he told me one night had traced, but in all else he had gone back to be the same gay, sparkling, and yet warm-hearted and affectionate fellow as he was in times gone by.

"Nothing but a satisfied heart can change a man back, and I asked him with the sincerity of old whether he was satisfied now. He told me that he was, that he was assured of possessing all the affections of that fair girl, and felt that he was no longer living for nothing, though he added with a smile, 'that he was confident

Mina was not capable of the same warmth of love that his soul had sometimes demanded.' They were engaged, and Mina had left again for the north for the autumn.

"He told me that he was satisfied, but I doubted it, for I knew Fred Forrest too well to believe that he could be happy in possessing even all the affections of a cold-hearted woman, and I saw accidentally among some manuscript papers of his a poem, written after his engagement, that told how much he yearned after a deeper heart.

"Poor—I should say happy—Fred with all his brilliant talents and fine knowledge of human nature, he had been twice misled in his estimate of woman. But I am getting ahead of my story, the rest of which, by the way, I never knew till after their marriage, when Fred told me the whole, and Mina owned its truth.

"And how Fred found it out I will tell you. Some weeks after Mina's departure for the north, when Fred first made known his positive engagement to her mother, (by the way the one member of her family who favored the marriage,) Mrs. Heathering took the responsibility of revealing some things that even yet her daughter had left untold. Mrs. Heathering said that up to that time propriety would not allow her to reveal to her daughter's lover all that she knew, but a sincere desire that there should be no concealment between them from that time forward, led her to the step.

"And now, Harry, hear the miracle. Mina Heathering had loved Fred Forrest above any thing on earth from the evening she first met him, but would of her own accord have gone down to the grave before she would have owned it under any circumstances. Whether even after marriage she would have confessed all to him is to this day a doubt with me, but she did when she found it revealed without her, though I have reason to know that Mrs. Heathering stood more than one series of tender reproaches from her daughter for betraying her secret, as she called it.

"No less than three of the first offers in point of wealth and influence had been refused by her for his sake—one after she first met him, and did not know even that he thought of her—the second during the time that it was reported he was engaged to another—and the third one after his first visit, when she knew his heart but little in comparison.

"It is not necessary for me to say that there was no cloud between the hearts of Fred Forrest and Mina Heathering after that; and when I saw her standing at the altar as his bride, and beheld the looks of trusting love that dwelt upon his

face, I doubted no longer that her love for him, hidden as it was, had been long and true, for the full lip and proud eye had lost their shade of coldness, and she was what you saw her at her husband's side. Happy Fred, twice disappointed, but happy at last!"

The speaker ceased, and for a moment his friend was silent: then he said,

"But, Ned, was she not out of her place in nearly sacrificing her own happiness to her pride?"

"Harry, under the existing state of conventional society, ask yourself whether a proud woman could do otherwise, or whether you would wish her to."

Harry replied promptly,

"I say yes."

"I say no."

"And we shall never agree."

STANZAS.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

SHALL love no longer be our stay
Beyond the starless tomb?
Shall no sweet voices there attend
To guide us through its gloom?
Oh! can it be that when we die,
We must forever part,
And never, never meet again
The partners of our heart?
No! love survives the greedy tomb;
And like the soundless sea,
Will roll and roll, expanding wide,
Throughout Eternity!
'Tis love that cheers us here below;
It rules the realms above;
Love joins in one the angel choir;
And God himself is Love!

THE PENSIVE EYE.

BY C. W. HOLLINGSWORTH.

I LOVE to gaze upon thy face,
So softly tinged with care;
For in the pensive eye I trace
The heart that lingers there!
The eye that shines with laughter bright
May be to some more dear.
But give to me the softened light
That sheds its radiance here!
On those blue depths a shadow lies
As from an angel's wings.
A something given from the skies,
That sorrow only brings.

BEATRICE VERNON.

BY C. J. PETERSON.

"She was a vision of delight,
When first she beamed upon my sight:
A heavenly apparition——"

I DINED, the other day, with a retired sea-officer, who is as well known for his goodness of heart as for his wealth. After the ladies had retired, the conversation turned on the Tripolitan war.

"By the bye," said Captain Drew, for by this name I shall call my host, "it was at that time I won my wife. Have you heard the story? You will learn from it then that I have no cause to love the Tripolitan pirates."

I begged to hear the narrative, in which I was indulged.

"It was in the first years of the present century," said the captain, "that the outrages inflicted on our commerce by the Barbary powers, induced our government to send a squadron up the Mediterranean, in order to prevent such injuries by negotiation, or if necessary by force of arms. We had gone into one of the neutral ports to provision, and as it was a gay capital, our days were spent in a continual round of dissipation. One evening, however, I had been persuaded to attend a ball at the ambassador's, and the first object that met my sight on entering the room, was a being so dazzlingly beautiful as instantly to chain my attention. I was lost in admiration, and hearing that she was an American, sought and obtained an introduction. I had seen many beauties before, and had always escaped their fascination; but then there was a charm about Beatrice Vernon I found it in vain to resist. From the first moment we met her witchery began to take hold on me, and every hour I spent with her only increased the spell. She was not like the rest of her sex; her mind seemed of a purer, and sweeter nature: and yet she had a brilliancy in her conversational moments which enchanted all. But it was not these I admired. It was not her classic brow, and soft, melting blue eye; it was neither her faultless shape, nor her rich auburn tresses slumbering in gold. It was the gentle sweetness of her manners—the sure index of a pure and innocent young heart. I never entered her presence without an awe falling upon me, checking my usual audacity, and almost chaining me in silence. The words I would have uttered died upon my tongue; and I trembled before the being I adored. I could no longer conceal it from myself: I loved Beatrice; loved her with the ardor of a warm and generous heart; and loved her too in all the

holiness of a first passion. I believe that that early affection, re-awakening as it did my purer, better nature, was the instrument of my salvation. I resolved, from that moment, to be no longer as I had been.

"From the day I saw Beatrice, therefore, I was an altered being. In her presence I seemed to breathe a holier atmosphere—and when away that innocent smile attended me like a guardian angel. We met daily, and at first freely. But after awhile an embarrassment came over Beatrice which puzzled and confounded me. I saw my danger, I feared that my sentiments might not be reciprocated, yet, like the poor wretch in the magic circle, I could not break away from her presence. Meanwhile the winter passed. Our acquaintance was ripening into intimacy, and I was blinding my eyes daily more and more, when Mr. Vernon announced his determination to return to America in a ship then in port. It fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I was startled from my dream. Beatrice was soon to depart, and I might, perhaps, see her no more, or only as the bride of another. This thought was madness; yet I trembled to speak out. I was in an agony of doubt. Beatrice too seemed lately rather to shun my presence; her eye was ever longest in detecting, and her voice the last in welcoming me. There were other things in her conduct that puzzled me: but it was all because I could not understand her exquisite delicacy. The fear that a premature declaration might ruin all withheld me; while I dreaded that absence should be even more injurious to my hopes. In these circumstances, tortured by doubts, uncertain how to act, with a mind little short of phrenzied, I determined to leave every thing to chance, waited with beating heart some favorite opportunity, and at last saw Beatrice depart without daring to breathe my love. As she waved her handkerchief for an adieu, I seemed to awake as from a dream. Had I been able to speak to her that moment, I would have ventured all in one burning avowal of my love. But she was gone. We might never meet again. Overcome by my feelings, I leaned my head upon my hand, and wept like a very child. What boys does not love make of us!

"In a few days afterward we put to sea to resume our station. But I was a changed being. I strove to be gay—I found it impossible. My companions rallied me, but none knew my secret. The old commodore, however, who was a father to us all, had been a close friend of Mr. Vernon, had met me daily at his house, and suspected, I once or twice thought, my feelings. If so he maintained an inviolable secrecy.

"We had been out but a few days when, one

morning, amid the dim haze on the eastern horizon which the rising sun had not yet dissipated, the delicate tracery of a ship was seen with its thousand cob-web robes, faintly marked upon the fast reddening background. She seemed to be either an American or English vessel, of an exquisite rig, and running free before the wind. As we drew nearer she presented a beautiful spectacle. The delicacy of her hamper; the fine undulating lines of her hull; the gracefulness with which occasionally she bowed toward us; and above all the deep, glowing tints of the morning sky, as the sun rolled majestically upward from the horizon, bursting from the clouds that environed him, and shooting his golden light flickering along the billows, formed a scene such as I had rarely witnessed. For an instant I gazed on in silent delight; but at this moment we came suddenly by the wind, and I noticed with surprise that the stranger was not unaccompanied, but that a long, felucca-looking vessel, was sticking close under her quarter, in such a position as to have been hitherto effectually concealed from us. The low, rakish appearance of her companion, and the instant change in the course of the stranger which followed our own, awoke my suspicions at once. I turned to the first lieutenant at the very moment the look-out hailed,

"A sail on the quarter of the stranger."

"Was she in company?" shouted the officer; for by this time, the manoeuvre of the stranger had again hidden the felucca on her opposite quarter.

"She seemed like a tender, sir—"

"Did you see her, Mr. Drew?" he said, perceiving my anxiety to speak.

"Yes, sir—and I think her a corsair."

"Indeed!—and you're right," said he, adopting my suspicion, and then lifting his voice he shouted energetically, 'boatswain, pipe all hands to crowd sail after the stranger.'

"In a few minutes every rag of canvass was bellying in the wind, and we were approaching the suspicious stranger with a velocity that made us hope we should soon overtake her. In this, however, we were disappointed. No sooner did she perceive our intentions, than throwing off all disguise, she went away dead before us, crowding on every rag of canvass to the trucks; while the felucca on her thither quarter, hauling up between us and her consort, daringly fired a gun as we set our ensign, and run up in defiance the Barbary flag. The insult roused every man on board, until nothing was heard but wishes to overtake the pirates. The consciousness, moreover, that the stranger was her prize; that in all likelihood she was an American; and that her

whole crew would be condemned to the worst of slaveries, inflamed us with the most enthusiastic desire to avenge their wrongs, and chastise the arrogant Algerine. The men gathered forward in groups, scrutinizing the foe, or conversing with eager gestures; while many a compressed lip, and muttered execration, told of the indignation burning in their bosoms.

"Our noble ship appeared to partake of their honest warmth, dashing along as gallantly as a courser to the death. In less than half an hour we had gained so much upon the felucca, that a shot from our bow gun brought her huge lateen sail to the deck; and availing ourselves of our good fortune, we came up hand over hand, poured in a broadside amid deafening huzzas, and rounding across her bows, swept her decks with a storm of grape, that left scarcely a man alive at his station. Still, however, she kept her ensign doggedly flying. It was only when we had riddled her sides with another discharge, and she was obviously sinking, that her commander consented to haul down his flag. How was I astonished when I mounted her deck as boarding officer, to see in advance of the pirates, hastily released, to officiate as interpreter, the gentlemanly captain of the ship in which Beatrice had sailed. The truth flashed like lightning upon me. Good God! and was she in the hands of lawless pirates. I shuddered at the thought: a sickness came over me; I reeled, would have fallen, and staggered against the mast; but momentarily recovering myself, I rapidly interrogated the captain, learned to my horror that Beatrice and her family were in the other vessel, and turning my eyes in that direction found, that in our eagerness to overhaul the felucca, we had totally neglected the captured ship, so that, taking advantage of our carelessness, she had edged up to windward, and was already at an almost hopeless distance. Years have passed since then; but the emotions of that moment are still fresh in my memory. A despair, bordering on madness, took possession of me, giving a vigor and energy to my faculties, they had never felt before. I saw all depended on haste, and aware that the felucca was already sinking, instantly hurried our prisoners out of her, sprang into my boat, pulled wildly back to the frigate, rushed up to the commodore, and without pausing to breathe, informed him of what I had heard, concluding, by invoking him for the love of God, to rescue our countrymen. But the gray haired veteran needed no incentive. Snatching the trumpet in his hand, he thundered out, before my appeal had been half finished,

"All hands make sail—quarter master, up with her."

"Ay, ay, sir," growled the old sea-dog, as the gallant frigate danced to windward.

"He paused awhile, and then demanded,

"What does she make?"

"Twelve knots, sir!"

"A point more, quarter master!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"We are nearing her now, I think?"

"Rapidly, sir."

"Then keep her to it—and now, gentlemen, make up your minds for warm work. Away up here, where that haze hangs on the horizon, is the coast of Africa; and I know enough of these rascals to predict, that unless we overtake them before they reach it, they will fly to their boats, carry off their booty and prisoners, blow up their prize, and plunge our fellow countrymen into a lingering slavery." And as he spoke, turning momentarily away, he took his solitary station on the weather quarter.

"The prediction of the aged commodore doubly inflamed our impatience. Not a man on board but, in the progress of the chase, became wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement; and before the pursuit had been continued an hour, officers, landsmen, and weather-stained veterans vied with each other in the intensity of their feelings. It was still uncertain whether we should overtake the chase before she reached the coast; for though our velocity was almost incredible, it but little exceeded that of our opponent. She was beside already dangerously near to the land, and before we could hope to board her would be ashore. What were my feelings during these moments of suspense? Words cannot describe, nor imagination picture them. Hope and fear alternated rapidly in my bosom,—a thousand dreadful surmises followed each other in terrible succession. Now I trembled lest our approach should inflame the captors into desperation, and she, I loved so deeply, become the victim of their rage—and now I shuddered, as I saw how slowly we gained upon them, and that in all human probability, it would be in vain to hope for a rescue. These conflicting emotions, lacerating my bosom with anguish, presented a hopeless prospect upon either hand. But we were now approaching within range of shot, and at once a brisk, and well-aimed fire was opened upon the chase. My own feelings seemed to have taken possession of the crew; and not a shot but was sent with the precision of a rifle-ball. They burned to release their countrymen from a bondage worse than death. They knew that all depended upon disabling the foe; and as they grew warmer in their work, the balls told with unerring certainty, splintering a spar, or perforating a sail at every discharge. Still, however, nothing of

consequence had been shot away; but after some fifteen minutes firing a wild huzza rung through the frigate as the main-topmast of the chase went crackling over the side, bearing with it the royal, sky-sail, and a web of hamper, that clinging to the other rigging, dragged a wreck beside her, and brought her at once sharp around with her stern at right-angles to our broadside.

"Pour it in, my lads—we have her now—rake her fore and aft," shouted the commodore, on the instant springing on a gun to reconnoitre the chase. Our brave fellows needed no incentive. From stern to bow, along the whole deck, the fiery torrent burst forth, making the old hull shiver to her keelson; and when the thick smoke had curled away, we saw the ill-fated chase with nothing standing but a fragment of her foremast, rolling a wreck upon the waters. Yet, her obstinate captors, though their ensign had been shot away, hoisted another on a temporary staff, defying us to the last.

"The commodore, fearing the pirates would blow themselves up if the frigate approached nearer, ordered her hove-to, and said,

"Now, gentlemen, the time has come for warm work. Much as I wish, if possible, to rescue our fellow countrymen, a proper regard to the lives of my crew will not sanction a nearer approach of this frigate. We must attack with boats, and by volunteers."

"It took but a moment to obtain our volunteers, the boats were manned with inconceivable rapidity, we pushed from the frigate's side amid a roar of cheers, and, while an utter silence was maintained, our gallant crews bent to their oars, and we were urged through the water with the velocity of a falcon. The few moments of deep suspense, ensuing before we reached the chase, were spent in a hasty observation of our relative positions.

"The dismantled ship was lying nearly broadside on the shore, and not more than a mile and a half from the coast. At the distance of a few hundred yards from the land a ledge of rocks ran parallel with the continent, serving as a wall for the breakers to shiver upon, and affording a secure retreat within from their power. The land behind was unusually bold, rising into high, undulating, craggy bluffs. It seemed, however, totally deserted; without either houses, or other signs of inhabitants; and presenting all the wild and savage grandeur of an African coast. The whole scene around was animating in a high degree. Behind, to the left, the frigate was falling off again before the wind, her tall masts, fine tracery, and exquisitely moulded hull, showing gallantly against the morning sun. A few rods ahead the other boat was speeding swiftly along,

rising on the seas with a graceful, gentle heave—while still further in the van, the shapeless wreck, rolled heavily about, her ensign streaming from the stern, but without a single being visible on board, or any sign that her late conquerors remained to await our attack. This utter desertion boded no good to us, and would at any other time have cooled our ardor. But when I reflected upon the danger to which Beatrice was exposed—when I remembered that even now she might be calling vainly for help from the insults of some brutal barbarian, I clutched my sword, and prayed fervently that I might not be too late. Suddenly, however, I heard a piercing shriek—it was a voice that even in its agony I knew—and starting wildly up in the stern-sheets, I beheld a sight, which for a moment crushed all hope in my bosom.

"We were yet some distance from the dismantled ship, when its conquerors foresaw that if we reached them, our overpowering numbers would put an end to all successful resistance. Their only hope, therefore, was in flight—they could yet ensure a fair start—the shore was little more than a mile and a half distant—desperation would add sinews to their arms—and at least they would possess nearly as many advantages for a combat, as if they should remain on board. By this means too, they could secure the richest of their booty. But though unwilling to incommode themselves with prisoners, the extreme loveliness of Beatrice, made her a prize too valuable to be lost—and her wild, heart-broken shrieks, as they tore her from her parents, were the sounds which had arrested my attention.

"I shouted to the lieutenant what I beheld, and scarcely waiting for his expected order, dashed around the stern of the deserted wreck, at the same instant that he shot swiftly across her bow.

"Oh! my child—my child—for the love of heaven save my child," shrieked the agonized mother as we whirled past the quarter.

"Quicker—quicker," I shouted, rising and cheering on my men, 'a purse of gold if you overtake the fugitives—give way—give way.'

"And they did give way. I have seen men pulling for their lives from a battery, when the iron tempest fell around them like hail, but I never saw men pull as that crew. Eager as they were to behold their foe, they never even looked around, but steadily gazing astern, bent to their task, and drove us on like a hurricane. We were already, despite the exertions of the fugitives, rapidly approaching them, and their only hope was in reaching a narrow inlet almost dead ahead, that opening between the rocks which guarded the coast, afforded them the chance of a defensive position. To trust to

my companions would be useless, for we had left them some rods behind on the other quarter of the boat; and their utmost exertions would not be able to bring them up in time for the struggle. It was much the larger boat, hence my force was greatly inferior to that of our enemy—but I did not hesitate a moment. I felt I was myself a match in my present state of wild excitement, for any three of the barbarians. Not a moment was to be lost. Dreading lest we should open a fire of musketry upon them, the fellow in the stern-sheets of the fugitives had placed the insensible form of Beatrice in such a way as almost completely to shield himself and his crew. They were within a few strokes of the inlet—if they gained it they could defend it against ten times our number—a desperate effort was to be made or all would be in vain. Seizing a loaded musket, I pointed it toward the Turk at the bow oar, but my purpose was anticipated by the wretch behind, and I saw I could not fire without being the murderer of Beatrice. I took it from my shoulder with a half muttered execration. A desperation came over me: her death seemed inevitable on either hand: I resolved to venture all upon the cast. Again I lifted my musket: again I dropped it in despair. A taunting shout broke from the villain, for the bow was already within a few fathoms of the inlet, shooting like an arrow directly toward its mouth. I paused no longer, but raising my piece, aimed directly at the wretch himself. Self-preservation threw him an instant off his guard, and gave me the opportunity for which I had so ardently wished. The head of the foremost Turk was for an instant exposed. In that moment I was as cool, aye! cooler than I am now. My hand was like iron, as rapidly changing the direction of my piece I glanced along its glittering tube. I pulled the trigger, and the bow-oarsman fell dead across the thwart. In the same instant the boat, losing his aid, fell off a little, missed the inlet, jammed in the rocks, and I remember a wild huzza, a momentary flashing of fire arms, a crossing of blades in deadly strife, a fierce, wild struggle above the body of Beatrice, and a thrill of almost delirious joy, as the last fugitive leaped into the water, and I clasped the cold, inanimate, but yet breathing girl to my bosom. God knows! how grateful I was that we had come in time. A life time shall never efface that moment from my memory.

"The ardor of our men, however, had carried them along the rocks in pursuit of the enemy, and for a moment I found myself alone with Beatrice. She opened her eyes, and perceiving who it was that had preserved her, timidly

gazed into my face with a look, oh! how tender and grateful. A gleam of hope shot through my mind. I could refrain no longer. The pent-up emotions of my heart broke from all control, and a torrent of wild, incoherent words rushed forth. She made me no answer, but her fair head rested heavily upon my bosom. I pressed her hand: she did not withdraw it. It was scarcely a moment, and yet how delicious! Years were compressed into that instant: it contained the bliss of an existence. As she lay upon my breast, I impressed my first kiss upon her brow. She lifted her eyes chidingly to mine, but uttered no reproof. I felt from that moment that Beatrice was mine.

"I have nearly done. We returned to the wreck, took off the family of Beatrice, and regained the frigate. The ship was inspected, found to be little hulled, jury masts were rigged out, and she was carried into port with us to refit. As for the Algerines, you may guess how they were treated!

"The night after we landed I enjoyed an interview alone with Beatrice; and won again from the blushing girl, a confession of her love. It was a happy moment. She acknowledged—sweet angel!—that she had loved me all along—but that my conduct had deceived her into the belief it was unrequited. She resolved at once to conquer it, and avoided my presence as much as possible. Still, at times, she fancied she might be mistaken; and for a few days before they sailed, my conduct seemed to prove it. But then my silence—and cold, formal parting!

"Beatrice returned to America, whither I followed her at the end of our cruise, and enjoyed the happiest of days in calling her my bride. But I forget how I am talking; you would not have thought I was such an ardent lover, would you?"

ON MY COUSIN'S DEATH.

BY M. SHIVELEY.

THERE'S a doleful sound in the roaring wind,
Which sweeps thro' the leafless trees;
And a sadd'ning thought comes to my mind,
As I list to the wailing breeze.

'Tis a thought of the lovely things that fade,
And die when we prize them most;
'Tis a thought of one that is now with the dead,
A thought of the "loved and lost."

But I will not mourn, tho' the lonely tomb
Lies cold on her brow so bright:
For her soul is now where the angels bloom,
In their robes of spotless white.

ANNE BOLEYN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

AND now she was alone, the sweet, wayward Anne Boleyn—left to nourish her fancies and her love in the beautiful wilds that surrounded her father's castle in Kent. It was a contrast calculated to wear upon a heart restive and passionate as hers, this deep solitude, this still, uneventful country life compared thus abruptly with the bustle, glitter, and flatteries of Henry's court. At first this was not so. Her heart was full of Percy, full of confidence in his love, and in his strength of character. And she had a friend at court, the most powerful, the most kind. Had not Catharine herself promised that her union with Percy should yet take place, and with the king's consent? Catharine never broke her word.

So Anne Boleyn was not unhappy in her banishment. The country was very beautiful, for it was in the sweet prime of summer, and a genial season had given unusual luxuriance and depth of color to the scenery around Hever Castle, and this gratified her poetical imagination more deeply than the false magnificence of all Henry's court had ever done. Her warm heart was cast into pleasant shadow, as it were, by the love that filled it, and all the sweet things of nature tranquilized and gave earnestness to a passion that had hitherto been nourished too much upon excitement. There existed comparatively few books in those days, and though Anne's taste and genius led her to solitary pursuits almost unknown to the age, she neglected even the fine volumes that were in her possession. She loved to wander off into the beautiful solitude and think. The soft stream that gurgled and sung with the pebbles in its bed, the wild flowers bathing in its clear wave—the hazle bushes bending with green nuts, and the tall trees over head were as books of poetry to her. For three weeks she led a life of pure and delicious reverie. She lived in the woods, and fed upon the delicate fancies of her own glowing heart. Her very thoughts were poetry—her life a calm, holy dream. Her soul was tranquilized by the deep affections that had started up and flourished there like blossoms in a rich soil; the very intensity of her love for Percy rendered her secure. The idea that all these sweet well springs of hope could be broken up seemed so terrible that she could not even for an instant encourage the thought to enter her mind. The doubt that Percy could be induced to give her up—that never entered her imagination. She

knew that he loved her, and was not that enough!

Ah, how true and beautiful were these lovely manifestations of Anne Boleyn's nature at this time. She had no ambition—the creature so ambitious afterward. She never thought of Percy's fortune, or of his rank, it was above hers, and yet she cared nothing about the matter. But she thought of him day and night, she wondered where he was, if he ever doubted her faith, and how she would smile at the absurdity of such fancies—if he thought of her in that hot-bed court—that "cloth of God's atmosphere"—as she thought of him in the cool woods, while the soft leaves seemed whispering his name over head. And so, for three weeks, Anne Boleyn lived in a beautiful dream. They were the happiest three weeks of her life. After that her sister-in-law came down to Hever Castle. It seemed as if a serpent had crept into the bed of roses on which the young enthusiast had been sleeping so sweetly; from that time Anne became restless. Why had Percy remained away from her so long? He was at court free to go or come, so that sister-in-law said.

And what had Eleanor, the bride, been doing while Anne enjoyed her tranquil life at Hever Castle? Why had she left her husband to join his sister in that calm solitude?—was she too in love with nature? Did she come down to indulge in soft reveries of the man to whom she had just given herself? Alas—alas, the serpent when he trailed his slimy and glittering coils through the flowers of paradise, came with an object more pure than that for which this bride—so beautiful and so vile yet—was laboring.

Already had this fair young wife struck a pang to the heart of her noble husband—already had her name been whispered in the court with meaning smiles and expressive glances—those things that fall upon female reputation, like mildew upon a flower, staining it forever, and yet no one can tell whence or how the blight comes! Eleanor had been seen much with the king after her marriage. Twice she was detected coming from his closet stealthily, and as if fearful of being observed. They had ridden away from the hunt in company more than once, and the courtiers found them sitting on their horses beneath some spreading oak in deep conversation. At one time, the monarch and the bride lingered together in this position a whole hour. A huntsman stationed in a thicket near by, in order to turn the stag, watched them all the time. There was nothing of gallantry in Henry's manner, nothing of coquetry in hers—they conversed together earnestly, and as persons absorbed in no common object.

All these things gave rise to scandal in the court: such scandal as smiles and shrugs can put in circulation. The young husband at length become aware of the effects of this singular intimacy between his bride and the king. The result was that she went down to Hever Castle by his desire, the very course she had intended to pursue. His duties at court must be performed, and so the two young women were left together. Alone, except the household, for Sir Thomas Boleyn had been detained in London.

On the third day after Eleanor's arrival, the two young ladies had sauntered out together, taking a wooded path that led to a hamlet some half mile distant from the castle.

Eleanor had proposed to go forth, for it was near the sunset hour. The summer air was balmy with fragrance. The light summer clouds that had been floating over the sky all that calm day, were now taking a soft rose tinge, while their edges toward the west gleamed with pale gold. That mellow, purplish haze that deepens with the sun's decline, was already setting among the giant trees, and the wild flowers seemed falling to sleep in the turf over which they trod. It was a still, beautiful hour, but Anne Boleyn came forth to enjoy it with a reluctant and languid step. The few last days had found her dispirited and anxious. Eleanor had talked of Percy, of his position with the king, of the violent opposition to their union made both by the cardinal and Percy's father, the old Earl of Northumberland.

These topics, the doubts of her lover's constancy so repeatedly expressed by her sister-in-law, had their effect upon Anne's spirits. Percy had never written a line to her. She had only heard of him indirectly since her removal from court. These reflections rendered the hitherto confiding girl miserable. Her high spirit bowed with resentment against those who sought to separate her from her lover. She had not yet begun to doubt *him*, but that pang was now to kindle the fervor of her spirit.

They were walking together, as I have said, in the soft twilight. Eleanor had twined her arm around Anne's waist, and the silken folds of their robes, crimson and blue, contrasted richly together as they swept the thick turf. Anne's cheek was pale, and her step languid. Her spirits, naturally so fresh and sparkling, were terribly depressed, and she looked around upon the beautiful scenery with a heavy eye.

Eleanor was pale also; but hers was not the dull, heavy oppression of protracted care, casting a pallor upon the countenance. It was the whiteness that keen excitement gives the cheek,

while it kindles the eye and expands the forehead. She evidently strove to conquer the emotion that must have manifested itself to any one not pre-occupied with her own thoughts like the anxious young creature, around whose aching heart her arm was circling.

"Let not what I said this morning depress you thus, sweet sister," said the wily young creature, after casting a sharp glance over the scenery, and especially toward a hill at their left, around which a high road crept down to a wilderness of oaks which they were approaching. "It is true Lord Shrewsbury has brought his heiress to court, and Percy is often seen there in her company, but this may be only to temporize."

"Percy would *not* temporize: he is not one to use subterfuge!" cried Anne, and there was keen anguish in her voice. "He will take no half measures, but will act either *right* or *wrong* fearlessly."

"Then, perchance," said Eleanor, "he has yielded to the commands of the king, for surely I saw him not a week since in close conversation with the Lady Mary Talbot."

"And he has not written to me since I left the court!" said the poor girl inly—and tears started to her eyes, but she would not allow any one, even a sister, to witness her humiliation, for such Percy's conduct seemed to her sensitive heart. Conquering the bitter emotions that were almost choking her, she said with apparent calmness—"this all may be, but until Percy tells me with his own lips that he has proved traitor to the faith pledged to me—how solemnly you can hardly guess—Eleanor until his lips seal the treason of his heart, I will believe no ill of him."

"Not," said Eleanor, pausing as if reluctant to utter the painful truth that lingered on her lips—"not if he had danced with the Lady Mary—hunted with his hand upon her bridle rein—visited her father's mansion every day. Would not the certainty of acts like these shake your faith in his constancy?"

"And who asserts that these things are true?" cried the tortured girl, flinging off her companion's arm, and turning upon her like a gazelle when the arrow pierces it. "Who dares to say this of Henry Percy?"

"Nay, if you look at me thus," said Eleanor, "I have no more to say; the bearer of unpleasant news is sure to be reviled, as if anger could change the truth."

"Sister—sister, is this true?" cried Anne, in a tone of agony that made the person thus interrogated turn pale, for Anne laid her trembling hand on each shoulder, and pushing Eleanor a

pace from her, looked keenly in her face, though tears were in her own eyes, trembling there like water among the fires of a diamond. "Is this true? Did you, with your own eyes, see Henry Percy—my Henry, thus associated with Lord Shrewsbury's heiress?"

Cool, crafty, false as Eleanor was, she could not brave the searching question of those dark eyes, for intense feeling had turned them black as midnight. In spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned a dusky red settled around her own eyes—the lids dropped over them, and they sunk abashed to the earth, but it was only her eyes that quailed. The false lip was true to the base heart.

"I did see him with my own eyes, thus associated with Lord Shrewsbury's heiress!" she said in a voice that was intended to express wounded feeling.

An instant Anne stood with her hands pressed upon those shrinking shoulders, for the traitress could not choose but recoil as the falsehood left her heart. At first her hands trembled, then they became firm and fell downward.

"I do not believe it," was the low and steady words that fell from Anne Boleyn's lips, and without another word she passed on, leaving Eleanor petrified and astounded. For the moment her self-possession was utterly gone.

Anne had moved forward several yards before Eleanor could compose herself enough to decide how to act. Then she moved quickly forward again, stole her arm around Anne's waist, and said in the sweetest and most natural accents of wounded affection.

"You are excited, Anne: unhappiness and suspense have fretted your temper, or you would not wound the sister that loves you so with such harsh unbelief!"

"I am unhappy—suspicious, miserable," cried Anne, bursting into a passion of tears. "The sweet lady of heaven only knows how miserable!"

She looked up—started, dashed the tears from her eyes, and uttered a shriek that was almost a shout. She had seen a horseman coming over the opposite hill. She knew him in an instant. It was Lord Henry Percy. Hence the cry of wild joy that broke from her heart.

And now the poor girl grew faint. Her limbs shook, and Eleanor felt the heart against her own beating like a young eagle frightened in its nest.

"He is come—he is here, Eleanor, to gainsay that which you have told me!" she cried, while her wet cheek grew bright, and her eyes sparkled. "Here is here—is not that enough?"

Eleanor was pale as marble. The sight of Lord Percy seemed to have frightened away her

faculties. She allowed Anne to escape from her arm like a bird taking wing, and saw her dart forward along the path they were pursuing, till she was lost in the wood that stretched between the place where she stood and the hill which the horseman was descending.

"What can I do? If they meet before *he* comes all is lost," she cried, growing more and more excited as the horseman seemed to hasten his speed. That instant she saw another horseman lower down the hill, and just entering the skirts of the wood; a bend of the road had concealed him till then. The purple twilight was gathering thick around the traveller, but Eleanor knew him well. The color flew back to her face, and she laughed.

"He is here—he is ahead—they will meet first," she exclaimed unconsciously quite aloud. "Chance has arranged it better than I could have done, still I must not trust to chance."

Ascertaining the position of the horseman by another rapid glance, she moved an instant, and then struck into a neighboring path that led through the woods by a far shorter route than that which Anne had taken.

Breathless with delight, and wild as a bird returning to the nest from which it has been frightened, Anne Boleyn pursued her course along the forest path which intersected the highway just where the woods grew thickest in the rich soil. A small rivulet wound along the foot of the hill, and crossed the highway in a little dell overhung by dense oaks, through which the sun never came, even in the warmest day. Before Anne approached this spot the twilight had deepened in the foliage till it seemed almost like night. But she heeded it not. The sound of an approaching hoof fall, the knowledge that every sound brought her nearer to the beloved one, filled her whole being.

She had not reached the brooklet before a horseman emerged from the branches that overhung his path. He saw her, touched his horse with the spur, and it cleared the brook with a leap. A single bound brought him almost to her side. She saw him spring from the saddle. He was coming toward her. She had faltered a moment, but now her heart was full, her eyes dim with happy tears. She sprang forward and was clasped to his bosom.

Why was it that a thrill almost of disgust shot through the frame of that young creature? There was no word, no breath to cause it. But she was scarcely folded to the bosom on which she had cast herself when she struggled with a cold shudder to free herself from the arms that only sought to restrain her when she attempted to withdraw her form from their embrace.

But she was like a child in those strong arms. They girded her closer and closer, and a burning kiss was pressed upon her face.

Those were not Percy's lips. They had never met her brow with a touch so rude. Awed by respect, and rendered timid by the purity of true love, his lips had ever touched the snow of her forehead gently as the wind when it ruffles a water lily. She shrieked in absolute terror as that kiss fell upon her forehead, but her cry was smothered amid the lace and jewels of a strange bosom, and a voice that was not Percy's attempted to soothe her.

The sound of that voice gave an agony of strength to the young girl. She broke from him and staggered back, thrusting out her small shivering hands to keep him away. She trembled from head to foot, and her face was pale with affright, save one spot of burning red that glowed near the soft temple.

"The king!—the king!" was all her bewildered lips could utter.

Her voice of dismay so absolute, and the look of terror with which she shrunk back pace after pace as he advanced, threw even the bluff King Henry into confusion. He stood irresolute.

"Nay, sweetheart, this coldness, this repulse after walking so far to meet a guest who should not be unwelcome at Hever Castle seems a useless caprice. I saw you coming. Such kindness gave me brighter hopes," he said with a sort of awkward gallantry, for rough and pampered as he was, Henry could not flatter himself that the young creature who stood trembling before him with that look of wild astonishment in her eyes, was acting a part. He saw that her surprise, her repugnance was genuine, and it was this conviction that absorbed even his audacious spirit.

"My lord, my liege," stammered the young girl, casting a wild look around, as if hoping that some one would appear to shield her from his presence. "I was taken by surprise—I thought—I expected—I—I——"

A burning blush, visible even in the dim light, spread over her face and bosom. She faltered, covered her face with both hands, and seemed to shrink into half her size. How could she explain her conduct?—how acknowledge before the haughty monarch, who had power to grind her to the earth for the least disobedience of his orders, that she had mistaken him for another? and that other the very man whom he had forbidden her to see or think of again.

She stood before him cowering with shame, a blush burning over her from head to foot, and big tears flashing through her slender fringes to the earth.

"You thought, you supposed," said Henry, regarding her with one of those stern looks that make a blue eye in its anger so fiercely expressive.

"Fair mistress, if it was not Henry Tudor whom you came from Hever Castle to welcome—and whom you greeted with a warmth and kindness that made him forgetful of all cold forms of ceremony—if it was not the king to whom Mistress Anne rendered up her sweet lips——"

"No—no, I did not—I did not," cried the distressed young creature, interrupting him in an agony of bitter shame. "Have mercy upon me—be generous, great king—I am humbled to the dust by what has passed—let me return home—I am ill—very ill!"

Anne sunk upon her knees, for she had no power to stand: her forehead was almost bowed to the turf, and she drooped more and more forward, as if about to faint.

But the jealous spirit of King Henry was aroused. Her great distress only served to inflame it.

"Can it be—was it the stripling Harry Percy for whom a greeting so much warmer than his king might hope for, was intended?" he inquired sternly. "Speak, fair mistress, the king would know if his orders are trifled with! Has Harry Percy been at Hever Castle?"

"No, on my life—on my honor, no!" cried Anne, lifting her head and speaking with passionate earnestness.

Henry saw that she spoke the truth, but his jealous suspicions were not entirely dissipated: her astonishment, her look of repugnance on recognizing him, had been too natural for any self-deception on his part. Pampered as his vanity had been from the cradle, he could not delude himself into a belief that a maiden so beautiful and so proud could have met him unexpected and unannounced as he came, with such manifestations of tenderness. She had certainly mistaken him for some other person. But if this person were not the rival from whom his own power had separated her, who could it be?

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Henry stood before the trembling girl gazing down upon her, his face changing every instant, now with jealous doubt, now with admiration of her beauty, for she had half risen, and with one knee pressed upon the turf, remained motionless; her eyes drooping beneath their snowy lids, and the crimson fading softly from her neck and forehead. It was too dark for Henry to see all this, but every line of her lovely person was replete with a grace so exquisite that the purple twilight only rendered it more enchanting, like

the atmosphere which some of the old masters fling around their female figures in a picture. She lifted her eyes at last, for his silence terrified her afresh.

Henry was a coarse man, material, if the expression may be allowed, both in mind and body, but intellect and a most perfect appreciation of the beautiful existed in his nature like blush roses buried in the unseemly and rank weeds of a garden. He could appreciate refinement in another, and the want of it was a fault not to be forgiven with him. Was it strange then that the expression of that violet eye, so full of shame, terror and supplication, should have softened even his rough heart.

"Rise! Mistress Anne," he said, with a gentleness that rendered his voice—always rich and mellow—peculiarly encouraging. "Rise, sweet lady: it is not for beauty like yours to grovel at Harry Tudor's feet. There, that is right; shake off that pretty look of terror—though, ffaith, it becomes you much."

She stood up, but would not take the hand which Henry extended to aid her in rising. He noticed this, and again his fiery nature would have broken forth, but her eyes were turned full upon him with a look of proud resentment, and once more he attempted to soothe her by gentle words that were more than half belied by an air of imperious command, that no effort of his could conceal or even subdue.

"Have done with all this anger, sweetheart," he said, taking her hand in spite of her evident reluctance. "The king's lip honors where it touches." Anne drew back with an indignant gesture; she was beginning to feel her strength and courage revive, her first impulse was to turn and flee along the path which led to the castle. Perhaps she might have done so notwithstanding the king had declared himself her guest, but as she turned to go he seized her hand and grasped it hard, at first in anger, then he pressed it to his lips, but without releasing his clasp upon the slender fingers.

And now Anne Boleyn's proud spirit rose high within her, she attempted to withdraw her hand, but finding that beyond her power, turned her large eyes full upon the monarch, who, presuming on his station, had thus dared to force unwelcome homage upon her.

"My liege, if it so please you, let go my poor hand," she said with proud composure, in strong contrast with her previous demeanor. "As my father's guest, the monarch of England is welcome to my father's castle, but save in such courteous greeting as all strangers are entitled to, shall no man living retain Anne Boleyn's hand. I pray you release me, mighty sir."

Even Henry's air of lofty command was not more imposing than that of Anne Boleyn as she uttered these words. Still he did not yield to it, but stood gazing upon the spirited beauty of her face, enchanted even by the resentment that was directed against himself. He seemed to take a pleasure in kindling her warm and excitable nature, for instead of relinquishing her hand he pressed it again forcibly to his lips.

She ceased to struggle, and turned her eyes full upon him. A smile of irrepressible scorn curled the coral beauty of her lip.

"Is it only to prove his strength upon a helpless maiden that the monarch of England visits Hever Castle?" she said.

Henry dropped her hand, and a flash of shame deepened the ruddy color of his cheek.

"Will it please your grace to move forward," said Anne, looking coldly upon the hand that was crimson with the pressure of his strong fingers. "My father is absent, but expected home every moment!"

"And was it him—was it Sir Thomas you came forth to meet?" exclaimed the king. "I would give half my kingdom to think so!"

Anne Boleyn was not perfect, spite of her proud bearing she was depressed by a keen sense of shame. Her impetuous feelings had hurried her into an act which she had no power to palliate or explain, above all persons, to the king. She could not tell the truth without exciting his wrath against herself—that she could have endured—but against Percy, on whom it might fall even to the sacrifice of life. When Henry himself presented an excuse which promised to redeem her wounded delicacy and her love at once, she scarcely paused to think, but answered in a low voice.

"Great king, you have judged agright, I did expect my father—I—I——"

She paused, faltered, and could not go on, a pang of real self-degradation shot to her heart, and her face grew pale. The feelings that she endured were far too painful for blushes. The falsehood lay in her heart, not upon her cheek. To secure that stern monarch's respect she had sacrificed her own—oh, how unmeasurable the difference! A possibility existed that the truth might have redeemed her with him. But where was the excuse that she could offer to her soul for the first falsehood written upon its pure surface?

Again King Henry attempted to take her hand; his bright eyes sparkled with pleasure, and his full lips were turbulent with smiles.

"Is this true, gentle sweetheart? Nay, we were neither king nor gentleman to question it. St. George! but Sir Thomas shall have substan-

tial cause of thanks that his king has cheated him of the sweetest moment ever known to a monarch's life. For the one moment in which that blushing face was on Harry Tudor's bosom, beauteous Anne, your father shall be made a peer of the realm."

Anne shrunk back—had her falsehood borne this rich fruit already? She felt that it was entangling her in a thousand glittering links, which she would soon have no power to rend apart. She glanced at the king—his face was flushed and animated with pleasure, more terrible to her startled imagination than his blackest frown had been.

"Will it please your grace to proceed: the castle is yet half a mile distant, and night drawing on."

Henry smiled, stepped to look to the rivulet where his horse was cropping the rich turf: he disentangled the bridle rein of polished leather, heavy with gold embossments, from beneath the animal's hoofs, and throwing it over his arm, approached Anne again. His good humor was completely restored, and though Anne refused to take his disengaged arm, and walked gravely by his side, he exhibited no further manifestation of resentment, but strove with all his animated powers of pleasing—which few men possessed in greater perfection—to soothe and conciliate the proud beauty.

They had just emerged from the wood, and were entering an avenue that led to the castle when Eleanor came suddenly upon them. Her demeanor was strangely excited, fire flashed in her dark eyes, and a disagreeable expression, partly triumphant, partly malicious, now and then shot across her pale features. Had Anne been less painfully occupied she would have noticed that Eleanor exhibited none of those signs of surprise or discomposure which the sudden appearance of their kingly guest might reasonably have occasioned. She received Henry's greeting with a sort of shy restraint—bent her knee as if to render the usual homage, and when he graciously reached forth a hand to prevent the act, she lifted her eyes to his with an expression that must have placed Anne Boleyn on her guard had she been looking that way.

But now that the first excitement of meeting the king was over, Anne began to suffer from a keen sense of disappointment. She had been so confident that the horseman upon the hill was Lord Percy, that even now, when the king was by her side, she could hardly convince herself of the truth. Occupied with these thoughts, she scarcely heeded what was passing between Henry and her sister-in-law, but walked on silent and most unhappy. She had expected

Sir Thomas for several days, and her eyes were cast anxiously back more than once, in hopes that he might appear and relieve her from all the embarrassments that Henry's sudden arrival had brought. Thus anxious and miserable, Anne Boleyn entered the castle with her monarch visitor.

Since Eleanor's marriage with the heir of Hever Castle, she had taken upon herself much of the authority in Sir Thomas' household hitherto exercised by Anne Boleyn. Henry had expressed a desire to remain unknown during his visit, and it was by her arrangement that a repast, hastily prepared, but profuse with all the delicacies known at the castle, was served up late that evening in Anne's bower-room.

Anne had introduced a thousand graceful niceties, learned at the French court, into her father's household, and it was a relief when she could make her arrangements for the repast intended for her royal guest an excuse for leaving him. Thus, without the slightest effort, Eleanor and the king had several hours of private conversation before the delicious little supper was served up.

In everything Henry the Eighth was a sensualist and an epicure, it did not, therefore, detract from his enjoyment when that monarch sunk into a large velvet chair usually occupied by Anne Boleyn, and took his place at a little table crowded with trays of flagree silver, some brimming over with apricots and golden apples buried in wild flowers, others full of fresh nuts, all glowing richly among goblets of chased gold, fretted with jewels—tankards of the same precious metal, and the most beautiful silver plate, on which lay choice game of every description, exquisitely prepared, snow white bread, and that rare delicacy, a fresh sallad, scarcely known in England beyond the royal table.

It would have been difficult for Henry to have separated the most refined feeling of his soul from some sensual desire. Notwithstanding the violent passion that had brought him to Hever Castle, his appetite was marvelously good. His eye brightened as the covers were removed, allowing the rich savor of the dishes to ascend—not too powerfully—to his dilating nostrils. His lips grew more and more crimson with every draught of wine, and he toyed with the mellow apricots as they lay in the basket at his elbow, pressing his large, white fingers on their crimson cheeks, and sinking them deeper among the flowers long after his hunger had been satiated.

All this time Anne sat by his side, now pale with anxiety, now flushed with confusion, for his expressions of admiration took a more bold

and ardent tone from the wine he had drank. Eleanor sat at her end of the table, busy with a plate of fruit, and seemingly quite unconscious of those expressions that brought the blood so hotly into Anne Boleyn's cheek. After awhile she arose and glided from the room, bending her knee for an instant before the king, and murmuring in a low voice that she would return instantly. Anne cast an imploring glance after her. The light was centered over the table, but the astonished girl fancied that a smile hung mockingly on those beautiful lips as Eleanor passed out.

The moment they were alone, Henry wheeled his chair around and drew it close to the tapestry covered stool which Anne occupied. She had been growing paler and more anxious every moment, longing to follow her sister, but not daring to leave the king alone. She felt that Henry's eyes were upon her, and taking some of the blossoms from a fruit tray, bent her face over them to avoid his look. When he half arose and drew his chair nearer she found it impossible to repress her feelings, but started up dropping the blossoms over Henry's garments, and drew back into the recess of a window.

"Why do you avoid me thus, sweet mistress?" said the king. "Why withhold the courtesies to Henry Tudor which you would not grudge to the meanest guest at your father's castle? Is it because you see that which he has no longer the wish or power to conceal?—that he loves you better than his life, his kingdom!—better than his own soul!"

"Noble king," said Anne, with more than the dignity of a queen, "are these words said in the excitement which wine lends? If so I will forgive them, though offered to a daughter under the shelter of her father's roof. But I pray you degrade not your princely person by repeating them!"

"And wherefore not?" said Henry. "Is not the king's love a subject's glory? Why should Henry alone be deprived the privilege of admiring beauty, and adoring the sweet properties of mind which he finds here!"

"My lord I cannot listen to words like these—they wound—they humble me! An honorable name and a pure heart are all the dower I can ever bring a husband. I would rather die than lose them!"

"Nay, sweet Anne, reflect a little, and deal more gently with one who loves you so much that it would be his death to give up all hope," cried the king, growing more and more audacious now that Anne's proud and indignant air assured him that he was fully committed with her.

"Hope! mighty king! I do not understand how you can retain a shadow of hope," cried Anne, her beautiful form dilating, her eyes on fire, and her sweet lips proudly arched. "Your wife I cannot be!—my own unworthiness of the high honor forbids it. You have a queen already!—to me, therefore, words of love are but shame and insult!"

"Think not so, sweet imp. The king's love can neither bring insult or shame to its object. Nay, spite of this hot anger, I will not be repulsed."

"Sire," said Anne Boleyn, drawing proudly toward the door—"you are my father's guest, and I dare not say how cruel, how base all this seems to me. But once again I declare from the depths of my soul, these expressions of love are odious to me. I would rather perish at your feet than listen to them again!"

"Sweet tyrant—beautiful Anne, part not from me in this fierce anger!" pleaded Henry, following the indignant young creature to the door, and laying his jeweled hand upon the latch to prevent her egress. "Will nothing shake this proud resolution?"

"Nothing, great king—therefore I pray you let me pass."

"I can load your father with honors——"

"By loading his daughter with dishonor!" cried Anne, interrupting him with a burst of irrepressible scorn. "Take your grace's hand from the latch, I will pass through."

Henry drew his hand reluctantly from the latch, for the poor girl was trembling from head to foot with excitement, and he saw that nothing short of personal force could keep her in his presence another moment.

Anne opened the door and went out, leaving the royal suitor in a most unenviable state of mortification and disappointment. Still he was not thoroughly displeased, for, though unprincipled himself, he possessed a keen sense even of moral beauty, and there was something in Anne Boleyn's lofty scorn that excited a degree of respect for her character that deprived the repulse he had met of half its bitterness.

During the few hours which Henry spent at Hever Castle the next day, Anne refused to appear before him. He sent message after message by her sister-in-law. He wrote billets full of passionate entreaty, but all to no effect. She would not leave her chamber for a moment, and he rode from the castle about noon, baffled and angry, but more desperately in love than ever.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE PROSPECT FOR 1847.—As this volume approaches its end, our fair readers will doubtless begin to be curious about that for 1847. We can assure them a more splendid magazine has never been published, than the one we shall issue next year. The present number is, in part, an earnest of what we intend to do. We have in the engraver's hands a large number of mezzotints, some equal and many superior to "Ruth Gleaning." We have also a story of the "Old Dominion," now being illustrated at great expense with superb mezzotint engravings: this will appear next year and will be itself treble worth the subscription price!

In this number we give a new riding-dress, just come out: we shall always, in this way, keep our subscribers informed in advance. We shall, at due seasons, give children's dresses also. The fashion department is one we have always had the supremacy in, enjoying advantages not usual: *we shall still keep that supremacy at every cost!* To the professional mantua-maker our monthly chit-chat of fashions is invaluable.

Among other improvements shall be, a complete floral dictionary, giving the language of flowers as used in the East. A celebrated horticulturalist is also preparing a Horticultural Department for us, which will contain the habits of such plants as can be cultivated with success here, and directions for cultivating them. We shall continue publishing useful receipts whenever good new ones come to hand.

Several ladies of taste have regretted to us that there was no collection of the fugitive *gems* of poetry which occasionally appear in the newspapers. We shall, whenever we meet such hereafter, cull them out and when enough have been obtained, publish them under the title of "Waifs of Poetry." This will be a new treasure to lovers of good verse.

These are a part of our improvements for 1847. Others are not matured, but will be made manifest hereafter. The literary department will be improved, by obtaining every new author of merit: we already have on our list the best writers of domestic and historical tales. But we have one or two stories on hand whose appearance will make a sensation, especially when illustrated by a series of mezzotints, as under our new plan.

BAD SERVANTS.—The complaint against bad servants is so general in our large cities as scarcely to attract notice now a days. In many cases, there is no doubt, that the inefficiency of the mistress makes the servant bad. But we do not think this is the general rule. There is a false, but very common opinion prevalent that this mode of livelihood is disgraceful, and consequently few are willing to engage in it except those who cannot obtain employment otherwise. Now this is all wrong. No pursuit can be mean or vulgar which is honest. Besides, if a better class of girls were in the habit of going out, mistresses would be more generous and sympathizing; for nothing is more true than that a bad servant makes a bad mistress, and vice versa. In England, where it is not considered disgraceful to be a servant, or in our agricultural districts where there is no shame attached to the word "help," both the lady

of the house and the maid of all work perform the relative duties of their situation better than in our large cities.

The truth is that what few good girls are left, run danger of being spoiled by the example of the bad ones. In this manner excellent servants are continually rendered careless, or insolent, or both. In our large cities it takes but little time to persuade a "help" that she is imposed on and overworked, even where her mistress is really a good one; for it is the interest of bad servants to make all as bad as themselves. Major Noah, in his Messenger, tells an excellent anecdote illustrative of this. It is so good that we copy it, in order to give it circulation in the right quarter.

Recently a family advertised for a woman who could make herself generally useful; and among a number of applicants was an exceedingly prepossessing looking girl, neatly dressed, with a handsome open countenance and a ruddy complexion—a taking face, as we may call it. The lady said—

"You are an English girl, I believe?"

"Yes, ma'am—just arrived. Only, been in the city two days, have no acquaintance at all, and only wish to go to church Sunday afternoons."

"You have a recommendation, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am—a seven years' character, and a recommendation from our minister."

The documents being read, and all found genuine and satisfactory, the lady inquired what wages she would expect.

"Why, ma'am, the stewardess on board ship told me to ask seven dollars a month. I had in London nine pounds a year."

"Why, that is scarcely four dollars a month. Now, I am willing to give six dollars, provided you would suit me. Having lived so long in one place, you can remember what kind of work was required of you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; I was maid of all work."

"Indeed! Let me hear what was required of you?"

"Why, ma'am, I had to rise at six in the morning—light kitchen fire—kitchen to be swept; light drawing-room fire—grate to be thoroughly cleaned, fire-irons rubbed, drugget and rug to be shaken, carpet swept, and everything removed and thoroughly dusted; hot water to be taken up to the bed-rooms; breakfast-table to be laid, and knives to be cleaned; breakfast at eight o'clock, during which time passages to be cleaned and bell handle rubbed; breakfast things to be washed up—kitchen fire replenished with coal—steps of the door to be hearth-stoned—beds to be made, and red-rooms to be swept and dusted—slops to be emptied—washstands to be thoroughly wiped—stairs swept down and staircase dusted—lamp to be cleaned and trimmed—candlesticks cleaned. Lay dinner-table; during dinner, clean up kitchen—everything to be washed up and put in place—dress myself to take out the baby. Tea to be ready; after tea slops to be emptied and bed turned down—baby to be washed and put to bed. Supper at ten o'clock, everything to be washed up before going to bed. Then, ma'am, on Monday two bed-rooms to be swept and scoured, walls dusted, and grate and fire-irons cleaned. Tuesday, water closet to be well washed out, and all the washing to be done. Wednesday, clean one bed-room, passage and stairs. Thursday, drawing-room to be well swept with tea leaves, walls dusted, grate and fire-irons well cleaned, marble and table-covers and outside windows to be well washed with soap and water, and every blind to be removed and dusted, and ironing to be done. Friday, coppers and all kitchen utensils to be cleaned, as well as drawing-room stairs. Saturday, kitchen and back kitchen to be thoroughly scoured and cleaned; also, water closet to be scoured, and everything made tidy for Sunday."

"And did you get through with all this work?"

"All, ma'am."

"Well, if you do half as much for me, I shall be satisfied. You can come to-morrow."

At the end of the month, we asked the lady after her "maid of all work."

"Oh, she went away in a fortnight. Said this was a free country, and she could not work herself to death."

This is the history of all servants. They arrive here with every required qualification—courteous, willing and valuable; but they soon become corrupted by example, and are taught rebellion by their associates, and liberty and equality by their colleagues of the kitchen and pantry. There are but few families in this country who keep a girl two or years; whereas, in England, ten years is no uncommon period for a servant to remain in one place.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

WE give, in an extra plate, a beautiful picture of the new style of *riding dress*. We also give our usual fashion plate of three figures.

FIG. I.—**YOUNG LADY'S DRESS**.—This is a dress of the fashionable plaid, made high in the neck, with tight sleeves. A velvet cardinal, wadded, completes the costume. The bonnet is plainly trimmed, with no ornament but a rosette.

FIG. II.—**CHILD'S DRESS**.—This is of silk, embroidered with gympe in front. A velvet polka, with loose sleeves, turned up and puffed at the wrist; around the neck a lace collar. A bonnet of white silk, wadded, and adorned with two plumes.

FIG. III.—**A PROMENADE DRESS** of black silk, trimmed in front with buttons and gympe. A black silk velvet polka, with tight sleeves, turned up with cuffs. Bonnet of white uncut velvet, trimmed with a single plume.

These three costumes will be suitable, not only for the month of November, but for the whole winter, except on very cold days, where a cloak or other wrap is indispensable. They are the three prettiest costumes ever presented to the American public.

No alterations in dresses or bonnets have taken place since the publication of our last number. Bonnets of silk and velvet will be worn indiscriminately this winter, though the former will have the ascendancy. As a general rule velvet is too heavy for young persons; but of the velvet bonnets, those made in the drawn style are the prettiest. Feathers will be more fashionable than flowers. Gaiter boots are now indispensable to the walking costume of a lady. The hair will generally be worn in ringlets.

SACQUES.—A sort of cardinal, made much like a gentleman's sack, square all around, will be much worn by fashionables. The material is now generally black silk.

Though very early for such costumes, we cannot avoid presenting our fair readers with two very pretty *winter costumes*.

A CARRIAGE DRESS.—This elegant and rich visiting costume is composed of a dark emerald green velvet; the skirt is made extremely long, and *à train*; decorated down the front with a double row of broad black lace, put on perfectly flat, and nearly plain; it is confined down the centre of the entire dress with a row of large oblong velvet buttons; high, close fitting corsage; the waist extremely long, and open sufficiently in the front so as to show an under plain chemisette of white

silk surrounding the neck, headed with a small frilling of white lace; the velvet body is edged with a row of narrow black lace. Scarf pelerine of the same rich material, encircled with lace, as well as the small round *jockeys* and cuffs which decorate the tight, plain sleeve. Bonnet *à la Clarisse Harlowe*, of a light fawn colored velvet, decorated with an ostrich feather of the same hue, and trimmed in the interior with *brides* and loops of pink satin ribbon.

PROMENADE DRESS, or *redingote*, of a pale lavender cachemere, ornamented down the front of the *jupe* with narrow *bias* of violet colored velvet, the centre one forming a continuation to the one upon the centre of the high, close fitting corsage, and decorated with small round silver buttons, put on rather thick upon the velvet; the skirt is looped up on the right side with a simple ornament of lavender silk cord, showing the under skirt of white *jaconet*, trimmed round the bottom with a magnificent inlet, edged with a splendid row of work; elbow sleeves, fitting close to the arm.

MORNING DRESS consisting of a pale stone colored cachemere, the whole of the front of the dress being beautifully embroidered in braid, divided down the centre by a row of large round silver buttons; the corsage and sleeves fitting close to the figure, the latter is cut in the form of a point over the back of the hand, where it is similarly decorated to the fronts of the high corsage; cravat of shaded pink *velours épinglé* ribbon; small plain collar of fine white cambric; cap after the Flemish style, composed of a single row of deep white English point lace, put on to a small round crown, the top of the lace forming a heading all round, and attached with a *rouleaux* of ribbon, fastened on the left side with a *choux* of ribbon, the latter being of two colors, pale pink, and deep rose color.

* In our next number, which will be published early, we shall give still fuller descriptions of winter costumes, sufficiently in advance to guide our fair readers in their toilette for the approaching cold weather.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Two Lives; or, to Seem and to Be. 1 vol. By Maria J. M'Intosh. D. Appleton & Co., 1846.—This is not only one of the most fascinating fictions of the day, but conveys sound Christian precepts in a way to make them most alluring. While the country is deluged with re-prints of French novels, many of them openly, and all covertly injurious to morals, we hail the publication of books like this, from American pens embarked in the cause of truth and purity, as a "sign of better times." Our readers are already familiar with the ability of the "author of Conquest and Self Conquest," the writer of the volume under notice; but we advise them to obtain this, her last fiction, if they desire to read one of the *very best* novels of the day.

Discourse on the Life and Character of Sir Walter Raleigh. By J. Morrison Harris.—This address was delivered before the Maryland Historical Society, May 15th, 1846, and is a very able defence of Sir Walter Raleigh's life and character. Mr. Harris has fully made out his case against the *Edinburg Review*.

Leaflets of Memory. An Illuminated Annual for 1847. Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—This is the best annual for 1847 we have yet seen. It is printed on thick white paper, with a new and beautiful type. The illustrations are twelve in number, of which four are superb illuminations, something in the style of our title-page for the present year. These illuminations were designed by H. B. HIRST, Esq., and executed by WAGNER & MCGUIGAN, of this city:—the first of the series, a presentation plate, is particularly elegant, though the other three are also very pretty. The remaining embellishments are chiefly mezzotints by Sartain, engraved in his best manner. In its literary character, this annual stands very high. There are several articles from the pen of the editor, who is one of the best of our writers. But the gem of the volume is a poem by T. B. Read, which we quote.

Down behind the hidden village, fringed around with
hazel brake,
(Like a holy hermit dreaming, half asleep and half
awake,
One who loveth the sweet quiet for the happy quiet's
sake,)
Dozing, murmuring in its visions, lay the heaven
enamored lake.

And within a dell, where shadows through the brightest
days abide,
Like the silvery swimming gossamer by breezes
scattered wide,
Fell a shining skein of water that ran down the lakelet's
side,
As within the brain by beauty lulled, a pleasant thought
may glide.

When the sinking sun of August, growing large in the
decline,
Shot his arrows long and golden, through the maple
and the pine;
And the russet thrush fled singing from the alder to the
vine,
While the cat-bird in the hazel gave its melancholy
whine;

And the little squirrel chattered, peering round the
hickory bole,
And a sudden, like a meteor, gleamed along the
oriole;—
There I walked beside fair Inez, and her gentle beauty
stole
Like the scene athwart my senses, like the sunshine
through my soul.

And her fairy feet that pressed the leaves a pleasant
music made,
And they dimpled the sweet beds of moss with blossoms
thick inlaid:—
There I told her old romances, and with love's sweet
wo we played,
Till fair Inez's eyes, like evening, held the dew beneath
their shade.

There I wove for her love ballads, such as lover only
weaves,
Till she sighed and grieved, as only mild and loving
maiden grieves;
And to hide her tears she stooped to glean the violets
from the leaves,
As of old sweet Ruth went gleaning mid the oriental
sheaves.

Down we walked beside the lakelet:—gazing deep into
her eye,
There I told her all my passion! With a sudden blush
and sigh,

Turning half away with look askant, she only made
reply,
"How deep within the water glows the happy evening
sky!"

Then I asked her if she loved me, and our hands met
each in each,
And the dainty, sighing ripples seemed to listen up the
reach;
While thus slowly with a hazel wand she wrote along
the beach,
"Love, like the sky, lies deepest ere the heart is
stirred to speech."

Thus I gained the love of Inez—thus I won her gentle
hand;
And our paths now lie together, as our foot-prints on
the strand;
We have vowed to love each other in the golden
morning land,
When our names from earth have vanished, like the
writing from the sand!

Mr. T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut St., has this annual.

*Etchings of a Whaling Cruise. With notes of a
sojourn on the island of Zanzibar. By J. Ross
Browne. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brother,
1846.*—This very spirited volume is written by a
young man of education and talent, who undertook a
whaling cruise in the summer of 1842, but disgusted
with the tyranny of the captain and tired of the hard-
ships of the service, obtained a discharge at Zanzibar
in less than a year. The book is lively, witty, and
graphic, and will be quite as popular as Dana's "Two
Years Before the Mast." We give the following ex-
tract as a specimen. Mack is a youngster from Maine,
on his first cruise.

"Mack was wonderfully sea-sick. The poor fellow's
face was the very picture of sorrow. His skin, naturally
dark, had assumed a greenish hue, and his lank cheeks
and protruded lips formed a most pathetic picture of
rueful retrospection. Sick as I was myself, I could not
repress my risibles, when, leaning over the monkey
rail, squaring accounts with old Neptune, he paused
every moment to exclaim, 'there! darn it all, I know'd
I was goin' to be sick. Oh, gosh, oh, gosh!'"

"Poor Mack! From the bottom of my heart I
sympathized with him as he groaned, 'Dod burn the
thing! I wouldn't grudge twenty dollars if I was at
hum milkin' the keows.'"

"'Why, Mack,' I inquired, 'you are not tired of
whaling already, are you?'"

"'Well, I can't say, exactly; but I guess this child
won't be caught in such a snap again; not soon he
won't. Oh, gosh! gosh! Dod blame the luck! 'Tain't
no use to try; folks says salt water helps it some, but,
durn the thing, I've swallowed a bucket full, an' I feel
worse 'an ever.'"

"'Maybe you hav'n't swallowed enough, Mack,'
said the cook; 'try another bucketful, and, likely as
not, it'll cure you.'"

"'No, I won't,' retorted Mack; 'cause, durn the
stuff, 't warn't never made for nothing in human shape.
I wish I hadn't never seen a drop on't. Salt water!
Ugh! Oh, gosh! oh, gosh!'"

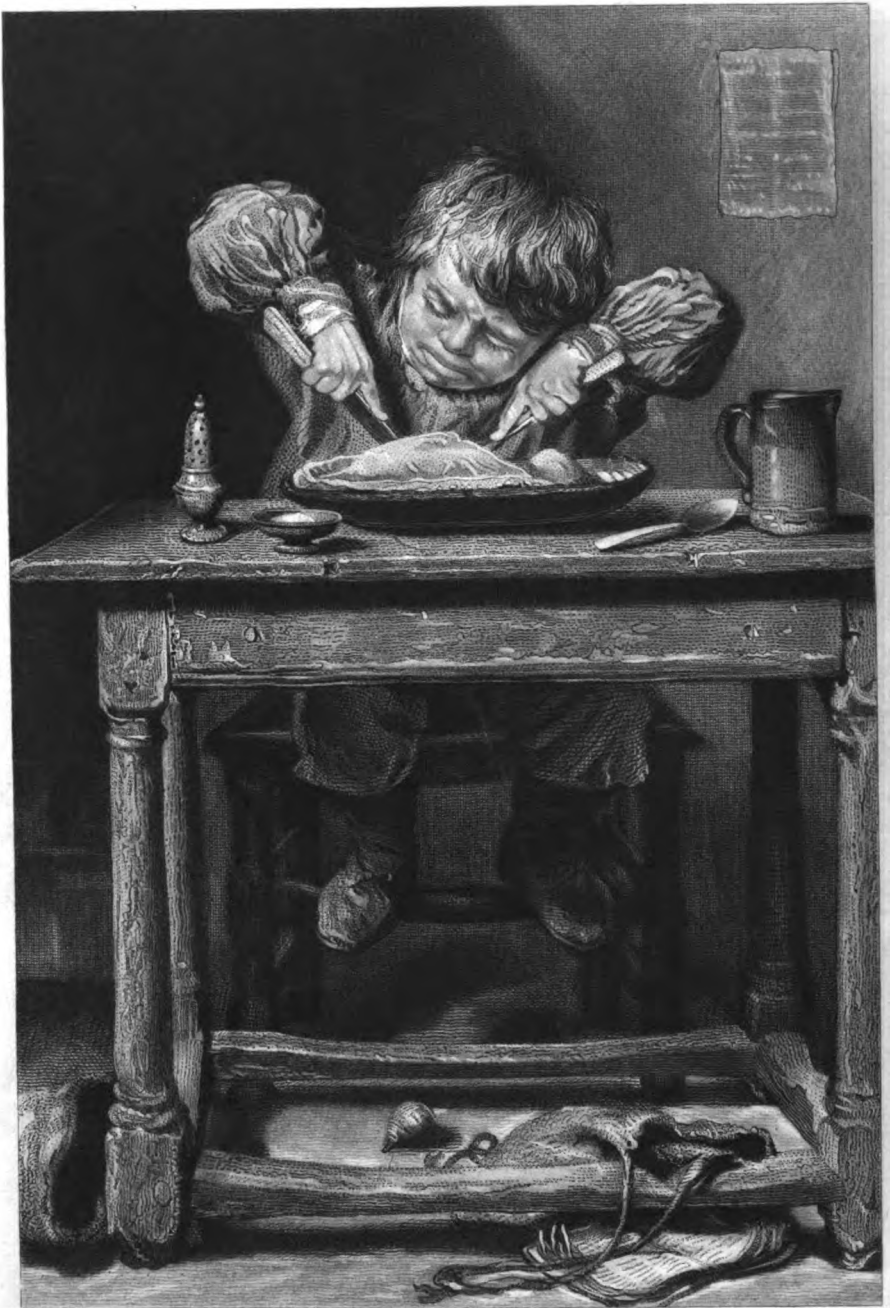
"'What induced you to ship on a whaling voyage?'"
I asked, forgetting my own folly. 'Why didn't you
stay at home, Mack, where you were better off?'"

"'Well, I don't know. I came because I was a
dod-durned fool; an' I s'pose you hadn't no better
reason. Nobody hadn't oughter leave hum. Folks
that be hum can't do better than stay thar.'"

"I made no further attempts to be witty at Mack's
expense on this occasion."

Chambers Information for the People.—Zeiber has
published Nos. 4 and 5 of this work, since our October
number was issued.

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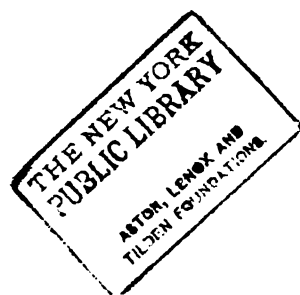
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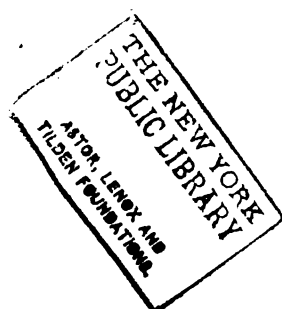
THE GILDED PINE.

1877.



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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1846.

No. 6.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

MR. WALTON, though yet comparatively young, had already retired from business, with the reputation of being one of the wealthiest merchants of Philadelphia. Few men were more respected and beloved. Not only was he an ornament to the gay circles in which courtesy often obliged him to mingle, but in the homes of the poor and needy he was frequently found, offering consolation to the suffering, and dispensing with a bountiful hand, benefits which his purse enabled him to bestow.

The wife of Mr. Walton was in every way worthy of him. She was a refined, intelligent and lady-like woman, who in early youth had been distinguished for extreme loveliness of person and gaiety of disposition, but since her marriage she had mixed little with the world, preferring the enjoyments of home to the brilliant rounds of fashionable society. But the years of her married life, though illumined by the light of mutual affection, had not been free from clouds. Several beautiful children had graced her household board; she had been the sharer of their joys, and had sympathized in their sorrows, and in the fulness of a mother's love had deemed herself blest. But all too soon the sunbeams fled from her path, and then came dark shadows that rested blighting upon every flower. One by one, her little group in their early beauty passed from earth; and she listened in vain for those light tripping footsteps, and for the sound of the sweet, low laughter that had ever fallen so gladly upon her ear. Oh, the deep abiding agony of the childless! Who can describe it—what pen fully portray the utter desolation that pervades the spirits of those who have beheld their little ones borne from them to the cold, dark grave! Yet Mrs. Walton mourned not with a hopeless grief—but meekly bowed to the will of Him “who chasteneth whom he loveth.”

One cold, stormy, winter evening, Mr. and

Mrs. Walton were seated in the parlor, the former busy writing a letter, the latter engaged with a book. Suddenly the pen fell from Mr. Walton's grasp—he pushed the light hastily away, and shading his eyes with his hand, seemed lost in deep and apparently painful thought. His wife closed her book, and softly laying it upon a table near, watched him silently and sadly for a few minutes, while her eyes were glistening with tears. Well did she divine the subject of her husband's meditations. Just one week previous he had followed his last remaining child, his youngest darling, to the tomb, and his mind was now wandering far away to a little mound, beneath which the remains of the departed one reposed.

At length both were startled from their reverie by a loud and violent ringing at the door-bell, and wondering much who the visitor could be upon so inclement an evening, Mr. Walton rose and walked toward the hall, while the servant hastened to uncloset the door.

Five minutes afterward Mr. Walton re-entered the parlor, leading by the hand a little girl, apparently scarcely past the period of infancy. His astonished lady sprang hastily to his side, but to all her inquiries he could only answer that the child had been found seated upon the door-stone weeping bitterly. He added that she had doubtless strayed from her home, and that it would be expedient to allow her to remain with them till morning. The little stranger was enveloped in a dark, thick mantle that completely covered her person, and when this was removed those around her were startled at the loveliness so unexpectedly presented to their view. She was indeed a beautiful little creature. Her complexion was of exquisite fairness and purity, and her features regular; and though she was to all appearance scarcely two years old, her countenance possessed a singular sweetness of expression. Her hair was of a glossy brown and curled in luxuriant ringlets, while a pair of dark and strangely brilliant eyes, now swimming in tears, were wandering inquiringly and anxiously around the apartment. She wore a

dress of black velvet, and upon her neck was a finely wrought chain of gold. This latter article immediately attracted Mr. Walton's notice, and stooping to examine it he found inscribed upon the clasp these words, "*A birth gift to Leila, June 18—*." To all his questions he could only learn from the child that her name was Leila: where she lived, or who were her parents he tried in vain to discover.

Mrs. Walton had been gazing earnestly upon the little one, and as she looked into that innocent face, and heard those lisping accents, mournful thoughts came thronging into her heart, and the memory of the past pressed heavily upon it. But she strove to conquer her emotion, and approaching the child raised her in her arms, and kissed her brow, while Leila leaned her head upon the lady's shoulder and sobbed forth "mammy."

That night the little stranger rested upon the couch which had once been occupied by the little Eva Walton—and as Mrs. Walton bent over it and felt those tiny arms twining caressingly and lovingly about her neck, her heart yearned toward the gentle child, and she resolved, if her parents were not found, to adopt it as her own.

The following day was spent by Mr. Walton in earnest attempts to discover Leila's relatives, but much to his surprise, his inquiries were fruitless. In the meantime the artless and winning ways of the child had completely gained the heart of his wife, and she found herself inwardly gratified when she learned how vain had been her husband's endeavors, though she immediately chided herself for the selfishness which prompted her to rejoice.

Several days passed, and still Leila was a petted inmate of Mr. Walton's dwelling. By every method he had endeavored to obtain a knowledge of her parentage, but in vain. During the short period he had known Leila she had become unaccountably dear to him, and it was with a very willing heart that he at last yielded to the pleadings of his wife, and consented to adopt her. It next became the united wish of both that the child of their adoption should regard them as her own parents, for they feared, if she knew the truth, that it might cause her much unhappiness in after years. To gratify this wish they resolved to retire from the scene of their present associations, and a beautiful residence upon the banks of the Hudson was purchased, whither they immediately removed. Here they lived for some years in comparative retirement, visited by but few of their former friends, and those few bound never to divulge to Leila the secret of her history.

And now, kind reader, let me take the liberty of passing over a period of sixteen years, and

then we will again visit the dwelling of the Waltons.

In her eighteenth year, Leila Walton was in the full possession of all that beauty of which her early childhood had given promise, and if she was lovely in person, especially so was she in mind. And Mr. and Mrs. Walton in the devotion of their adopted daughter found themselves well repaid for the untiring tenderness with which they had ever regarded her. Leila was intelligent and accomplished, the very embodiment of truth, and possessed of a soul susceptible of the finest sympathies. By some she might have been accused of pride—but this was seldom observable, and took its origin in the extreme sensitiveness of her spirit. Perhaps her adopted parents had judged rightly when they deemed it best to conceal from her that she was not in reality their child.

The health of Mr. Walton had of late been rather feeble, and the physician recommending change of air and scene, for the two fold purpose of benefiting himself and gratifying Leila, he selected Newport as his place of residence for the ensuing summer, and thither, accompanied by his family, accordingly repaired. It was Leila's first introduction to gay society, and she hailed it with proportionate delight. At this fashionable watering place she soon became, though unconsciously, a belle—her beauty and reputation as an heiress would have given her claims to belle-dom, even had she possessed no inward attractions. But there were many also whom the sweetness and nobleness of her character won as friends, and among these was a Mrs. Nelson, who seemed to have taken an especial fancy to Leila. Mrs. Nelson was a young southern lady who had come to the north on a visit to some friends, and was advised to try the effect of sea air and bathing for her little boy, a child of three years, whose health was extremely delicate. Leila in a short time became warmly attached to her new friend, whose lively disposition and intelligent conversation both amused and interested her. Very often of an afternoon, while the other ladies were indulging in a siesta, Leila would take her book or work to Mrs. Nelson's room, and the two would read together, or remain in earnest converse till the setting of the sun warned them it was time to dress for supper. Mrs. Nelson one day remarked that Leila bore a strong resemblance to a favorite cousin of hers, the daughter of a wealthy planter at the south, who she added was soon to stand in a nearer relation to her, being the affianced of her brother. This cousin, she said, was now in company with her father, on her way to the north, and they intended to

remain a short time at Newport. "So, dearest Leila," she said in conclusion, "you will soon have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Evelyn, whom, without knowing, you may easily promise to love—for once introduced to her, I defy any one to withhold their affection from so lovely a being; and rest assured I shall say the same to my cousin of you."

Leila blushed slightly—and at this moment the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Nelson's little boy, who, with his attendant, had been walking by the sea-shore, came bounding into the room. Leila now laid aside her work, and yielding to the pleadings of the child who had climbed upon her lap, was soon eloquent with the history of marvellous Hop o' my thumb—while the boy with his bright, earnest eyes riveted upon her face, and his white arm encircling her neck, was listening with child-like wonder to the narrative. With little Charlie Nelson Leila had become a decided favorite. She possessed a certain charm of manner that invariably attracted children toward her, and to this was added a fund of entertainment of which little folks well know the value. But the heart of Charlie Nelson had been completely taken captive by the knowledge she evinced of navigation—which knowledge had been tested by the young gentleman while standing one day beside Leila upon a certain rock by the shore, he had watched her piloting along the water a carmine-tinted shell, transformed for the occasion into a boat, and manned with a crew of sea-weeds. Judging from his joyous shouts, and the gleeful manner in which he clapped his hands, he was well satisfied with this proof of Leila's skill, and from that day forward she had not a firmer champion or more devoted follower than this same three-year old Master Charlie. Indeed so inseparable had the two become, that Mrs. Nelson more than once laughingly threatened to discharge Charlie's nurse, and declared herself absolutely jealous of the attention bestowed upon her little boy.

Among the crowd of admirers that daily thronged around Leila Walton, there was but one to whom she had given a serious thought—and that favored one was Mr. Willard Gardner, a young gentleman who had originally resided at the south, but had disposed of his property there, and was now doing a prosperous business in New York. He was an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Nelson's, but Leila had known him some months previous to her sojourn at Newport. She had met him out frequently, and felt a decided preference to his society; and Mrs. Nelson often noticed her changing cheek when Gardner approached, and remarked

it with secret joy too, for there was no one to whom she would more willingly have given her pet, or whom she considered so worthy of her as Willard Gardner.

One afternoon Leila had just returned from a walk with Gardner, and with a flushed cheek, yet face beaming with happiness, she sought her mother for the purpose of communicating some intelligence to her. Mrs. Walton was not in her own room. She had gone to the saloon, and there meeting with an acquaintance of her younger days, whom she had not beheld for many years, had been detained longer than she had expected. After awaiting her mother's appearance for some time, Leila proceeded to the saloon where she found Mrs. Walton still conversing with the strange lady, and unwilling to disturb them she took a seat behind her mother, deeming that they were aware of her close proximity, though in reality her entrance had not been observed. For some time she was a silent listener, but suddenly she started, her face assumed a deathly paleness, while an expression of deep agony rested upon it; and softly rising from her seat she glided noiselessly from the room.

An hour afterward, surprised at her daughter's non-appearance, Mrs. Walton proceeded to the young girl's apartment, and there upon a couch, her face buried in the pillows, she found Leila. She neither moved nor spoke as her mother approached, and deeming that she slept, Mrs. Walton seized her hand and called her by name. With a slight shudder Leila drew her hand away, and as she slowly raised her head, her eyes rested for an instant on her mother's face, and the latter was struck with the wildness of their expression.

"Leila," she said in a tone of alarm, "are you ill, or has anything occurred to distress you?"

"Oh! mother," murmured the young girl in a broken tone, "it is fearful indeed to know that I am not your child!"

"Leila!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton, while her cheek grew ashy pale, and her voice was full of anguish, "Leila—what mean you?"

"And do you not divine my meaning?" she returned wildly—"can you deny that I have no right to call you mother? Oh, it was cruel, cruel, to deceive me thus!"

In an instant Mrs. Walton surmised that Leila had been an auditor to what had passed between herself and her old acquaintance. Their conversation had been concerning her adopted daughter, the lady having been familiar with the circumstances of her adoption, though she had that day at her friend's wish promised never to disclose the truth.

Overcome by the thought that Leila had overheard all, and startled at her reproach, Mrs. Walton stood gazing pale and speechless upon her adopted daughter. At length a burst of tears came to her relief, and sinking upon the nearest seat, she wept almost convulsively. The sight of that grief aroused Leila, and throwing herself at her mother's feet, she besought forgiveness for the words she had spoken.

"Tell me all, dear mother," said Leila, as a few minutes after she sat beside that lady, while she clasped her hand and looked sadly into her face, "tell me all—everything—for there is much that I would have explained."

Mrs. Walton then related to Leila the particulars of her history. The young girl listened with eager interest, but when the tale was concluded she turned away, and covering her face with her hands remained for some time in silent meditation. When she again raised her head there was a deep flush upon her cheek, and her countenance bore marks of a painful struggle within.

"I am then an outcast," she said in a hollow voice—"the brand of infamy perchance rests upon my name!"

"Nay, Leila, think not thus," replied Mrs. Walton soothingly, "we have no means of judging concerning your birth, but rest assured the world shall never know you as other than my child."

There was a pause of a few seconds, and then with downcast eyes Leila again spoke.

"A few hours ago, dearest mother, I was hastening to your side to breathe into your ear the tale of my happiness, for Willard Gardner this day sought me as his wife, and little dreaming of what I have since learned, I gave my consent. ~~But~~ ^{now}, mother, I cannot and will not wed him—~~and~~ I would have you go to him and repeating my history, tell him it is my earnest wish that he will endeavor to forget me."

"Leila!" exclaimed Mrs. Walton, "surely you will not thus cast away your happiness!"

"I am resolved, mother. Never will I unite my fate with Willard Gardner's while aught of mystery rests upon my birth."

"If he loves you truly, Leila, no consideration whatever will tempt him to give you up. You know not your own value, dearest," and Mrs. Walton drew her adopted child toward her, and tenderly kissed her forehead.

"But you will see him, mother—you will tell him my resolution, will you not? If not," for she saw that her companion hesitated, "I must go to him myself and relate the tale, even though my heart should break with the effort." There

was again a wildness in her manner that alarmed Mrs. Walton, and in order to soothe her she was obliged to make the promise.

Leila Walton did not appear that evening in the assembled company, and she was sadly missed. Gardner too was absent, and some young gentlemen who went to his apartment, knocked long without receiving an answer, and were at last obliged to return to the saloon, though they vowed there was a light in his room, and that consequently he must be there.

The following morning every one was surprised and saddened at the intelligence that Leila Walton was dangerously ill. A fever had seized upon her brain, and through the whole of that long night she raved continually of the proceedings of the previous hours. With feelings of agony her adopted parents watched beside her bed, and more than once the fearful thought stole across their minds that they were perhaps destined to lose this, their beautiful heart-idol.

For several days Leila continued in a very precarious state, and at length it was said that she could not possibly survive many hours. A general gloom had settled over the spirits of the gay circle of which she had so lately been the light, for every heart mourned at the thought that one so beautiful and beloved must pass so soon away from earth.

But she did not die. To the surprise of the physician a favorable change in her disorder became suddenly perceptible, and she gradually grew convalescent.

Mrs. Nelson was the first one who hastened to congratulate Leila on her recovery, and Charlie who had promised to be very quiet if he could only see his favorite and kiss her once—just once, came with her; but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon that pale face and emaciated form than forgetting his promise, he sprang toward her and burst into tears. "They would not let me come to you before," he sobbed, "and they told me you were going to die. But you will not die—though your face is very thin and white—you will not let them put you away down in the dark pit-hole—will you, Leila, my Leila?"

Alarmed lest his violence should produce an injurious effect upon the sick girl, Mrs. Nelson would fain have expelled the boy from the room, but he clung closely to Leila, who begged that he might be allowed to remain with her.

Days passed, and the young invalid continued gradually to regain strength, yet her cheek was still very pale, and it had lost its former joyous expression. She would sometimes remain for hours buried in thought, and when roused from her reverie by Mrs. Walton, she would raise her eyes tearfully and sadly to the latter's face.

One morning, Charlie Nelson came tripping softly into the room with a bunch of flowers, which he said he had begged from mamma for dear Leila, and in his hand he also held a note for her, accompanied by a desire that it should be read immediately. The maiden's cheek grew crimson, and then pale again as she read, and when she had finished, seizing a pen, she hurriedly wrote a few lines upon a slip of paper, and handing it to Charlie, bade him take it to Willard Gardner.

Half an hour afterward there was a low knock at the door of Leila's sitting-room, and the next moment Gardner entered, and springing to her side gazed eagerly into her face, while tender, passionate pleading words fell from his lips. The young girl heard him with deep emotion, yet unalterable determination, and when he at length left her there was an expression of hopeless anguish upon his face, and hastening to his own room, he remained there in solitude for many hours.

In another week our heroine was sufficiently recovered to venture once more into the saloon. Fain would she have still courted retirement, but to this Mrs. Walton would not consent; they were to remain but a few days longer at Newport, and while there she insisted upon having her mingle with society. Leila was affectionately welcomed by her host of friends who seemed greatly rejoiced at her appearance among them!—but everybody noticed that she was greatly changed, and that her flow of spirits was entirely gone. Little dreaming that the lovely heiress could have any cause for despondency, they attributed it entirely to her late illness, and doubted not but that time would restore her gaiety, and bring back the joyous smile to her face, as well as the rose to her cheek.

"I have some news to give you," whispered Mrs. Nelson to Leila, on the first morning of the latter's emancipation from the sick room, "my uncle and cousin, of whom I have so often spoken, arrived here a few hours ago, and I hope very soon to have the pleasure of introducing you to Evelyn."

Her gentle friend expressed herself pleased at the intelligence, and just then Mrs. Nelson was summoned out of the apartment, and Leila sprang hastily toward Charlie, who seemed to be in great distress, some of the company having unintentionally trodden upon and ruined some beautiful shells given him a few moments previous. While she was endeavoring to console him for the loss of his pretty playthings, a remarkably distinguished looking gentleman entered the saloon, accompanied by a young lady.

The first object that met their view was our heroine kneeling beside her little friend; and no sooner had the gentleman glanced upon her face than he seemed moved by some sudden emotion, and spoke a few sentences hurriedly to his fair companion. A shadow crossed her brow, and her eyes rested earnestly and mournfully upon the countenance of Leila, who for some time was utterly unconscious of the attention with which she was regarded. But a hasty exclamation from Charlie at last caused her suddenly to look up, while the little boy bounded to the new comers, and caught the hand of the lady, exclaiming, "cousin Evy! cousin Evy! oh! I'm so glad to see you again."

At that instant Mrs. Nelson again appeared and hastened toward her relatives, for such indeed they were. To the low inquiry of her uncle, Mr. Elliott, concerning the name of the young girl who had just attracted his notice, she immediately gave the required information, and requested leave to introduce her friend. Her cousin, in reply gave an eager assent, but her uncle turned abruptly away, while his daughter whispered a few words in Mrs. Nelson's ear. A moment after the two ladies stood beside Leila, who was well prepared to regard Miss Elliott with interest. An acquaintance was soon formed between them, and when an hour had elapsed they still sat side by side, while it seemed to each as though she had known the other for years; and when at length they separated, it was with a mutually expressed wish that they might become friends.

The following day Miss Elliott was walking with Willard Gardner upon the sea-shore. Gardner had known Evelyn from childhood: her father had been his guardian, and he had ever looked upon her in the light of a sister. He had, therefore, gladly welcomed her to Newport, and sought the first opportunity of monopolizing her society.

"And where is your father to-day, fair lady?" asked Gardner, when his enquiries about old friends and associations had been completely satisfied—"methinks he is not so devoted a knight as he used to be, for I have missed him from your side for the last twenty-four hours—an undreamed of occurrence in days of yore. But perchance the bright eyes around him have dazzled his senses, and caused his hitherto unimpressible heart to become a worshipper at the shrine of Cupid?"

"Nay, Willard, you surely must know my father better," replied Miss Elliott, while her countenance assumed a grave and thoughtful look, "the memory of my mother is too dear, too sacred ever to admit of a successor.

Recollections associated with her, so early lost, so deeply mourned, have since our arrival here cast a gloom over his spirits, and rendered him unable to mix with the gay and busy throng. It has been thus with him since yesterday, when he first beheld Miss Walton, whose strange similarity to my departed mother has again brought her forcibly to mind, and revived the remembrance of a painful event connected with her death."

"To what do you allude?" was Gardner's query in a tone of surprise.

"Can it be that you have never heard of what I speak? Do you not know that I once had a sister—a twin sister—who disappeared from our parent's roof very suddenly and mysteriously?"

"No," replied her companion, his interest now thoroughly aroused, "but pray, explain yourself Evelyn."

"It was many years ago that the occurrence to which I refer took place. My parents had one evening retired to rest, leaving myself and sister, then scarcely two years old, asleep in the nursery, under the care of an attendant who had taken charge of us from our earliest infancy. At an early hour the succeeding morning, my mother awoke and proceeded immediately to the room where she had left her children. Softly she bent over their couch, and what was her surprise upon beholding but one of her babes, while the space allotted to the other was vacant! With feelings of alarm she hastily aroused the nurse, who to all her inquiries could only answer that the last she had seen of the child, it was slumbering upon its couch. My father was instantly summoned, and gave orders that the house and grounds should be well searched. This was directly done, but in vain; there were no signs of the missing child. What to think my parents knew not—they had no suspicion of the nurse, and could only suppose that their little one had been stolen away for some evil purpose. And when days and weeks passed, and all efforts toward discovering her were fruitless, they gave themselves up to despair. My mother could not recover from the effects of the blow. The thought that though her child still lived, she must never more behold it—that it was in the power of strangers, who would perhaps treat it with harshness and cruelty, was insupportable, and the excitement which agitated her delicate frame caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, and after lingering three months in a weak and hopeless state, she at last expired.

"For a long time, overwhelmed with grief, my father avoided all society—and though he at length began to feel more resigned to the

loss of his wife, the mystery that enveloped his child's fate preyed deeply upon his spirits. Even now, though so many years have passed since her disappearance, the least thing that reminds him of it possesses power to cause a relapse of despondency. Miss Walton's countenance affected him much, for there is upon it an expression of sadness such as my mother's wore after the loss of her little one. And what is stranger still, her name is Leila, which was that of my sister."

Willard Gardner had seemed greatly agitated during this brief narrative, and when Miss Elliott had finished he said, endeavoring to master his emotion.

"Have you no means, Evelyn, which, should you ever come in contact with your sister, would lead to a recognition?"

"Alas! Willard—none. At the time of her disappearance a little dress of black velvet and a small chain of gold, of which I have the counterpane, were missed, and it was conjectured that the one who stole the child had also taken these: but if so, should my sister still live, she does not perhaps retain them, for they were doubtless long since destroyed to prevent any chance of her discovery."

Again Gardner's countenance betrayed emotion, though his companion was too much occupied with her own sad thoughts to observe it. The last words of Miss Elliott had indeed given him a clue to Leila's connections, and he felt assured that she could be no other than the sister of the fair girl who now leaned upon his arm. And at that thought what a thrill of unspeakable happiness stole over that manly heart! Yet he dreaded the task of confessing his knowledge to his gentle companion, fearing lest the sudden tidings might produce evil results. Yet the words must be spoken: and when he had sufficiently composed his mind, turning to Miss Elliott he said—

"Evelyn, do not be agitated at what I say. But the dress and gold chain of which you have just spoken, are in the possession of the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walton."

"Their adopted daughter! What mean you, Willard? They have but *one* child!"

"And that child, dear Evelyn—nay, be not thus agitated—that child is Leila—your sister."

As Gardner uttered the last sentence a deadly pallor overspread the face of Evelyn Elliott—she staggered backward and would have fallen to the earth, but for the timely support of her companion. By a strong effort she recalled her fast fleeting senses, and in a few moments was sufficiently recovered to listen to the explanation which Gardner was now eager to

repeat, and which he had himself learned from Mrs. Walton.

"And Leila is really my sister!" exclaimed Evelyn, when she had heard enough to convince herself of the truth of her words, "bright, beautiful Leila! Oh, let me go to her—let me immediately confide to her this joyful intelligence."

"Be not thus hasty, Evelyn. Leila is still weak from the effects of her late severe indisposition, and the information must be given very cautiously. Rather let us first seek your father and her adopted parents, and they may perhaps assist us in devising some means of imparting the news gently to her."

How Mr. Walton and his wife bore the unexpected tidings—and the emotions of Mr. Elliott upon the unlooked-for recovery of his long lost daughter, I shall not attempt to describe. The duty of acquainting Leila with all that had transpired devolved upon Evelyn, who immediately hastened to the young girl's apartment. Several times she knocked softly at the door, but receiving no answer concluded to enter. Leila was seated by the window. Her head leaned pensively upon her hand, and she was evidently absorbed in a deep reverie—but as her visitor advanced she raised her eyes, and the next instant sprang eagerly to her side.

"Dear Miss Elliott—how kind you were to think of me! I have felt very lonely this afternoon, and am so glad that you have come," she exclaimed, as she drew the young lady toward her, and affectionately kissed her cheek.

"I have accepted your invitation very soon, have I not?" said Miss Elliott, "but I was very anxious to see you again, so you must excuse my boldness."

"No, I shall not—for if I did, I in return should be obliged to ask *your* pardon for presuming to love you as I do," replied Leila, with more animation than she had for a long time evinced, "for you must know," she continued in a tone of extreme tenderness, while she softly encircled Evelyn with her arm—"that though we have been acquainted for so short a period, I love you very dearly, and hope you will allow me to be your friend."

"My sister rather!" exclaimed Evelyn, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the caution necessary; but instantly recollecting herself she added, "yes, darling, we will henceforth be as sisters, will we not?" And Leila warmly returned the embrace of her new friend, little suspecting the deep feeling that prompted it.

"I have something to show you, dearest Leila," said Evelyn, as they were conversing; and as she spoke she placed a small box in her companion's hand.

"My chain!" was Leila's exclamation, and a slight flush rose to her brow, while she drew forth a gold chain of exquisite workmanship—"where did you get it, Evelyn?"

"Nay, but are you quite sure it belongs to you? Look at this, dear Leila," and Miss Elliott pointed to the clasp on which was inscribed, "A birth-day gift to Evelyn, June 18—"

Leila read it with deep amazement; then in an instant a thought flashed upon her mind—a thought so overpowering that for a moment her brain grew confused, and she had no power to speak. But at length with some difficulty she gasped forth—

"Evelyn, answer me—answer me a single question—had you ever a sister?"

"Leila, dear Leila, my own twin sister!" exclaimed Miss Elliott, unable longer to wear the mask imposed upon her, and clasping her sister in her arms, she poured forth a torrent of tender, glowing words of affection. But Leila heard them not—a suffocating sensation stole gradually over her spirit, her eyes closed, and ere Evelyn was aware of it, she clasped a senseless though precious burden to her heart.

When Leila returned to consciousness, she was reclining upon her couch, and her adopted parents were stationed near, while bending over her and gazing earnestly into her face, was Mr. Elliott, her father. A scarcely audible exclamation burst from the young girl's lips, and in another moment she lay sobbing upon her newly-found parent's bosom.

A few days afterward, Mr. Elliott and his daughters, accompanied by Willard Gardner, Mrs. Nelson, and as a matter of course, Master Charlie, left Newport for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walton, who refused to part with the child of their adoption till the day appointed for her marriage with Gardner. And that day, as the reader may imagine, arrived very soon. The sun shone as brightly as any bride's heart could wish—and never did bride look lovelier or happier than sweet Leila Elliott.

* More than a twelvemonth after Leila's marriage, from the dying confession of a person, who for many years had been employed upon one of Mr. Elliott's plantations, it was discovered that he was the principal one concerned in the abduction of Leila from the home of her infancy, having committed the act from motives of resentment, for imagined slights, inflicted upon him by Mr. Elliott. He had the child secretly conveyed to Philadelphia, and being acquainted with Mr. Walton's reputation for benevolence, gave orders for her to be left at his dwelling in the manner already made known to the reader.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

BY H. J. BOWLES.

LIKE a blossom from the trees,
Floating in the summer breeze,
Swiftly flies the bird of spring,
On his purple colored wing.

Sweetly pass his sunny hours,
Humming round the laughing flow'rs,
And at evening's purple close,
When the pearly dew-drop flows,
Nestling in a tulip's leaves,
Rocked to slumber by the breeze,
Or when morning's early dawn
Pours its blushes o'er the lawn,
Every dew-drop drinking up
From the silver lily's cup.

Oh! how beautiful he springs
With the sunshine on his wings,
Like the vision hope supplies,
Fainter, dearer as it flies.
Breathing now the rich perfume
Where the softest flow'rets bloom,
Shaking from the tender stems,
Fresh with dew, a shower of gems,
And at noontide's sultry hour
Fluttering in some secret bow'r.

Where the foliage of the vines
Round the purple cluster twines,
Let us mark those azure eyes
Ever changing as he flies.
See, the little rogue is coming,
Listen! how his wings are humming!
Now he leans his head to rest
On that blushing rose's breast.
Here secluded let us spy
Through the leaves, his shining eye;
Let us watch each lovely hue
Nature's magic pencil drew,
All his plumage bright to deck,
Glossy wings and purple neck!

Tints beyond the pencil's reach,
Tints which art can never teach,
One would think the flow'rs of spring
Thus had decked their little king.
Early primrose—violet blue,
Hyacinth with purple hue,
All their tributes rich and rare,
Nature's hand has mingled there.
Now he leaves his rosy bed,
Now his slender wings are spread,
Soaring fast through vale and dell,
Bird of Beauty, fare thee well.

Oh! what things of beauteous birth
God has scattered o'er the earth.
Nature all his works displays,
Robed in beauty, tuned for praise;
Flow'r and bird, and blossomed heath,
Streams that flow—the Summer's breath,
All that's fair, and pure, and bright,
In their Maker's praise unite.

JUST MARRIED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

"DINNER not ready yet!" said Frederick Wharton, in a slight tone of vexation, as he came home hurried to his meal. "How often have I told you, my dear, that punctuality is all important to a business man."

Frederick had been married about six months to the wife of his choice, and as yet not a cloud had arisen to darken their happiness even for a moment. But now, the tone in which he spoke brought the tears to Ellen's eyes, for there was vexation, and, she thought, reproach in the accent. She turned away, ostensibly to go into the kitchen to hasten the meal, but really to hide her emotion.

In a few minutes the dinner was served, and Frederick, being in a very great hurry, ate so fast, and was so much occupied in thinking of his business, that he did not notice the constrained manner of his wife. As soon as he had swallowed a few mouthfuls, he rose and taking his hat, hastened back to his store.

The moment the door closed after him Ellen burst into tears. Naturally of a very sensitive disposition, she still dwelt on the tone of reproach in which her husband spoke, and this idea coloring all her thoughts, she attributed his silence during the meal to anger. But she was sensible of having done nothing to merit reproof, for the butcher had sent home the beef only a few minutes before her husband's arrival, and this she would have explained to him if she had not felt embarrassed and hurt by his tone of vexation. The more she thought on the subject, the more convinced she was of the injustice done her: and her pride rebelled at this.

When Frederick came home at night he was wearied, both physically and mentally, with a day of hard labor, and he longed for the soothing repose of a wife's society. He had quite forgotten the incident at dinner: indeed his remark had passed from his mind almost the instant it was made, and had it not, the engrossing character of his business would have soon driven it thence. How was he surprised then to witness the constrained manner in which his wife met him. He saw at once that something was wrong.

"Are you sick, my dear?" he said.

"No."

"Something I am sure is the matter with you."

"There is nothing."

"You can't deceive me, Ellen:—have you a head-ache?"

"No."

"Is anything the matter with the servants? They are not going to leave?"

"No."

"But something has happened," said Frederick, convinced that he was right, for he saw Ellen had been weeping, "now, my dear, tell me frankly, what is it?" And he put his arm around his wife.

But Ellen, strong in her sense of injustice and misled by false pride, was silent, and she said at last, as she unloosed her husband's arms,

"Nothing whatever is the matter!"

The positive tone in which this was spoken, put an end to the conversation; but Frederick was not convinced. Had he known the truth he would instantly have asked his wife to forgive his hasty words, assuring her, at the same time, that nothing of reproach was intended. He sat down and Ellen took up her needle. When supper was ready his wife still maintained her constraint and silence. The evening passed in the same unpleasant manner. Ellen sewed industriously, answering shortly to her husband's questions, and never raising her eyes to his face. This was so different from her usual free and happy demeanor that Frederick was more than ever convinced there was something wrong, and began finally to suspect that he was the cause of it. At length he laid down his book, which he had taken up in self-defence, and said,

"Now, Ellen, tell me!—what have I done to offend you?"

She did not raise her eyes, but the color deepened on her cheek, and she said,

"There is nothing the matter with me."

Frederick took up his book again with an air of vexation, for he began to feel angry at this withholding of confidence. But he could not read. After a few minutes he addressed his wife again.

"My dear, I know that something is the matter. You are sick, or I have offended you; in either case you ought to tell me. I entreat you to be frank. If I have said, or done anything to hurt your feelings, it was unintentionally. You ought, indeed you ought to know I would not do such a thing."

He spoke so earnestly, so kindly that the tears began to flow from Ellen's eyes. His words compelled her to exonerate him from blame, and had Ellen consulted the first instinct of her heart, she would have thrown herself into her husband's arms and confessed what it was that had pained her. But Ellen was not faultless: pride was her foible; and, beginning now to think that she had been very foolish to get angry and continue so all the evening, she

was really ashamed to tell the cause of her constrained manner. Frederick, however, tenderly soothing her, sought still to win her secret.

"It is nothing," she said, "I have been very foolish."

"But it was something," he said perseveringly, "or else, why these tears?"

"Oh! I am nervous, that is all."

"Ellen," said Frederick seriously, "this is not just. It is very evident that I have offended you in some way, and you refuse to tell me how. If I knew what I had done, I could avoid doing so again, for I really am ignorant of it now, and must have done it unconsciously. If so, I may do, or say the same thing to-morrow, and be innocent all the time. Now, your happiness is dearer to me than my own. Sometimes, I know, our sex will say things which jar on the more delicately strung heart of woman: it is a jest sometimes, and again only the tone we use. Often a man, harrassed by business, and interrupted in his thoughts, will speak sharply, but without knowing he does so. Have I done this?"

But notwithstanding all Frederick could say, his wife refused to reveal the cause of her tears, and endeavored to evade his inquiries. Her pertinacity led him to think the affair was more serious than he had at first supposed. He was uncomfortable, hurt, and at last piqued; for he thought there could be no good reason to conceal the offence. At last he resumed his book, but the constraint still continued, and was now as much on his side as on Ellen's.

The next day came with no decrease of the uncomfortable feelings existing between the husband and wife. Frederick ate his breakfast in almost total silence, and went abroad.

All that morning Ellen was restless and unhappy. She could not fix herself to any occupation, but wandered about the house, out of humor with herself, with the servants, with everything. A dozen times she resolved to tell her husband the cause of yesterday's anger; but when she appeared so foolish to her now that as often she shrank from the task. She felt that Frederick was now really vexed at her, but what could she do? Every time she thought of telling him the truth, she blushed with shame, for her anger seemed so childish.

Frederick, too, spent an unhappy morning. He was hurt at his wife's refusal of her confidence, and kept taxing his memory to recollect what he had said to offend her. But he could remember nothing until his return to dinner, when, as he entered the dining-room, his remark of yesterday recurred to him, and with it the thought that this possibly might have been

the origin of the whole difficulty. He instantly referred to his wife, and Ellen's embarrassed manner satisfied him he was right.

"But how could that offend you? Yet, I will not ask. I was wrong to speak so hastily, though, believe me, I never thought of reproaching you."

"Oh! it was very foolish, and let us say no more about it," said Ellen, hiding her face on her husband's shoulder.

"But, my dear, you should have told me the cause of my offence last night; for, if you had, nearly a whole day's unhappiness would have been spared me."

"I know I ought, but I could not bring myself to do so: the whole matter seemed so childish to me, when I found that you really meant nothing by your words. And then you grew angry at me!"

"I did feel your refusal to confide the cause of your sorrow; for whether I, or another was the origin of it, I thought I ought to know it. Do, in future, dearest, confide everything in me: you see how unhappy the want of it has made us both! Had you yesterday at dinner told me what I had done, twenty-four hours of mutual misery would have been avoided."

"We have learned a lesson, and will have this confidence, in future," said Ellen, "I will never allow a trifle to come between us and happiness again."

"Nor I," said her husband: and the promise, thus mutually given, was kept. Nowhere, in consequence, is there a happier couple than Ellen and Frederick.

It would appear, at first, to be incredible, yet experience proves that disagreement in the married relation generally has its origin in some trifle. Well does the poet say:

"Alas! how light a thing will move
Dissension between hearts that love!"

DECEMBER

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

Now see December, weak old man,
Palsied and tottering he,
With thin, shrill voice, and shaking hand,
Come begging o'er the lea!

His children one by one have died;
Fair Spring and Summer mild,
And Autumn, with her golden hair,
His last, his dearest child!

He begs for alms, he begs for warmth,
He knocks at every door.
In vain! On New Year's morn they find
A corpse upon the moor.

WAHLOWA.

BY MISS ANNE WHARTON.

MANY persons prompted by other motives than those of religion, joined the Pilgrims and accompanied them to America. Among these adventurers were two families united by the closest bonds of affection. Walter Douglass and William Mornton were friends from their youth—they had married sisters, and thus strengthened the ties which bound them; the former was the father of a large family, the latter a widower with but one child, the loved and only solace of his old age. Eva Mornton was not yet eighteen, and was as lovely a being as the sun ever smiled upon; one there was who thought her the loveliest, this was her cousin, William Douglass, a youth some three years older than herself; brave, generous and high-spirited, with a face and form that many a gallant might envy, and eyes that glanced with a variety of meanings whenever they encountered the downcast ones of his cousin Eva.

The sufferings of the early settlers are well known—numbers perished daily by famine and disease. Skirmishes with the Indians were frequent; but in justice to the latter it is acknowledged that they were seldom the aggressors. Traitors of the English cruelly sought them out, attacked and pursued them, and if taken they were inhumanly tortured.

It was a clear and brilliant evening in the early spring, the last beam of sunset yet lingered amid the foliage of the forest trees, tingling the leaves with burnished gold; dimly in the distance was seen the cluster of rude habitations, that formed the settlement of New Plymouth, whilst the solitary spire that rose above the roofs, showed where they had "built a tabernacle in the wilderness," and offered up their prayers amid the silence and sublimity of nature. At some distance from the rest stood a dwelling, built in the same rude manner, though larger and more commodious than the others; a vine of wild honeysuckle was trained over the rudely formed porch, and scattered its sweet fragrance to the evening breeze. Within the porch stood a girl of some eighteen summers, her eyes bent thoughtfully on the ground; by her side was a youth gazing intently on her; after a long silence he spoke,

"Eva," he said, "you are thinking of England—of your home."

She looked in his face with a thoughtful smile, as she answered, "I do not regret England; and William, is not this now my home?"

As she spoke, the sound of horses feet struck

upon their ears, and immediately after an Indian female rushed from the forest and sank insensible before them. Douglass raised her up and conveyed her into the house, whilst Eva applied the usual restoratives; at length the fugitive recovered, and starting up stared wildly around her—after a moment, seemingly comprehending her situation, she turned calmly toward her companions and said in very good English—

"You have saved Wahlowa, and she thanks you; is she now free to go in peace? Darkness is upon the forest, and danger is at rest."

"You are free," said Eva, as she stepped toward the door, and the Indian springing forward was lost in the mazes of the forest.

Douglass and his cousin needed no explanation of the scene they had witnessed; a party had that morning gone forth on an excursion against a few Indians who had been seen in the neighborhood. Wahlowa was evidently one of the fugitives pursued to the verge of the forest and had thus found friends, where nought but foes could be expected; the incident soon faded from their minds, and Wahlowa was forgotten.

The settlement for some months had enjoyed comparative security; the Indians were no longer seen in the neighborhood, and hopes were entertained that they had abandoned their fruitless endeavors to regain their lost possessions. The families of Douglass and Mornton were preparing for their departure for England. They had been induced to settle in the New World by the golden promises held forth to them; their hopes had been disappointed, and none felt now any regret to leave the land where they had endured so many hardships and privations, save William Douglass and Eva, whose young and romantic minds had become attached to what they termed their "forest home."

It was the Sabbath before their intended departure, and the small congregation was collected in the rustic chapel, the promise of the Creator seemed there fulfilled, and a calm and holy spirit pervaded those who were "gathered together." Eva felt a sadness steal over her as she thought it was the last time she would ever sit beneath that roof, she would never again join her voice with those now ascending to the throne of Grace; and when she sang her tones were even sweeter than their wont. There is something sublime in the worship of the Creator amid the silence of nature; we are alone amid His works, the foundations of art are hid from our sight, and we seem nearer heaven when the things of earth are shut from our gaze. In those unsettled and disastrous times every settler attended divine service armed; staves were planted at regular distances around the church,

against which every man leaned his rifle before entering the house of God; in this manner six or eight rifles were supported by one staff, a sentinel paced before them, to warn the congregation of any approaching danger. The comparative security which the settlement had enjoyed rendered these precautions less rigorously attended to than before, and on the Sabbath alluded to the sentinel stood within the porch and joined his voice with the rest. Suddenly, a loud, fiendish yell rang in the ears of the startled worshippers, bright flashes of flame burst in at the windows, and the forms of their ruthless foes sprang from amid the blaze, like demons exulting in the torture they had prepared: many rushed out but were cut down as they crossed the threshold, a few escaped, and the rest perished in the flames; shrieks of despair ran through the building which so short a time before had echoed to the voices of adoration and prayer, and the day which commenced in peace and holiness, ended in massacre, desolation and death.

On the first attack of the Indians, Douglass had caught Eva in his arms, and rushing through the flames gained the open air: he paused a moment to take breath, and was again springing forward, when a savage yell sounded in his ears, and the next moment he lay bleeding and insensible on the ground. When Douglass returned to recollection, he found himself in his own chamber; well known forms flitted around him, and he was almost tempted to believe all that had passed but a dream. His uncle approached the bed, Douglass raised himself, and looking earnestly in his face, asked:

"Where is Eva?"

His answer was tears. There is something very touching in the sight of a man in tears. Woman often weeps, and her tears are like the raindrops, refreshing and beautiful; but bitter indeed must be the grief that shakes the stern nature of man—that causes him to forget his superiority, and bow down his heart in sorrow like a child. It was some time before the bereaved father could impart to Douglass the events which had occurred since that fatal day. The Indians had been put to flight by a reinforcement from the vessel then in harbor. Douglass was found wounded and senseless, but for Eva they had sought in vain, and the horrid conviction forced itself on their minds that she had either perished in the flames or became a captive to the savage enemy. The latter was far more probable, as Douglass had borne her beyond the reach of the devouring element; and every day brought him renewed strength to ascertain her fate.

At length his strength was re-established so that he could ride, he waited for nothing further, and accompanied by a small party, scoured the forest in all directions. Day and night they rode, but all in vain—no encampment could be found, and heart-broken and weary, they returned after nearly a week's absence to their respective homes.

The day succeeding that of his return, Douglass wandered to the verge of the forest and cast himself on the ground in the utter abandonment of grief; the sound of light footsteps aroused him, and with an undefined feeling of hope he started to his feet. A female stood at his side, and he turned away with disappointment and aversion when he recognized the features of an Indian. After a slight pause the girl spoke,

"You have forgotten me," she said; "but Wahlowa remembers well."

Douglass bent eagerly forward as he exclaimed, in a tone of agonized inquiry: "Can you tell me, does she live to whom you owe life?"

"She does," was the reply.

"Then I will rescue her or perish."

A scornful smile curved the lip of the Indian girl as she said—"Anyeuta loves the white maiden—he is a great chief, and the lord of many. What could the pale faces do against those warriors who hold their hearts in their hands?"

Douglass felt the truth of her words, and he answered: "Then we will ransom her at any price."

An expression of impatience crossed his companion's countenance. "You *cannot* save her," she said; "but Wahlowa can." She then imparted to Douglass her plan of escape.

On the morrow Anyeuta and his followers would convey the captive to one of the friendly tribes. At night they intended to encamp in a valley, on the bank of the river, now known as the Penobscot. Encompassing three sides of the valley, was a steep rock, part of which overhung the stream. It was inaccessible, save by a secret path known only to the natives; the summit was so narrow as to admit but one to pass; over this precipice the Indian proposed to conduct Eva whilst her captors slept, and Douglass was to await them beyond the rock in readiness for immediate flight. This enterprise seemed fraught with but little danger, and almost certain success, and as Douglass poured forth his thanks his generous nature revolted at the thought of the danger which threatened the grateful girl for betraying the secret path.

Wahlowa divined his thoughts, and a bitter smile passed over her countenance as she said,

"think not of me. You saved me when my life was a season of love and joy, now that joy is turned to bitterness, that love to hatred and revenge!" She turned hastily away.

Alas, for the trusting heart—even in her wild and wooded home, had Wahlowa learned that love is not always truth. Her young affections and her plighted troth were given alike to Anyeuta, and for a time he returned them; but now he had cast aside the gifts, and lavished his love on the captive maiden. Wahlowa saw it all, and determined to free the captive, and thus repay the debt of gratitude and satisfy her revenge—for the consequences she cared not. What now to her was life—the golden cup was for ever broken.

The moon had risen high in the heavens when two figures were seen on the summit of the rock, one approached the edge and gazed down upon the valley—then rejoining the other they sped swiftly onward, a moment more they had reached the opposite side, and Eva sank insensible in the arms of Douglass; she recovered to find herself in comparative safety and surrounded by all she held dearest on earth. The Indian girl stood proudly apart, and Eva hastily approached her:

"Wahlowa," she said, as she pressed her to her bosom, "you have sacrificed your safety for mine, come now with us, our home shall be your home, and you shall be unto me as a sister."

The Indian gently released herself from her embrace, and her voice was calm and passionless as she answered:

"Your words are kind, lady, and I thank you; but for seventeen summers Wahlowa's home has been in the forest; she cannot leave it now. Farewell! It is enough that you are happy, and Wahlowa will soon be happy too."

She turned proudly away, and a moment after her slight form was seen on the verge of the precipice—there was a breathless pause—then a sudden plunge. The face of the silver stream was broken, and the bosom of its waters was the resting-place of Wahlowa.

THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

"Oh! when will Christmas come again?"

We hear the urchin cry.

It comes, and—glorious news for him!—

It brings his Christmas pie.

Triumphant o'er the prize he sits,

Careless of peace or strife:

He soars above such petty things,

His soul is in his knife.

THE NEW CARPET.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"How lovely—is it not beautiful?—I never saw anything half so elegant—and to think how cheap!"

Such were the exclamations of Harry Howard's young wife. She was standing with her husband in a fashionable carpet store, the clerk of which had just unrolled a piece of Brussels carpeting, saying,

"Now, madam, if you wish a really beautiful article, here it is; and at a price too I am almost ashamed to name; but we bought the goods low and are anxious to close them out. You see the superior brilliancy of the colors. Indeed ingrain carpetings are going quite out of fashion; for manufacturers now reserve their best patterns for Brussels. Besides, the latter outwears the former, so that, though the first cost is higher, in the end the one is no dearer than the other."

Mrs. Howard had intended to purchase an ingrain carpeting: her old one had been of that kind, and she had always thought it quite good enough. Her husband was not rich, but his business being excellent, he had saved something annually, and was in a fair way to lay up a competence for his old age. Harry Howard's exactness and rectitude were proverbial: he had the reputation of being economical also: so that he was very generally regarded as a rising young man.

His wife was a partner, in all respects, suitable for him. She was moderate in her wishes, careful in her household, an affectionate wife and a provident mother. Harry loved her devotedly, for he thought her as prudent as she was kind. But she had her little foibles, as well as other folks; and her peculiar weakness was to be proud of her house and furniture.

As the clerk unrolled the piece of beautiful Brussels carpet she felt a sudden and strong desire to possess it; and his eloquence speedily shook the objections which prudence had at first started in her mind. When he had finished, she looked wistfully at her husband.

"It is very pretty," said he.

"And so cheap!" replied his wife.

"I am telling you the truth," said the clerk with emphasis, "when I declare on my honor that we could not import these goods to sell at anything like this price."

"The ingrain looks very dull beside it," said the wife, "but still, perhaps, that will do for us quite as well as this." And she turned away with a sigh, after this effort to resist the temptation.

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"Well, do as you like, my dear," replied her husband, "I am sure I can trust your good sense. The carpet will cost more than I had thought of giving; but then, as you say, it will outwear an ingrain one."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk; "I know a friend who bought an article like this five years ago—a different pattern, you know, but the same quality of goods—and it looks as fresh to-day as when it was put down. You could not find an ingrain carpet to do that."

"No, indeed," said the wife, looking inquiringly at her husband.

"Well, let us try it," was his reply, for he saw his wife's heart was set on the purchase. "It is but fifty dollars more at any rate, and fifty dollars can't break me."

Mrs. Howard had not quite satisfied herself she had done right, for as she walked home she said,

"I know some will call it a useless extravagance, but in the long run it is cheaper, you know, as the clerk said. And besides I can soon save it in other things. I will manage without a new silk dress this winter, and my old bonnet will do very well with a little fresh trimming. Oh! we shall not feel it by spring."

The carpet was put down, and then Mrs. Howard declared it prettier than ever. It was indeed the proudest day of her life. Not one of her acquaintance possessed a Brussels carpet, and she reflected with considerable complacency on her superiority. It was her delight to exhibit it to her female friends, who, actuated by curiosity, or envy, lost no time in calling to see her new treasure: and she especially enjoyed the triumph it afforded her over one or two, who heretofore had surpassed her in their style of living.

The carpet had been down about a month when one evening Mrs. Howard said to her husband.

"Your mother was here to-day, my dear, and was in raptures with our new carpet. She says she never saw anything half so handsome. But she thinks our chairs entirely too common for it, and cane-bottomed chairs, with a Brussels carpet, do look shabby, I confess. Don't you think so, my dear?"

"I am more than half of your opinion," said her husband, "and thought so from the first. I wonder what a sett of mahogany chairs would cost?"

"I don't know indeed. A great deal of money, I have no doubt. Mrs. Stetson paid seven dollars a piece for hers. We must do without mahogany chairs till we get rich."

Though Mrs. Howard said this, it was with

a sigh. The conversation dropped, nor was the subject alluded to for several days. But whenever Mrs. Howard went into the parlor, she thought how great an improvement mahogany chairs would make; and though at first she repelled the idea of their purchase as too extravagant, she finally began to regard it with less aversion. One day, however, her husband came home.

"My dear," he said, "I saw a sett of mahogany chairs to-day at auction, and they sold very cheap, being bid off for less than four dollars a piece. I almost wished you had been there, for if you had liked them, we could have got them a bargain."

"What a pity!" said his wife, heaving a profound sigh.

From that day the desire of possessing a sett of mahogany chairs became an engrossing one with Mrs. Howard. Four dollars a piece was so very cheap! If she could only obtain such a bargain! She attended all the sales, and visited all the auction rooms; and at last found a sett to suit her. On the day of the sale she was there punctually; but another person seemed equally anxious to have the chairs; and so Mrs. Howard was forced to pay five dollars a piece for them.

"It is a little more than we thought of paying," she said. "But they are very handsome, and such a bargain. Several were quite disappointed when they came and found the chairs sold. I am sure I could have sold the purchase at a profit. But I don't regret the cost a bit, since they look so beautiful."

Harry, as the reader may have guessed, was of an easy, good-natured disposition, and willingly yielded to his wife's opinions. If he felt any misgivings at this departure from economy, they soon vanished like his wife's.

The chairs were scarcely arranged in the parlors, before some visitor suggested how much new sofas would improve the rooms; and so finally new sofas were bought. After this came mirrors and then pictures; for each new acquisition only made Mrs. Howard eager for more.

The love of display now became a ruling passion with her. Hitherto she had been very well contented with her old associates, who were generally people in her own rank in life; but now, with the increased elegance of her house, she aspired after more fashionable acquaintance. Visiting at their dwellings, she saw furniture more elegant than hers, and to rival them was continually adding some new article to her own rooms: so that at length her parlors, once so plainly furnished, blazed with candelabra, mirrors, sofa-tables and gilded vases in the most fashionable style.

Two years after the purchase of the new carpet, you would scarcely have known Harry's house. His own habits, and those of his wife had changed also. Formerly his evenings had been spent at home, or in a sociable visit to a neighbor, where there was neither ceremony nor expense; but now he and his wife were nearly always abroad at some gay party, and when they remained at home it was to entertain a circle of friends with considerable display. The Howards had got quite out of the sphere they had been brought up in. They had become involved in a round of visiting, entertainments, and balls. Every evening a little party was projected at their house or another, or else seats were taken at the theatre for the whole company. Display and extravagance had altogether supplanted that love of order and economy which had once been the characteristic of both Harry and his wife.

It was not without many a misgiving that the young couple continued this new career they had begun; but the truth is, habits of expense are more easily acquired than got rid of; and their new friends were so charming, or so fashionable, and their own vanity was secretly so much pleased with the notice taken of them, that both Harry and his wife found their fears daily less and less troublesome, and gave themselves up with more and more zest to the pleasures of their new mode of life.

Among the warmest friends Harry possessed was Mr. Harvey, an old gentleman who had grown rich in a small business by slow economy. On Harry's starting out in life, Mr. Harvey had been active in assisting him, not only with his experience, but with his purse. Latterly, however, the intimacy between the old gentleman and his protegee had declined; not from the fault of the former, however. But Mr. Harvey had ventured some expostulations with Harry on his new mode of life, which had not been taken in good part.

One day, however, Harry came into Mr. Harvey's store with an anxious brow, and in considerable embarrassment asked for the loan of a thousand dollars.

"I have nothing to lend," said the old man, with a shake of the head. "These are threatening times, and every man must look out for himself."

Harry colored and turned on his heel. When he had gone, the old gentleman's wife, who happened to be in the store at the time, said,

"My dear, I thought you had plenty of money. I am sure I saw you send two thousand dollars to bank since I came in."

"So I did," replied her husband. "Nor did

I say I had no money. I only refused to lend. And Harry understood me too. It must have galled a proud nature like his to ask *me* for a loan, and it galled him still more to have a refusal. But I could not help it. He is in full career to ruin, nor can any assistance save him. He would not take my advice."

"You astonish me! Harry on the brink of ruin! I thought him in an excellent business."

"So he is—so he is. But his business can't stand the way he has been living these two years past. He has been spending twice as much as he made. Until now, though dreadfully behind hand, he has managed to keep his head above water; but money is getting scarce, and he will soon be unable to raise it. For the last month he has got along by borrowing from day to day."

"His poor wife!"

"His poor wife, I fancy," said the old man bluntly, "is as much to blame as he is himself. She is fond of display, and Harry is easily led; and in those few words lie the secret of his ruin. Ever since they bought their Brussels carpet, they have been adding folly to folly and expense to expense, until now they scarcely know their old friends, and turn up their noses at the style of living they once thought good enough for any body. Harry's business was an excellent one, and if he had lived on half his income—as he might have done very comfortably—he would have been richer by a thousand dollars every year. It takes little argument, my dear, to show that, in that case, he would have been a wealthier man than I am at my age."

"It is a pity, a great pity. But how could that carpet ruin him? Its whole cost could not be over one hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes! but that led to other expenses. It was entirely too good for the rest of their furniture, and they soon found this out, when they never rested till they re-furnished their parlors, piece by piece, to match it. Then, finding their house more elegant than those of their neighbors, they began really to look down on their late associates and to court intimacies with richer and more fashionable people. Finally they moved into a larger house. Had any one, five years ago, told Harry how extravagantly he would yet live, he would have laughed: but, by adding a little almost daily to his expenses, he has finally come to spend the large sum he does now. To live as he is living is proper enough for wealthy men; but for Harry it is absurd—nay, criminal!"

Old Mr. Harvey's prophecy was not long in being fulfilled. In less than a month afterward he came home and said,

"You remember, my dear, the conversation

we had about Harry Howard a few weeks ago. Well—to-day, he failed."

In less than a week the red-flag of the auctioneer waved from the windows of Harry's elegant house; and before a month he had retired with his family to an obscure street, where he found a livelihood by hiring as a clerk.

But the severest pang was felt by Mrs. Howard, who, about a month after the failure, met one of her fashionable friends in the street, who returned her greeting with supercilious hauteur, saying to a companion in a tone loud enough to be overheard,

"I should have thought Mrs. Howard would not have had the impudence to speak to me, after Mr. Howard had defrauded my husband of so much money. We used to tolerate the Howards because they were customers of Mr. Green, and gave excellent parties. But it seems they were giving these parties, all the while, on other people's money. If there is anything I detest it is this aping a style of living above one's means. Mr. Green says there ought to be a law to put men like Mr. Howard in the penitentiary."

SUN-SET SONNETS.

BY C. H. GARBER.

I.

DELIGHTFUL sunset, glowing, gorgeous, grand,

Soft, silent, sad, and ever sanctified,

Bright on the fertile field or barren strand,

Fair on the simple stream or surging tide.

Who has not gazed in admiration lost,

As in the west a bright and beauteous host

Of gold and silver clouds, united throw

Their rich reflections on the earth below,

And one by one their splendid robes resigning,

Fade with the sun-beams silently declining,

As sinks the glory of that mighty power,

In which they triumphed for a fleeting hour.

And all is past, but one bright track which yet

Remains to say the God of day has set.

II.

Sad, silently, and slow the last ray fades,

And falls away before the glittering shades,

Of gloomy night, as if reluctantly

It left its station in the lofty sky.

Sun-set—thou hast a spell whose magic power

Has charmed my soul in every scene of life

In childhood's earliest, best, and calmest hour,

In youth and manhood's stouter, sterner strife,

At sun-set hour, in holy infancy,

A mother's prayer would light me to my rest;

At sun-set hour in manhood let me flee

Where memory saint-like shrines that one so blest.

When to the grave, his friends the bard shall bear,

Oh! let it be when sun-set's smile is there.

WAIFS OF POETRY.

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye." *Wordsworth.*

Who says there is no American poetry? No poetry! Go to our snow-capt mountains, or the green savannahs of the south—listen to the roar of Niagara, or watch the melancholy sweep of the Mississippi—pierce the gloom of our forests thousands of years old, or stand in one of the wild gorges of the Rocky Mountains: and then say there is no poetry in America.

The whole land is full of it. Poets, by profession, we have but few; yet the musical harp of Poesy is never still. Every day we meet, in one newspaper or another, with some unpretending effusions, written by one unknown to fame, which would have shed lustre even around any brow, star-gemmed as it might be! Our people have not time to sit down and *manufacture* poetry, as Wordsworth and Moore have done, making it the business of their lives. The rich ore is here, but who has the leisure to smelt it? Now and then a vein of virgin gold appears, but too often the rich treasure is lost from sheer neglect. Not a poetical people! It is a foul slander. We live and breathe poetry. The storms that sweep along our coast, and the thunder that booms and exults among our hills inspire us with all the elements of the highest poetry, and from the cradle to the grave, we live in a world of unwritten poetry!

A flower that is flung down the wind, takes root or perishes only as chance may assign. A fugitive poem is too apt to be lost, like the flower. It shall be our task occasionally to select such poems of this character, as we find worthy of preservation. We cannot indeed rescue all from oblivion. Neither, on the other hand, can we avoid quoting poems which many of our readers have seen before.

"Passing under the Rod" is a beautiful poem by Mrs. M. S. B. Dana.

"I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay,
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove,
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom to the paleness of woe;
Yet the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes,
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her
God,
'I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!'"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as he murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh, sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there!
But I saw; when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
Yet the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her
God,
'I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!'"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arms of a dear cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smoothed to their feet,
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet;
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.
Yet the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'Twas *their* star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their
God,
'I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!'"

Everybody who has read "The Old Curiosity Shop," remembers little Nell, one of the most exquisite creations of the novelist. Mrs. R. S. Nichols, another of our female poets, has surpassed herself, in the following lines.

"Spring, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy!
Ever restless, ever merry,
She, with pouting lips of cherry,
Lisp'd the words she could not master,
Vex'd that she might speak no faster,—
Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
Mischief all her joys enhancing,—
Full of baby mirth and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
Sweet LITTLE NELL!"

Summer came, the green Earth's lover!
Ripening the tufted clover,—
Calling down the glittering showers,—
Breathing on the buds and flowers,—
Rivalling young and pleasant May
In a generous holiday!
Smallest insects hummed a tune
Through the blessed nights of June:
And the maiden sang her song
Through the days so bright and long,
Dear LITTLE NELL!

Autumn came! the leaves were falling,
Death the little one was calling;
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to us she seemed still dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer,
But she left us hopeless, lonely,
Watching by her semblance only,—
And a little grave they made her,—
In the church-yard cold they laid her,—

Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast,
POOR LITTLE NELL."

About a year ago the ensuing lines appeared in a newspaper anonymously. They are obviously written by one suffering under the terrible infliction of which he so mournfully complains. Oh! there is truth, terrible truth in this poem on "Deafness."

"I sit in silence—to my ear, there comes no sound of words,
No children's ringing laugh I hear, nor joyous song of birds—
I see the warblers on the wing and children sporting round,
But to my deadened ear they bring no sweet and welcome sound.

I walk in silence—tho' I know that ev'ry flow'r and tree
Is vocal with the music sweet, of bird and humming bee—
I see the fields of waving corn stirred by the summer breeze,
But still to me no sound is borne from flowers, or fields, or trees.

Each day I see around our board my friends their places fill—
I see my mother ask of God a blessing on each meal;
But yet no word I ever hear of that familiar prayer,
And not a sentence greets my ear from all assembled there.

Although to church, on Sabbath days, I duly still repair,
To offer there my sacrifice of humble praise and prayer,
To me through all that blest abode unbroken silence reigns,
Silent to me the word of God—silent the sacred strains.

To me the streams in silence flow, the distant sea to join,
There's music in their waves I know, to every ear but mine,
I watch the billows as they reach and break upon the shore,
Yet though I stand upon the beach, I hear their sound no more.

To me the storms in silence roar—the threatening clouds I see,
But though the rain in torrents pour, it brings no sound to me—
I see the trees by tempest riven, its gathering force I feel,
Behold the angry flash of heav'n, yet hear no answering peal.

Alas! to me all nature's voice is now forever mute,
And ne'er again may I rejoice in sound of song or lute—
Yet still doth faithful mem'ry bring the sweet melodious lays,
I heard my loved companion sing in earlier, happier days.

Oh, would that I could hear once more the charming sound of words,
The music of the winds and waves, and melody of birds—
Could hear the Sabbath bell again sound from the house of prayer,
And join in every sacred strain with those who worship there."

With these fugitive poems we close our "Waifs" for the present. Shall we continue them? We know that all who love the bright and beautiful in verse will answer "yes!"

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE engraving of Mrs. Stephens, which we publish this month, was prepared originally for *Graham's Magazine*; and we have procured the use of the plate in consequence of the fidelity of the likeness and the extreme finish of the engraving. For this we are indebted to the courtesy of G. R. Graham, Esq.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens is a native of Connecticut, and is now probably thirty-five years old. The district where she was born abounds in scenery of rural loveliness; and to this fact, perhaps, the world owes much that is beautiful in her writings. At an early age she married, and soon after removed with her husband to Portland, Maine. Subsequently she took up her residence in New York, where she has since continued to dwell.

Her literary career began in Portland, and was purely accidental in its commencement. Among the earliest of her friends was John Neal, Esq., of that place, who soon appreciated her genius. She projected, and for some time published and edited, "*The Portland Magazine*." After her removal to New York she became the editor of "*The Ladies' Companion*;" and subsequently was attached to "*Graham's Magazine*," as one of the editors of that periodical. In 1843 she became associated with the writer in editing this magazine: and in that capacity has given to the public her best and most matured compositions.

Before becoming connected with this magazine, her ablest stories were "*Alice Copley*," and "*Malina Gray*." Since she has been associated with us she has written, "*Anna Taylor*," "*The Tradesman's Boast*," and "*Anne Boleyn*," all of them superior novels. She has also given to the world, through our pages, "*The Beggar Boy*," "*The Last Appeal*," and other tales, in merit far above any she ever before had composed. Her occasional poetry is very beautiful. The lines to "*A Dear Friend*," which we published from her pen last January, were full of pathos and truth.

To undertake a lengthy criticism of the genius of Mrs. Stephens would be out of place here, where the partialities of friendship may be thought to blind the judgment or bias the taste.

The character of Mrs. Stephens may be seen in her writings. She is impulsive, generous, self-sacrificing, strong in her domestic attachments, frank, energetic, persevering. Her manuscript is hurried, and often blotted with tears. Of flowers, and of the fine arts she is passionately fond.

ANNE BOLEYN.*

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER V.

"Like a clankless chain entralling—
Like the sleepless dreams that mock—
Like the frigid ice-drops falling
From the surf-surrounded rock.

Such the cold and sickening feeling
Those hast caused this heart to know,
Stabbed the deeper by concealing
From the world its bitter woe." BYRON.

It was Lord Percy whom Anne Boleyn had seen upon the hill when she left her sister so precipitately. He had broken away from the bondage of the cardinal, from the control of his haughty father, and privately left London, determined to seek an interview with the lady of his love, and flee with her into France if no other way presented itself of eluding the lord cardinal's arbitrary command never to see her again. Another feeling strong as love itself had urged the impetuous young man forward to this step. A letter had reached him, from some unknown person, conveying dark insinuations of the king's attachment to Anne Boleyn, and pointing this out as a reason for his stern prohibition to her marriage with himself, and for her prompt retirement from the court.

Percy was of a confiding, generous nature, but passionate and full of warm impulses. He did not, for a moment, credit the subtle hint that Anne favored the king's dishonorable suit, and had retired from court to avoid the scrutiny of her betrothed husband, but the very idea that her name could be coupled with that of the king even by one individual, galled his haughty spirit beyond endurance. The profound silence maintained by Anne since her departure from court, also filled his heart with vague misgivings. Neither message nor letter had reached him.

While Percy was laboring under the painful doubts created by this letter, two events transpired to excite these feelings beyond endurance. Lord Shrewsbury's daughter arrived at the court, and the king left suddenly privately, taking only a few followers with him, and telling no one—not even the queen—where his journey tended.

At this time another letter reached Percy, stating that King Henry had gone down to Kent by Anne Boleyn's invitation. That he would ostensibly visit a nobleman whose residence lay some twenty miles from Hever Castle, where his

retainers might remain while he made private excursions to the lady's bower.

How accurately Eleanor had calculated upon his movements when she sent that anonymous letter, was proved by his appearance in Kent, and in sight of Hever Castle on the day and hour that King Henry approached it for the first time unattended and alone, like his subject.

A bend in the road had concealed the royal horseman, and in truth Percy's heart beat so tumultuously at the sight of the tower that sheltered the beloved girl for whom he was ready to sacrifice so much, that he had no thought for any other object. Even the figures of Anne Boleyn and her sister as they moved down the opposite eminence, escaped him. So he rode on, rather slowly, for his horse was tired, and the roads, at that period, none of the best. After descending the hill the highway ran along its foot for some little distance, trodden over the margin of the forest rivulet, which we have mentioned before, as separating the base of the hill from the timber land that lay between it and the castle. After threading its banks for perhaps the eighth of a mile, the road crossed the brook in a shallow part and cut through the dense trees up the neighboring eminence. Percy came upon the brook where its waters were narrow and deep, foaming through a bed of broken rocks that only allowed them to flash up to sight here and there in merry sparkles. The young noble was using both hand and spur to compel his horse from an obstinate determination which it had formed to drink in this tempting place, when he caught a gleam of female garments coming through the trees. His cheeks flushed with eager expectation, and his heart beat quick. The horse took advantage of his opportunity, and turning suddenly plunged one foot up to the knee in the limpid waters, which he began to inhale with a gurgling and luxurious sound, while his master bent forward on the saddle, and holding his breath, strove to obtain a distinct view of the approaching female.

The dusk was gathering around him, and though the gorgeous colors in which the female was arrayed, rendered her approach visible by a contrast with the deep green of the forest, she advanced within a few yards of the brook before he could distinguish her features. The moment his eager glance fell upon her face he drew back in the saddle with a look of keen disappointment. Forcing his horse back from the limpid draught that it was enjoying so greedily, he remained upon the bank till the lady, who approached slowly, and with her eyes bent on the earth, paused upon the opposite shore as if checked alike in her progress and her reverie by the

* Secured according to act of Congress, in 1846, by Edward Stephens, in the clerk's office of the southern district of New York.

rushing waters. She turned her dark eyes up the brook, and when they rested on Percy gave a slight start, as if she had just perceived him, and was astonished at his presence.

"Percy, my lord, can this be possible?" she exclaimed, stepping upon a fragment of rock, and springing from one stone to another till she stood by his side. "Nay, this is an unexpected pleasure," she said, giving her hand with cordial frankness to the young noble, who received it with some show of constraint. "Though I can hardly claim the right to welcome guests at Hever Castle in the absence of its lord: and while Mistress Anne presides there, Lord Percy can never be an unwelcome visitor even to her."

"I trust not, lady," replied Lord Percy, struck unpleasantly by the manner in which Anne was mentioned. "It would be a strange thing indeed if Henry Percy lacked a cordial greeting here."

"All changes seem strange to those who suffer by them," said Eleanor, turning her eyes upon him with a hesitating and compassionate look.

"Of what changes speak you, fair lady? The tone and manner in which you mention persons here surprise me more than anything else," said Percy, in a voice that, spite of himself, was a little unsteady.

Eleanor gazed in his face an instant, bent her dark eyes to the earth, and seemed to ponder some painful thought in her mind.

"You have not seen Mistress Anne, then?" she said after a moment.

"Seen her—no," said Percy, becoming more and more dissatisfied with Eleanor's manner—"how were that possible? We are yet half a mile from Hever Castle, where I soon trust to surprise the sweet lady in her own bower-room."

"Then she did not know of your coming?" inquired Eleanor, while a look of hesitation and painful doubt settled more and more visibly on her face.

"I did not know of it myself half an hour before my back was turned upon the court, fair lady."

"It is strange," muttered Eleanor, pressing a rosy finger thoughtfully on her lip, while her eyes was bent to the earth again—"from my sister's restless manner I should have supposed that she expected some one, and if not—but it must be so, her heart divined your coming before you knew of it yourself. I am sure of it, though she would not take me into her confidence as in former days," cried the beautiful woman with sudden animation, and looking up with a relieved and brightened countenance. "If some troublesome suspense had just left my heart. 'At any rate,' again Eleanor cast down her eyes, and they seemed filling with tears, 'had the despised

and rejected Eleanor been thus happy in Percy's love it would have been so with her!"

"Lady!" exclaimed Percy, in a voice that bespoke both pain and displeasure.

"It needs not that tone, Lord Percy, to remind Eleanor Boleyn that even a sad memory of the past is forbidden to her," said the strange young creature bitterly, and her splendid eyes flashed with proud anger. "But even now, so forgiving and so humble is this woman's nature, I can pray heaven that your own proud and cruel heart may not suffer all that it has inflicted on mine!—or if it must, that it may forget former tenderness and forgive treachery as I have forgotten and forgiven!"

There was pure sadness in her tone as the latter portion of this sentence was uttered, and she turned away as if about to recross the brook.

Percy dismounted from his horse, and drew the bridle over his arm, her tone and manner, joined to the vague allusions made in her speech, filling him with apprehensions the more painful, because they awoke a recollection of the anonymous letter, which, up to this time, he had resolutely cast from his mind as unworthy of notice.

"It is getting dusky among the trees," he said, "and before you can reach the castle it will be quite dark. Were it not safer to walk along the highway under my escort?"

Eleanor hesitated, cast a look into the forest, and drew toward him as if with some reluctance. His noble heart reproached him for the wound his reproof had given to her pride, and he addressed her with the gentle courtesy that was most natural to him.

"You will not suffer resentment at my rude speech to deprive me of a guide through these thick trees?" he said. "I can give you news of your noble bridegroom, for we met but the day before I left London."

"I hope that Arthur is well," said Eleanor abstractedly, and still gazing into the forest as if reluctant to go on—then as if suddenly remembering the whole import of his address, she added with a degree of earnestness that seemed quite unaffected. "Resentment, oh, no, I was but anxious," she paused, hesitated, and went on, "I was but seeking for my fair sister. It was nightfall before she came in yesterday evening, and almost as late the day before. Were her health to suffer, I might be blamed for not interposing in her father's absence, to prevent these long walks. It was this that brought me so far from the castle. But she must have returned home as I find her not, so I will walk on with you!"

There was something in the tone and manner

more than the words of the speech that struck upon Percy's heart unpleasantly, and for a moment he walked on by Eleanor's side, very anxious, and yet unwilling to ask any questions that might betray his feelings to the young creature who had with so much art excited them.

"These night dews are certainly unwholesome," he said at last. "You act but kindly in persuading Mistress Anne from encountering them."

"If that were all the danger," murmured Eleanor in an under tone, but which reached as it was intended, the heart of Lord Percy. He could endure the torture of suspense into which she had flung him no longer. He cried,

"What is the meaning of all this? To what do these vague speeches tend? In common humanity, fair lady, keep me no longer in suspense! Is there any reason to suppose that I shall be unwelcome at Hever Castle?"

They were now approaching that sharp angle in the road where it crossed the brook. Hitherto it had wound along the unequal banks of the rivulet, and being both narrow and shadowed with trees, a person pursuing it could seldom see any object more than ten or twenty yards in advance. The grass on either side was thick and mossy, smothering the sound of every footfall, either of man or beast, that fell upon it. Still Percy had heard once or twice the light fall of a hoof moving on before them, but the wood was full of deer, and taking it for one of those animals browsing on the way side, he scarcely heeded it, but as he addressed the last anxious question to his companion, the distinct tread of a horse was broken by a sound as if a leap had been urged, and the hoofs of the animal had struck in the water, or upon moist earth in coming down.

"Hush!" said Eleanor, and a flash of red flow like lightning across her cheek—"some one is moving in advance, and might hear us—besides I have nothing to say: doubtless you will be welcome at the castle: my words implied nothing else—why should they?"

That moment a bend of the rivulet gave them a full view some distance up its bed, especially where the road fell across it. Upon the opposite bank Percy saw a horseman finely mounted, and recovering his hunter from a leap which he had just made across the ford. The man sprang from his horse, and his face was an instant turned toward Percy.

"Great heavens, it is the king!" burst from the astonished noble, and he involuntarily fell back a pace. The next instant he saw a female come eagerly down the path with joy in every impetuous movement, and fling herself in the

outstretched arms of the king. Percy did not speak, but his face turned white as death, and staggering back as if some one had aimed a fierce blow at him, he fell against his horse, and flinging one arm over the animal's neck, thus prevented himself from falling to the earth. He saw the king bend his head. He knew that those gross lips were pressed to Anne Boleyn's face. A mist came before his eyes, and covering them with one hand, he stood by his horse a moment, sick and shuddering all over with disgusting grief. A moment and his whole demeanor changed; he stood erect; his teeth were clenched, and his pale lips clung over them as if frozen together. He sprang to the saddle, and bending his white face toward Eleanor—who, bold as she was, shrunk back affrighted by the gleam of those burning eyes—he addressed her in a hoarse whisper—

"Tell her that I have seen this."

He said no more, and did not even turn his eyes again toward the opposite bank, but wheeling his horse slowly around, rode away.

Eleanor followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight, holding her breath and trembling faintly with a sort of malicious thrill, half pleasure, half pain. Then her small mouth curved into a triumphant smile, and she murmured—"ah, to enjoy this exquisite hate one must have loved as I did."

She did not speak above her breath, and after casting a glance at Anne Boleyn, who had sunk to the king's feet overwhelmed with sensations of which the reader is already aware, she softly retraced her steps along the rivulet, and crossing on the broken rocks in its bed, though the deepening twilight, rendered the task a difficult one—she hurried through the woods in order to intercept King Henry and Anne Boleyn before they reached the castle.

Chance had aided her wicked designs that day till it seemed like a miracle even to herself.

CHAPTER VI.

WEEKS went by, and Anne Boleyn's life at Hever Castle became one of wild and feverish excitement. No letter, no message reached her from Lord Percy, and for more than a week after the king's visit, every day was marked by another of those ardent and impassioned letters from the mighty monarch that have become portions of history. Sometimes these letters were received with cold and freezing disdain, at other times Anne would read them with brightening eyes, and a smile of mocking triumph curled her lip, and she would murmur, "he is silent—he has forgotten me, while the king, *his master*, lives beneath my feet thus,

thus!" Then she would cast the letters down and trample on them, wild with contending feelings. Twice the king presented himself at Hever Castle, but Anne refused to see him. Each time Henry held a long interview with Arthur Boleyn's bride, and during these interviews the attendants heard the king's voice raised to an angry and heated tone, as if he were keenly disappointed, and reproaching the lady for some failure of a given promise. At these times Eleanor always made a more strenuous effort to persuade her beautiful sister-in-law to leave her chamber, but all in vain. Anne was becoming suspicious of her importunity, and the artful woman dared not encroach upon her impatient nature further.

At last Henry returned to London, and now the fever of pride, wounded tenderness, and half waking ambition which his presence had excited in Anne Boleyn's bosom went off, and she sunk to a state of languid despondency more painful to witness than all the tumult of bewildering feelings that had so late agitated it. She would sit for hours together pondering over a book, or engaged in her embroidery, with moist eyelashes and unsteady lips; like a young mother mourning over the grave of her only child, sad and regretful, but still with a hope in the future, faint, and dying day by day in her heart, like perfume from a fading flower. Her doubt of Percy's constancy at first admitted to her mind as a sort of sacrilege, had now deepened into a painful fear, not that his love had changed, she did not believe this for a moment, but she began to doubt his resolution and his ability to brave the commands of Cardinal Wolsey, his haughty father, and most of all, the king, whose motives for breaking off their engagement were now broadly revealed to her.

And so the time wore on, each day bringing its false hope and its bitter disappointment.

One evening, about four weeks after King Henry's visit to Hever Castle, Anne sat alone in her bower-room. She had been restless all day, and in order to quell the feelings that rose so bitterly in her heart as the sunset came on, still marking another period of Percy's neglect, she had wandered into the park walking fast and far, scarcely conscious of her own rapid movements, for there was relief to her ardent nature in violent physical action. She returned to her bower-room, worn out and languid with over exertion. As she sank to her easy chair, her eyes closed, while heavy tears forced themselves like crushed diamonds through the knitted lashes. Her head sunk gently to the support of one hand that was bent inward, till the slender fingers touched her shoulder, and a dull, weary

feeling, half sleep, half stupefaction, fell upon her. The sound of horses approaching the castle fell upon her ear without arousing her to a consciousness that visitors were coming, and it was not till the door of her bower-room was flung open, and she found herself in her father's arms, that the weary girl was aware of his return home.

"Oh, my father!—my father!" she cried, trembling in his arms, and pressing her lips to his face as if they could bribe some happy tidings from him—"now, now I shall be content again—but come you alone, quite alone?"

"Nay, Arthur came with me, sweet daughter. He did but pause to greet the fair dame whom King Harry has given thee for a sister, in her own room; he will be here anon; but sit down on this stool at my feet, gentle daughter, for I have news that will stir thy heart, else thou art no true Boleyn."

Poor Anne! the very mention of news did indeed stir her heart till its quick throbs made her faint. She could not speak, but sat down upon the stool, and lifting that beautiful, pale face to his, waited for him to speak. Sir Thomas gazed down upon her, and a brilliant smile illuminated her fine features.

"Now tell me, if thou canst, what tidings it is that I have to impart!" he said, fondly playing with her impatience.

"I know not—I dare not guess!" said Anne, her lips grew red and broke into a lovely smile, like a rose-bud bursting open when its heart is drenched with dew. "You could not smile upon me thus if it were evil tidings."

"Evil, thou shalt hear, child, for I see by those flashing eyes that some bright thought is aroused in thy mind. Three weeks since this day, by the king's great munificence, thy father was created Viscount Rochford, and appointed treasurer of the royal household."

The smile left Anne's lips, and she shrank back paler than before, and with a gesture of keen disappointment—almost of indignation.

"Why, Anne, these tidings seem to please thee not, as I expected!" said Sir Thomas, gazing at her in surprise. "Is a place in the peerage of England of so little moment that thou canst find no word of gratulation for thy father, or of gratitude to the king?"

"This news has taken me by surprise, I—I would know at what price—forgive me, my father, I have not been well, and these tidings are so strange, so terribly important!"

Anne burst into tears, and covered her face with both hands to avoid the penetrating and displeased look that Sir Thomas fixed upon her.

"Thou art sadly changed Anne," said Sir

Thomas, after a moment of silent surprise—"and seem scarcely so grateful for a father's advancement as becomes the daughter of a house that has been so greatly ennobled—but I have other tidings for thee!"

Anne looked up, her eyes flashed through their tears, and she held her breath.

Sir Thomas paused, and regarded her with a stern and searching look.

"I was about to speak of one whose name has been somewhat too often coupled with thine since it has been the expressed wish of our sovereign that he should wed with another. I speak of Lord Henry Percy."

"Ah, father, father, you have not turned against us also!" cried Anne, sliding from the stool to her knees. "H— you but known how deeply we love each other—"

Sir Thomas checked her before the sentence was finished.

"Hush, Anne, or thou may'st say in thy passion what a father might blush to hear, and then to remember—three weeks ago Lord Percy was married to Lady Mary Talbot!"

Anne sprang to her feet with a low cry like that of some timid animal struck to the heart by an arrow. Her face and neck, even her hands, become hueless as marble. She stood thus during half a minute perhaps, and then sunk slowly to her knees, not as if she intended an act of homage or supplication, but helplessly like some animal when it falls to die, with the shaft in its side.

"Father, tell me—this was only said to try my faith in him—you did it to frighten me, sir. I am not frightened!" and the poor girl tried to smile.

"I have told only what myself witnessed," said Sir Thomas somewhat sternly, for her evident distress displeased him. "The splendor of Lord Percy's marriage was the marvel of half London."

"He was forced to wed her—it was not his free act, I will not believe it!" cried Anne, her voice of keen anguish, joined to a sob, and revealed the deep pain she suffered.

"It was the king—it was Cardinal Wolsey—himself urged on the marriage, at least so his father, the old earl, informed me with his own lips," said Sir Thomas.

Anne's face drooped forward, and she covered it with her trembling hands, she seemed struggling for tears, but they choked her utterance without moistening her eyes. Suddenly she removed her hands and looked up, "father, you have no pity on me! You do not know all! In the sight of heaven I was betrothed to Lord Henry Percy. In secret—without your sanction

our faith was plighted—solemnly plighted, each to the other."

"Let maiden pride bury the secret then," said Sir Thomas sternly, "I would not have it hinted about in Henry's court that any man living had dared to cast this slight on a daughter of mine."

Again Anne covered her face, and when she looked up a flash of red kindled over her pale cheeks, and upon her dark lashes trembled a single tear.

"I would not see my daughter degraded at the court of that monarch who has most loaded me with honors, and all for her sake! It were a glorious triumph to the fickle Percy could he see the lady to whom kings would fain pay homage, trembling and weeping over his careless desertion of her."

"He shall never see that!" cried Anne, rising to her feet, while the crimson flush burned like flame on her cheeks.

"It were an insult to thy father, and to the king, who honors thee so greatly with his favor, were mortal eye ever to witness it again. It might even ruin the brightest and most lofty designs ever imagined for the benefit of a subject," said Sir Thomas.

"I do not understand all that you are saying!" said Anne, pressing a hand to her forehead—"the king, what said you of his majesty?"

"I said that the king loves you, Anne: he told me so when last I saw him at court: he told me of his visit here, of thy coldness, and—"

"He told you these things, father—he dared, and what answer did you make the royal profligate, sir," cried Anne, with a look of superb scorn.

"I told him," said Sir Thomas calmly, "that when he could make Anne Boleyn queen of England, she had her father's sanction to his suit."

"Queen of England," cried Anne, with a wild and thrilling laugh that was full of mockery—"Queen of England. Yes, yes, that were safely promised. I trust that his majesty will not visit the roof that shelters Anne Boleyn till he has that power!"

"It may be his, and more speedily than most people deem," replied Sir Thomas, fixing his eyes calmly upon the wild beauty of his daughter's face.

"Is Queen Catharine dead—or ill unto death—that you say this so calmly, father?"

"When thou art quieter and capable of such grave thought as the subject requires, we will talk of this matter," replied Sir Thomas—"but hark, I hear Arthur, with his wife, coming hitherward—I would not that this fair daughter-in-law should witness how much the news

of Lord Percy's marriage has discomposed thee, Anne—those flushed eyes and burning cheeks but ill become the beauty which made a monarch captive. Steal through yon door, child, and come back in more seemly fashion, I will appear to be waiting for thee here!"

Anne Boleyn required no second bidding to seek the solitude for which her fevered heart panted. She left the room, and without going to her chamber or casting even a veil over her, she ran wildly down a flight of steps that led from her bower-room to a private postern, and issued into the park unmantled, pale and breathless. It was a gloomy night. Clouds dark and leaden were sweeping in masses over the sky, giving even to those stars that struggled through their black folds a pale and sickly hue. The heavily wooded park lay before her one dense mass of blackness; great drops of rain fell at intervals upon her hair as she sped along, and the turf under her feet was damp with a fine mist that had been settling upon it during the last half hour. The poor girl heeded nothing of this; her brain was in confusion; her heart was full of anguish; she plunged under the damp, dark trees, and wandered on wringing her hands and sobbing piteously. She had no pride left. In the vast solitude of the wood her heart was unshackled, and poured forth its bitter sorrow in tears, and sometimes in words that sounded painfully amid the sweeping wind.

The rush of a brooklet crossing her path checked her wild flight. She paused, looked back, and saw by the great trees bending their knotted arms over her, that she was in the very spot where King Henry had dismounted from his horse on the day when he first visited Hever Castle.

A wild laugh broke from her lips, and folding her arms, she stood motionless in the black night lost in a deep fit of thought. Amid the desolation of her young heart a gleam of triumph, of keen and bitter pride had broken.

"Without a word—a look—a struggle, he has given me up—oh, holy mother of heaven, can such treason live in the human heart? And I loved him so—after all the past could he cast me from him so readily?" She paused, looked wildly around in the darkness, and the pride of her nature kindled higher and higher as she felt the elements rising and swelling angrily around her. "It was here, on this very spot, that his master and mine, the monarch of this great land, poured forth his gratitude like a feed beggar for one mistaken caress, such as I have given to thee, false Percy, profusely as the violet that gives its blossoms to the child that seeks for them! He was at my feet—the king to whom

thou art a vassal, Percy—the great monarch of England, and I spurned him—but now, now—oh, it were ecstasy to show this recreant how madly the king seeks that which thou hast flung aside as worthless!"

Again the wretched girl paused, again her arms were tightly folded, and a fit of deep musing fell upon her. It lasted several minutes, and during the whole of that time she stood like a thing of marble, revealing the life that had become a pain only by occasional sharp sobs. At last she spoke, and the voice left her lips clear and ringing, like the low tones of a trumpet.

"The Queen of England—what did my father mean?—he is not one to brook the dishonorable suit even of a king—what did my father mean?"

Anne turned suddenly and retraced her way to the castle. It was now raining fast, and her garments were soon deluged with moisture, but she was all unaware of it, and the great drops that came drifting through her hair down her hot cheeks seemed to strike upon flame, so little was its cold touch felt.

She reached the castle, ascended the winding stairs, and entered her chamber. A serving woman who had just placed lights upon the toilet-table paused in her task, startled by the unearthly beauty of the face, which, spite of the dishevelled tresses that fell around it and of her dripping garments, was transcendent in its wild and brilliant loveliness.

"Go to my father, and say that I would speak with him here," said the fair girl, pausing in the midst of the room, where she remained with her garments falling in wet masses around her feet, till Sir Thomas presented himself at the door. "My father," said Anne, turning her bright eyes upon Sir Thomas, who did not observe the disarray of her dress in the large and dimly lighted chamber, "there was something in your speech just now that I did not comprehend. Said you not that King Henry might some day have the right of choosing another than Catharine of Aragon to sit by him on the throne?"

"Now that this question seems to imply some power of reasonable comprehension, I will speak on the subject," said Sir Thomas, drawing a chair close to that into which his daughter had sunk. "But remember, Anne, the king's wishes and intentions are with the exception of us two, known only to himself and Cardinal Wolsey—not even to thy brother must the secret be whispered."

"I understand, and will be secret."

"Then listen. It is now some months since Henry has felt great doubts of the validity of his marriage with Catharine, his brother's widow.

Cardinal Wolsey confirms this doubt, and many high prelates have within the last two weeks been privately consulted on the subject. All sustain the king in his design to apply for a divorce from Rome."

"This is strange news," said Anne, and the blood brightened in her cheek like flashes of fire. "How long is it since Henry's conscience became thus troubled?"

"His resolution regarding the divorce," replied Sir Thomas, with a meaning smile, "was harbored first after his visit to my castle here, which same visit seems to have aroused his sleeping conscience to a very painful degree."

"And he told you of that visit?" said Anne, fixing her bright eyes upon Sir Thomas.

"He did!"

"And did his highness inform the now Lord of Rochford all the honor which was intended to his child?"

"He only told me that which a father might hear with pride. Naught else transpired. If naught was said which Henry may have repented of, let it rest: I can trust the honor of our house in thy hands, dear child."

"You may!" said Anne, with a proud curve of the lip—"and his eminence, Cardinal Wolsey, knows he of the king's visit to Hever Castle?"

"I think that he does!"

"And sanctions it with any reference to this divorce?"

The blood mounted somewhat warmly over Sir Thomas' forehead, and he answered, "not with reference to the divorce. The king has breathed no syllable of his designs in full to any one but myself, and that under a strict charge of secrecy, which it were treason to violate. I have only permission to mention it thus privately here."

"Tell me, father, did Cardinal Wolsey use persuasion or authority to urge forward the marriage of Lord Shrewsbury's daughter?"

"I cannot tell. The marriage was sudden, and the preparations hurried as they were brilliant: by what influence it was brought about I never could learn, save that the old earl insisted on the fulfilment of a contract signed in the infancy of his son, and Percy made no objection!"

"I can see it all," cried Anne, half rising from her chair, "that proud cardinal has trifled with my destiny as if it had been a tennis ball in the hands of skilful players. Under the sacred robes of mother church he would pander to the king's worst views. Percy has been removed that Anne Boleyn may become the more ready minion of his royal master. Catharine of Arragon has failed in her promise—all, all is lost!"

"No, not all! Is a crown nothing?" said Sir

Thomas, in a low, soothing voice. "Is the power of lifting thy somewhat reduced house to a position among the highest of the land, nothing? Is the power to crush those that have wronged thee, nothing? See what a bright future these very disappointments has opened to thee!"

"Father—father, they have uprooted all the sweet flowers that lay in my path, and have trodden it down hard with gold. All the bright, beautiful hopes that I lived upon are swept away forever. If I could perish here at your feet, it were far happier for your child than any prospect the future can hold out to me. But we cannot die when we will!" Here the poor girl's voice trembled, and her countenance took an expression of unutterable despondency, "I say to you, father, my heart is broken, but it will not yield up its hold on existence. Life clings to it like ivy around a ruin. If any hand save mine could rend it away, the grave were more welcome to me this night than you couch with all its glare of purple and gold."

"Nay, dear child, this is but the first effects of a disappointment which will soon be lost in brighter things," said Sir Thomas, deeply affected at her grief, for he was both proud and fond of his beautiful daughter—"remember to what exaltation all this may tend. Thou art of a noble race, Anne, and the pride of thy ancient blood should check this weak repining for the faithlessness of one who loves thee not."

Anne made an impatient gesture and her brow contracted.

"Cast him from thy heart and mind till thou canst look down upon him and his bride from thy place on a monarch's throne. Percy has but deprived thy brow of a coronet that his master may encircle it with a crown. Think of him no more!"

Anne shook her head with a sad smile, "that which you hold out to me may be real. It may even at a future time move my heart somewhat, but now it seems only as a vision of frost work, cold, brilliant, and uncertain of duration. My brain is disturbed with all that has been pressed upon it this night!"

"Thou dost indeed seem ill, poor child," said Sir Thomas. "But seek some rest, I will excuse thy absence from the supper-table, for Arthur and his wife must remain ignorant of the king's secret."

"It is not strange," he added, "that all this should seem unreal to thee; even I could not at first bring myself look on the grace Henry intends us as anything but a dazzling vision."

"I cannot be more unhappy if it prove so!" murmured Anne, shaking her head.

"But it will not—no one can be more

thoroughly in earnest than the king. He has resolved to make room for thee, my sweet child, upon his throne, and when Henry Tudor wills a thing it is accomplished. See, is not this a foreshadowing of his purpose worthy a great monarch? Henry bade me place this jewel at thy feet, and say that, with all loving and honorable intent, he will follow the gift in person the moment he can find means of leaving the court for a brief space without exciting comment."

As Sir Thomas spoke, he drew a casket from his bosom, and dropping on one knee before his child, opened the lid and held a band of linked gold, pointed at one edge like a crown, and set thickly with jewels of inestimable value. It was an ornament often worn by ladies of regal station, and never assumed by one of lower grade.

A gleam from the candles fell upon the jewel as it was lifted from the casket, and Anne shrunk back covering her eyes, as if the flashes of rainbow light struck from the stones had blinded her.

"Take it hence! Rise, I pray you rise. All this will drive me mad!"

Sir Thomas stood up with the jewel in his hand.

"Nay, Anne, it is not thus the king's munificence should be received: see, it belongs to the crown jewels. No queen of England ever possessed a richer circlet."

Anne flung aside her hands with a passionate movement, and turned her eyes upon the ornament.

"Ah, father—father, one little flower from the hand of Harry Percy were worth a world of these cold stones to me."

Sir Thomas coldly replaced the king's gift in its casket and laid it upon the table.

"Must I again remind a daughter of the Boleyns that she speaks of another woman's husband?" he said, casting a glance of stern reproof on the unhappy girl.

"Spare me—oh, spare me this displeasure," she cried, wringing her hands—"give me this one night for solitude and grief—after that I care not what becomes of me—a throne or the grave—I will mount one or lie down in the other as you command."

"Anne, this excessive emotion is unmaidenly, it is degrading—" Sir Thomas paused, for his child's face was turned to the light, and the agony imprinted upon it terrified him. She held her hands out toward him with a piteous and supplicating smile.

"I am ill, father—I am ill! See how my limbs shake, yet amid these freezing chills are flashes of fire darting through and through me. It may be that your unhappy child will perish after all."

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She paused and her white teeth knocked together, "is this death, or the breaking up of a heart that is henceforth to be as marble?" she continued, more and more wildly.

Sir Thomas became seriously alarmed. He saw that she was indeed shivering from head to foot, while fever flashes shot like lightning over her pale cheek. She arose and attempted to walk across the room but reeled unsteadily, and Sir Thomas threw his arm around her.

"Blessed saints, her garments are drenched with rain," he cried in great alarm, "my poor, poor child!" and drawing the sobbing young creature toward him, Sir Thomas kissed her forehead tenderly and tried to soothe her.

"Sit down, love—sit down, I will send thy tiring woman to disrobe thee, thou art in truth very ill."

Anne lifted up her head and laughed wildly. Her cheek was on fire, and fever ragged in her eyes. She suffered herself to be placed in the chair again, and when Sir Thomas went out to search for help she had closed her eyes, and her cheek fell against the crimson cushion red and glowing as the velvet it touched.

Sir Thomas met with some delay in finding the person whom he sought, and when the attendant at last entered Anne Boleyn's chamber, the unhappy girl was standing before a mirror of steel plate, holding up a light with one hand, and setting the demi crown upon her head with the other. Her hair fell in bright masses, damp but still curling, around her face, and the crimson of her robe took a singular effect, shining out in glowing particles where it had dried upon her person—the rest keeping that dull black imparted by moisture, thus the garment seemed made of two distinct materials. Her cheeks were in a blaze of scarlet, and the gems that flashed and circled in a thousand tints around her head were scarcely brighter than those large dark eyes.

The woman paused by the door, astonished and half terrified.

"Come hither, Joan—come hither, this thing galls my forehead, and I know not how to rend the clasp," cried Anne, turning with the light in her hand, which kindled among the gems and rendered the wild beauty of her face almost dazzling. "I knew—I knew when it had once girded my temples no power on earth could help me—and now such pains are shooting from every gem through and through my brain. Well, well, I have borne worse things to-night, and so will be patient good Joan." She set down the light, shook her head sadly, and casting an eager glance toward the bed, moved across the room with wavering footsteps, and fell, with a deep sigh

of pain, among the waves of gorgeous silk that covered it.

"My poor young lady, dear, sweet mistress, let me take off this heavy robe," cried the woman, quite unable to restrain her tears.

"This first—this first," said Anne, lifting one burning hand to her forehead, and making a faint struggle to sit upright.

Joan took the circlet from her head—which was indeed of sufficient weight to cause suffering to one already irritated by fever, and with a sigh of exquisite relief that amounted almost to a laugh, Anne sunk to the bed again. She offered no resistance when the maid proceeded to take off her robe, and only murmured entreaties to be left alone, for she had much to think of before the next day, she said, when she and Percy, with his bride, Lady Mary, were going down into the woods in search of wild flowers for the king. She began to laugh with a sort of childish glee as this thought passed through her brain, and murmuring it over and over she sunk to a heavy slumber, broken every moment with some half uttered fantasies, wilder than that which had gone before.

When King Henry came down to Hever Castle a week after the night we have described, he found Anne Boleyn still in the delirium of a brain fever. Sir Thomas would gladly have kept the monarch from her bed-side, for there was much that fell from that young girl's lips in the beautiful wanderings of her mind that the prudent father sought to withhold from the ear of her royal love—but Henry was stubborn in his determination to see the lovely sufferer, and during the time that he remained in her chamber, Sir Thomas was startled by many a wild and thrilling sentence, that seemed every instant about to lay all the secrets of that young heart before the man who held its destiny in his hand.

Henry did not appear to mark the delirious speeches in which Percy's name was frequently uttered, with many a wild burst of passionate tenderness; but in after years these disconnected ravings were brought up in terrible array against the hapless creature, who now lay quite unconscious of the evil her own fevered lips were coining for the future. If they affected the present it was only to increase the ardent desire which King Henry felt to secure the love of a being so capable of all that deep poetical tenderness which could alone satisfy his supremely selfish nature.

The difficulty he had met in exciting such tenderness was perhaps the greatest incentive to Henry's pursuit of Anne Boleyn. There was a pleasant excitement to the pampered monarch

in loving one thing on earth which his power alone could not command.

CHAPTER VII.

How weak and fragile a thing has sometimes instigated those great events that have stamped themselves on the history of nations, as it were, with a foot-print of iron. To the lovely girl whom we left feeble and broken-hearted upon the couch of pain, may be traced that political, social and religious convulsion that shook the church of Rome to its centre, and rescued a great kingdom from her sway centuries before it could have been accomplished by the natural progress of mind. Passion after all is sometimes stronger than intellect. When both are combined, as in Henry the Eighth, and their union linked with unquestioned power, what force can contend against them?

Nearly three years have swept by since we left Anne Boleyn on a sick bed, worn out and almost crushed by the force of her wounded and impassioned feelings. Those three years had been crowded with events that have left their traces upon the destiny of our Anglo Saxon race to this day. During that time Queen Catharine, the noble and the good, had been thrust rudely from her husband's throne, and was now pining to death broken in spirit and separated from her only child in her humble house of Bugden. In those three years many a noble had fallen upon the scaffold, many a warm heart had been crushed beneath the iron hand of power, in order that Henry Tudor might gratify a passion, which, but for the opposition that made these things necessary, might have expired of its own coarse violence.

There was change everywhere in England; but the most painful of all was that which had fallen upon Anne Boleyn. She had said the truth! The blossoms of her young life were torn up, and their place trodden down with gold. Pride, ambition, and all those energies of mind and person that these passions bring upon woman's nature, had gradually steeled a heart once so full of tenderness. We left her a lovely, passionate and gentle girl—she appears upon our pages again a brilliant woman. Her life was one long fever of excitement. Her aim was the crown of England.

She had spent months in the solitude of Hever Castle. She had plunged in the gaities of Henry's court, invested with all the splendor of a queen. She had witnessed the sufferings of her former queen and benefactress with a steady pulse. She had hurled Cardinal Wolsey from the topmost step of Henry's throne into the very grave. Thus much had she accomplished to avenge herself on

those who had swept all joys, save those of cold ambition, from her path of life. The rich fruit of the king's passion had begun to fall thickly around her and hers. In the royal palace of Windsor, from which Catharine had been expelled, Anne Boleyn was created Marchioness of Pembroke, surrounded by all the splendor of a queenly coronation. Her father was exalted to an earldom, and her brother possessed the title of Viscount Rochford. Now there was but one step more between the young girl whom we introduced to our readers half buried in the wild blossoms of a village festival, and the throne of England.

Hever Castle had been deserted by its lordly owner for more than a year, and the old retainers had almost despaired of seeing their master and young mistress, endowed with their new honors, when the whole family came down, accompanied by two illustrious guests, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk.

About ten days after this party reached the castle, King Henry arrived at its portal sometime after nightfall, and attended only by two persons, one of whom seemed by his robes to possess some high clerical standing.

Sir Thomas Boleyn—now the Earl of Wiltshire—came forth to greet the monarch, but Henry sprang from the saddle without waiting for the earl to bend his knee or touch the stirrup, and hurriedly entered the hall, only saying, "we trust that everything is in readiness, my Lord Wiltshire. Where can we find the Lady Anne?"

"She is in her bower-room, my liege," replied Lord Wiltshire, "with her grace of Norfolk and Lady Rochford."

"Ay," muttered Henry, "we must take caution that the sweet lady of Rochford remain not too near the person of our queen hereafter," and he passed on, followed by the earl, and a host of retainers bearing lights. "My lord, you must see that these gaping varlets have other occupation for both eyes and ears, anon. We must have no menial witnesses," whispered Henry, casting a displeased glance toward the men.

"A supper is provided for them in the kitchen," replied Wiltshire, in the same under tone which his master had used—"that will occupy them sufficiently!"

"It is well," replied Henry, and mounting the stairs he entered the chamber that had been prepared for him, followed by the earl.

"And now are all things arranged for strict privacy?" said Henry, casting his hat upon a table—"we trust our sweet lady has become reconciled to the concealment which is so necessary."

"Trusting to your gracious pledge, sire, that the event of this night shall only be kept private for a brief season; the Lady Anne waves all opposition to these arrangements: as for the rest I have not have revealed your intention to any one except her grace of Norfolk. Rochford may suspect something of it—and his wife perchance, for she has quick eyes."

"Let them both into the secret, we can trust your son, as for the lady" Henry paused, and drew off his glove with some energy, "she will not relish sweet Anne's exaltation enough to make it a subject of gossip, therefore—she, too, may be trusted. Go, my good lord, and arrange these things, meantime send up the trunk-mails and come speedily back again, for we can trust no lesser attendant to help us on with the wedding gear."

Five minutes after, the Lord Wiltshire stood in Lady Rochford's chamber, he was just going out and Eleanor followed him to the door. The room was dimly lighted, and Wiltshire could only see that she was somewhat pale, and that her eyes were more brilliant than usual. He could not detect the evil passions that darkened her face, and surprise might easily have occasioned the slight tremor that marked her voice when she spoke.

"All things shall be as you wish, my lord—I will be in readiness!"

These words were uttered in a soft, bland tone, somewhat tremulous, as I have said, but otherwise quite natural. The moment her chamber door was closed she turned toward the light, and her beautiful features were absolutely convulsed with fiendish passions.

"Is it to make her queen that I have toiled and plotted?" she exclaimed, clenching her hand and pressing her white teeth upon her nether lip till the blood left it.

"Have I linked myself to one that I cannot love—united the only man that I ever did love to one almost as hateful to me as she is, and now, now I have made her a queen. I did not think her pride could have brought the king to this! Can hate, like love, so work against itself?"

Eleanor stood for some moments perfectly still, with her glittering eyes fixed on the light, and her fingers clenched more tightly in the palm of her little hand. At length she broke into a low, self-mocking laugh.

"Well, now I have but to array myself for this royal wedding—her grace of Norfolk will doubtless have the honor of robing *the queen*."

With these bitterly spoken words Eleanor took up a small golden whistle from the table, and summoned her tying woman.

Attached to Hever Castle was a small gothic chapel, ancient as the foundations of the main building, the inside heavy with sculptured stone work, and the windows dim with gorgeously colored glass. The altar of this chapel had once been a master piece of art, but it, with the whole building, had been defaced and mutilated in the war of the roses.

But notwithstanding the neglected state of this building, it had on the night our story closes, an aspect of solemn magnificence. The traces that time had left were lost amid the semi-transparent shadows that hung around the windows and the groined roof. A foot-cloth of glowing velvet, heavily traced with gold, fell down the altar steps, receiving the light of six massive wax candles that stood at each corner and on the centre platform. These costly lights had just been fixed, and their rays filled the little building with a star-like glow that well befitted the quietude of a holy place.

About ten o'clock at night the king entered this chapel, leading Anne Boleyn by the hand. His garments of snow white velvet were sprinkled thickly with diamonds, two broad collars, studded with rubies, emeralds, and all those costly stones that blend most brilliantly together, fell over his broad bosom, and gleamed through the silken gold of his beard, seeming to light up his rich florid complexion by their own unaided brightness.

Nor was the royal bride less magnificently arrayed. The snow of her bridal robe was frosted with a deep bordering of pearls, and flushed, as it were, like the heart of a white rose, with a faint blossom tinge. Her superb ringlets were fastened by the light demi crown, Henry's first gift—and diamond sparks flashed through the folds of a transparent veil that flowed loosely from its confinement, as if she had been out in a slight rain, and the water drops still clung around her person.

There was no soft blush on Anne Boleyn's cheek, none of that modest sweetness in her eyes that renders the being so lovely who brings a warm heart, all in a delicious thrill of love and fear up to the marriage altar. There was pride, a sort of regal triumph in every beautiful lineament of her face. It flashed in her eyes and glowed, like light upon a rose, in the rich damask of her cheek and the deeper crimson of her exquisite mouth. It bent and swayed in every undulating motion of her superb form. Henry the Eighth, in whom was blended the richest blood of two kingly lines, looked not more thoroughly bred to the purple than his fair bride. In that hour of solemn triumph her heart beat on with a full and measured pulse—

that heart which once had trembled, like a flower upon its delicate stalk, to the slightest glance of Harry Percy's eye. Oh, it was a sad hour when Anne Boleyn smothered all the sweet, natural impulses of a good heart in the purple that was to blacken deep, deep for her funeral pall.

They stood up—that stately couple, and there by the altar received the congratulations of those few persons who had been permitted to witness the marriage ceremony. But the solemn stillness of the hour, the impressive ceremony just performed, cast a shadow over the whole group. Even Henry rose from the altar with a pallor upon his cheek, and there was something in his countenance that seemed as if a pang of sadness or remorse had struck upon his heart while his marriage vow was uttered. Did a memory of one who had slept in his bosom for twenty years, one whose last hope in life was extinguished by the vow he had just sacrilegiously uttered to another, at last reach that proud heart? Or was it the shadow of coming events, black and heavy with blood, that settled, like a pall, upon that nuptial hour?

At length the door opened. A rush of wind swept over the altar extinguishing all the candles but one, and shrouding the whole group in a sort of gloomy twilight. Then they went forth, two by two, into the still darker night. Henry, with his bride, now pale and chilled with the gloom that hung over her, and the rest following after like mourners to a funeral. Was it strange that the heavens should have bent over that group black with portentous clouds? There was the tyrant pressing the hand and whispering words of passion in the ear of his present bride and future victim. There was Rochford tenderly supporting the steps of the wicked woman, who in less than four short years sent his young head to the block by her own foul and false evidence against him. There were Wiltshire and Norfolk, the uncle and father of that victim bride. One afterward the sternest and most relentless of those men who adjudged her to death. The other forced to save a degraded life by abject submission to the murderer of his child. There too was Norris, Henry's confidential gentleman, whose blood was also doomed to reddens the block which was Anne Boleyn's death pillow. Was it not well that the heavens should frown black as the grave over a group like this?

It was on the fourteenth of November, 1532, that this fatal union was thus privately celebrated; and before the first of the ensuing May it was publicly proclaimed throughout the realm. In the following June the marriage of the king with his former queen was declared null by Cranmer at the head of his ecclesiastical

court, the monarch having by this time come to an open rupture with the court of Rome, and defying its power by this act. The ratification of Henry's marriage with Anne, and her coronation rapidly followed: and thus was consummated Eleanor Howard's revenge, and Anne Boleyn's doom!

History relates in what manner the new queen, after a reign of scarcely four years, died on the block, a victim to the caprice of the sated monarch and the machinations of her jealous sister-in-law. To the chronicles of that day, we refer those who would peruse the melancholy story further!

THE END.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

BY ESTHER M. SIDNEY.

Oh! for the merry olden time,
The days of good Queen Bess!
When life was in its golden prime,
And wore its russet dress.
When sturdy yeomen yet were seen,
And honesty could thrive.
The poor man then might live, I ween,
Who cared at all to strive!

Oh! for the merry sports of May,
The laughter and the jest!
Then life was but a happy play,
And all alike were blest.
The poor man had his jug of ale,
And lordly sirloin too;
And gaily swung his oaken flail,
And threshed the corn he grew.

Oh! those were happy days indeed,
Ere steam had cursed the land:
Then maidens blithely tripped the mead
With distaff in their hand.
The poor man then had work to spare,
Could give from out his store:
Now starving millions in despair
Besiege the alms-house door!

Oh! where is merry England now?
A realm of haggard slaves.
Gaunt spectres, wand'ring to and fro,
Like dead men from their graves.
Each rural vale is black with smoke,
Gone are the woods and deer;
And night and day the engine's stroke
Salutes the painful ear.

Go! 'tis a mockery to be told
That useful arts have spread.
What tho' the rich have gained in gold,
If poor men starve for bread!
Give us the hearty, rough old time,
E'en in its russet dress;
When life was in its golden prime,
The days of good Queen Bess!

AFFECTATION.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

To be vain or affected, because endowed with some degree of beauty, is a tacit acknowledgment that, from its being ever uppermost in our thoughts, it is the greatest ornament of which we have to boast. But is it not folly to be proud of so fleeting a possession, which, in the course of a few years, must be given up for the furrows and wrinkles of old age; leaving us when too late to repent, that we had not at a more early period endeavored to acquire those mental accomplishments which would have enlivened our youth, have heightened the charms of maturity, and rendered our declining years dignified and respected?

To bestow, therefore, more pains upon decorating the person than cultivating the mind, must surely appear impolitic in the highest degree; since beauty, however unadorned, will always charm: every eye will discover it, without our taking pains to render it conspicuous; whilst mental qualifications, like gold hid in the mine, can neither be seen nor admired till labor and industry have exposed them to our view.

To those who can happily unite the possession of beauty, with the knowledge that it can afford no real ground for vanity or affectation, it will be only seen to produce a pleasing complacency in the features, totally distinct from everything of self-admiration: while to those who are considering it as their great recommendation, and possibly thinking they need no other, it may indeed have something of the same effect; but this complacency will be of no longer duration than while it is supposed the adoration due to such superior charms is duly paid; and thus to minds vain on account of beauty, every attention paid to another, not perhaps equally favored, will be deemed a neglect of themselves. In this view, a beautiful face may be compared to a smooth sea, whose surface will be ruffled by the slightest breath of wind. This by producing vexation and peevishness, will entirely annihilate those pleasing sensations which beauty naturally excites, and makes it fail in a comparison with those who, without the same personal advantages, render themselves infinitely more agreeable by the enchanting effect which good humored and unaffected manners always produce. The pleasure arising from this will be of a far more lasting kind than mere symmetry of features can excite, which, when once overcast with the clouds of ill humor, loses all its charms.

If our fair readers then would be truly beautiful let them beware of affectation.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE TRIALS OF HOUSEKEEPING.—In this country, every female, rich or poor, ought to understand house-keeping. To saying nothing of the vicissitudes of life, which are continually reducing the wealthy to penury, *bad servants are so plentiful* that, if the mistress of the house does not understand household matters, the domestic economy will be sure to go wrong. Moreover, there are few married females who have not been left, *at one time or another*, without servants. In our large cities, no matter how many servants are kept in a house, it often happens that all go away in a pet together: and in country towns, or on farms, this evil is of still more frequent occurrence. We know that many *fine ladies* think it "vulgar" to be seen in a kitchen; but every woman of *good sense* must perceive the folly of such opinions. In England where there are plenty of good servants, it may answer to educate a daughter in ignorance of household affairs, though even there it is rarely done except among the very wealthiest: but in the United States, where fortunes change hands more rapidly, and where good servants are the exception, to educate daughters thus is ridiculous and criminal. The following, which we extract from a newspaper, hits off this folly with great spirit: and the remarks will apply even to richer people than the characters. Such wives as John's, we hope, are rare.

"Going the wrong way, John," cried a young mechanic to his friend, as he met him in the street.

"Got hungry," rejoined the other. "Going to the tavern to get some breakfast."

"Has your wife gone away?"

"No! but she don't know how to cook. Yesterday she boiled the lettuce and radish, and dished the turnip raw. This morning the eggs were cooked as hard as bullets. If they would go into my two-barrelled gun, I could shoot crows with them. And ever since I was married I have lain under the interdict of the children of Israel in the wilderness. I have had no leavened bread."

"Well, John, I am in the same predicament. Lucy don't know how to cook, so I tried it yesterday, but had no luck; and she says she'll try to learn, and I shall send her forthwith one quarter to school to my mother, for I verily believe that half I carry into the house is wasted."

"If your wife is willing to learn you'll do well enough and are a happy man. You have a wife, whereas I've only a *wife-in-law*, for a woman who takes no interest in her husband's welfare is not a wife indeed, or a wife in need. She is only a *wife-in-law*. Emma isn't willing to learn to cook or mend either. She says her mother told her it was quite vulgar now-a-days to know anything about domestic concerns, especially for a young wife. That the latest fashion is for wives to be ladies, and have their servants. That she must tell John she was not made to be a drudge, and he must not be so selfish as to want her to work. Fine times these, George. A man that don't stand ready to support his wife, two or three attendants and much company in extravagance, is directly a niggard. Don't know what will be done. Men can't all be thriving business men and become independent at once; we must have some laborers, and they, poor men, must take vows of perpetual celibacy, for all I see, like Catholic priests."

"I had a pretty little place when I was married, but it's mortgaged now, and I must not open my mouth to say a word. If I do, I am a niggard, and want a wife on purpose to do my drudgery."

ON HEATING ROOMS.—The approach of winter reminds us of a subject too often neglected by housekeepers—viz: *the proper ventilation of apartments*. On this theme an admirable work, by Morrill Wyman, M. D., has just appeared. He asserts that the greatest economy in heating rooms cannot be united with the best ventilation. This is an important fact, not generally known; for latterly housekeepers have consulted only the economy of fuel. *To produce a healthy ventilation, with the least possible waste of heat*, is the problem to be solved. Dr. Wyman divides the various kinds of heating apparatus into three classes. 1ST. THE OPEN GRATE OR FIREPLACE. 2ND. THE CLOSE STOVE. 3RD. THE CELLAR FURNACE. Of these the *close stove*, though the most economical, is most injurious to health, a fact we can verify from our own experience, as it has often given us the vertigo. The air-tight stove especially renders ventilation very imperfect. Pipes, with hot-air or steam, as used in some factories and private dwellings, are equally injurious, and from the same cause. The *grate* for coal, or open *fire-place* for wood is not liable to this objection: the room is then perfectly ventilated, but as the consumption of fuel is enormous, they have gone generally out of use. The wide fire-places and open flues, however, still found in ancient country-houses are quite unhealthy, the ventilation in this case being too great. The *cellar furnace*, however, best combines economy and ventilation; and where more than one or two rooms are to be heated, should take the place even of the grate. On this subject a reviewer of Dr. Wyman says:

"The system of warming by hot air, whether the air be heated immediately by the furnace, by water, or by steam pipes, is one of the greatest improvements in domestic comfort of the last twenty years. The furnace is a ventilating as well as heating apparatus, and it is only necessary to provide for a sufficient evaporation of water, to be introduced with the air, to render the atmosphere of a room always comfortable and healthy. Those to whom the sight of an open fire is pleasant, and who are not willing to abandon the domestic hearth, may use hot air for their halls, entries and many other rooms, and retain the fire-place and its accessories in their sitting-rooms; and this combination furnishes the most perfect method of warming and ventilating now known. The peculiarities of the foregoing systems of warming and ventilating are fully described and examined by Dr. Wyman."

WHAT IS POETRY?—This is a question the critics, from Lord Bacon down, have puzzled themselves in answering. Perhaps the only true manner of replying is by example. For instance, a precocious youth at Sag Harbor, has put this forth as poetry.

"In the month of September,
I for the 'Indies' set sail;
And well I remember,
The tremendous gale.

The force of the blast,
In the darkness and gloom
Carried away our top-gallant mast,
And flying jib-boom."

Here is an extract from another poem by the same author, in which there is something *quite* above mediocrity, as a friend at our side says.

"Father Neptune did say,
To his courtiers one day,
'If e'er I should settle on
dry-land;

Of all the fine places
Which the Universe graces,
I would chose the East end of
Long Island."

The "Bath Guide" was a poem which added greatly to the celebrity of Beau Nash's town. After this, a watering place will surely arise on the "East end of Long Island," to rival Saratoga. Speculators, buy up the lots!

A WORD ON FORS.—"Any sort of creature," writes a pretty girl to us, "is preferable to a fop. He is so crazy with conceit, that he thinks he bestows high honor on one of us, if he only asks us to dance. Can't you say something to abash these gentry?" We reply that we are afraid we cannot; but we heartily wish they could all be served as the dragon served one, according to the legend, in King Arthur's time.

"He came on Sir Florice of Sessenay Land,
Pretty Sir Florice from over the sea,
And smashed him all as he stepped on the sand,
Cracking his head like a nut from the tree.
No one till now, had found, I trow,
Anything good in the scented youth,
Who had taken much pains to be rid of his brains,
Before they were sought by the dragon's tooth."

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

OUR fashion plate contains a pattern each for cloaks, for morning, and for evening dresses.

FIG. I.—THE FASHIONABLE VELVET SACQUE.—This costume is the one most fashionable for the ensuing winter. We have retained it until this month, as the period most suitable for its appearance. It is, as the plate shows, worn over a mazarine blue dress. The bonnet, with a white plume, is also blue. For other fashionable wraps, see below.

FIG. II.—A PROMENADE DRESS.—This is a beautiful costume, to be worn with a cardinal. It is high on the neck, but opens in front to show the lace chemisette. A cravat of ribbon is tied around the neck. The bonnet is of white silk plush, trimmed with flowers. Cardinal of black silk velvet, trimmed with lace.

FIG. III.—AN EVENING DRESS: the most superb one of the season. It is made of pink satin, low on the neck, with two deep falls of lace: the skirt trimmed with lace and *nœuds*: sleeves short. The hair is trimmed with plumes and lace.

These three costumes are, by all odds, the most elegant of their kind this season. We now subjoin patterns for other out-of-door and in-door dresses for the coming winter.

PROMENADE DRESS.—A dress of a splendid French blue satin, moderately long, but very full, having tight sleeves and high, close fitting corsage; pardessus of rich black Genoa velvet, formed considerably shorter than the dress, and rounded in the front attached close over the chest; the cape is made of an immense depth at the back, but cut off in a rounded shape in the front, which are put on somewhat wide apart, and set into the top piece of fur, which is composed of Martin sable, and forms a round, flat collar round the neck, and sloped upon each side of the front, so as to continue and form a band of fur, entirely round the edge

of the cloak, the cape being decorated to match; loose long sleeves, bordered round the lower part with sable; capote of pink *velours épinglé*, decorated with a double feather of pink marabouts, drooping upon the left side.

PROMENADE PELISSE.—A pelisse of a rich violet *pouls de soie*, handsomely trimmed with velvet of the same color, put on in the shape of three *biais*, the centre one descending from the point of the waist down the front of the *jupe*, the other two placed on each side, at a sufficient distance to allow of *petit nœuds* of ribbon velvet, attached in the centre with a small gold button or clasp, to divide the rows or *biais*; high, close-fitting corsage, decorated with a *petit* pelérine of velvet, fastened upon the top of the shoulder with a small *nœud* of velvet, similar to those on the front of the corsage; plain, tight, long sleeves, the bottom part finished with a gauntlet velvet cuff, having a row of narrow white lace, falling over the hand; bonnet of black velvet, edged round the brim with a deep fall of black lace, the crown decorated with a black *esprit* feather, and the interior with a rosette on the right side, composed of loops of pale green satin, and on the left with an elongated bunch of the same; *brides* to match.

ANOTHER STYLE OF PELISSE is made of rich black satin, having a broad stripe of velvet, disposed in such a manner that the stripe fastens, or rather covers the opening the whole way up the skirt and body; upon this velvet stripe is placed small *choux* of black satin ribbon, in the centre of which is a small chased round steel buckle; the body is perfectly plain, and slightly rounded at the point of the waist, and instead of three breast plaits, only one deep plait is perceptible. The sleeves are slightly full in the bend of the arm, so as to give room to the elbow, and open below or at the lower part of the sleeve, which is trimmed with three *pattes* of velvet, finished at the extremity with a small satin bow, ornamented in the centre with a buckle, catching together the opening, which also serves to show the under sleeve of *batiste*, which is finely plaited and embroidered.

A BALL DRESS of splendid white watered satin, intermixed with threads of silver; the *jupe* made extremely full, and rather short; the front of the skirt ornamented with three long fullings of white *areo-phane*; the lower one being considerably longer than the upper one, and each attached with a cluster of white grapes, encircled with two or three vine leaves; low tight corsage; the waist forming a deep point in the front; and the top ornamented with folds of white *areo-phane*, which are formed sufficiently deep, so as to entirely conceal the short sleeves, encircled as well as the *berthe*, with a white and silver narrow fringe; the centre of the front having a small cluster of grapes, similar to those on the skirt. The hair is simply arranged in bands upon the forehead, and a single white rose upon each side of the black hair.

In our January number we shall give a general review of the fashions for 1847, with some especially superb ball and opera dresses. As that number will be out early in December it will be in ample time for the festivities of the season. No one interested in the fashions should fail to subscribe early. In this department we shall still put all rivalry at defiance.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Fountain: A Gift. Edited by H. Hastings Weld. Philada: W. Sloanater, 1847.—This annual presents unusual claims to the patronage of the public. Though intended chiefly for that portion of the community favorable to the cause of Temperance, it displays such elegance in its pictorial department, and such ability in its contributions, as to make it really the most desirable gift book of the season for all classes, considering its price. The illustrations are eight in number, all mezzotints, by Sartain; and the selection of subjects has been equally successful with the execution of the plates. There is not, in any of the annuals for 1847, a domestic picture equal to one in the "Fountain," entitled "Domestic Happiness." No contemporary gift book has an engraving superior to "Margaret;" while "Moses in Midian," as a scriptural illustration, is very superior. In one respect this annual surpasses all we have yet seen—viz: its contents are wholly original, and by American writers. Among the contributors we notice the names of Mrs. Stephens, Sigourney, Kirkland, F. E. F., Osgood, and others of our most celebrated female authors. Temperance Annuals and magazines have hitherto been such trashy affairs that when we see one as now, of first-rate merit, the noticing of it becomes a positive pleasure to us.

The Boudoir Annual for 1847. Philada: T. Bliss & Co.—This annual is published in the quarto form, and resembles the "Diadem" in general appearance. The engravings are particularly meritorious. The first plate, "Poland:" the vignette, "Venice:" and "The Mother" are really gems of art: these are all mezzotints, by Sartain. Rivaling them in beauty are "Julia," and "The Wild Rose," both exquisite mezzotints, by Gross. The other engravings are by Ritchie, and though this artist shows great merit in bringing out the details of his pictures, their effect is marred by a clouded, *smear*y look, if we may use the word. The engravings in this annual are, on the whole however, very superior; and selected with more taste than its rivals for 1847 generally display. The literary contents are of high merit, though not all original. In its typography it is very beautiful. T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut street.

Myrtis, with other Etchings and Sketchings. By Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney. Harper & Brothers.—This is a most exquisite little volume, chaste as a freshly unfolded lily, and glowing with bright thoughts as a rose in its prime. The preface is one of the most playful and cordial little introductions to the treasures within that ever was written. It is a pretty gem, set within the lock of the casket where the more costly jewels are kept. There is no one in America that can write like Mrs. Sigourney, everything about her is so womanly, so pure, and occasionally so grand, that for this century at least, she will stand unequalled and unapproached in her own peculiar walk. She is a blessing and pride to her country, a double blessing to those who know and love her. This Myrtis, her last production, is mostly original and every way beautiful, bound for the centre-table, and printed on paper pure as the sentiment.

Schiller's Thirty Years' War. Harper & Brothers.—We are right well pleased to see another number of the New Miscellany on our table. There is not another series of books now in the course of publication that ought to be, or will be more widely circulated than this valuable collection. Comprising as it does a great variety of subjects, all by the best authors, and of the most interesting character, it would be marvellous were it otherwise. Besides it does one good to see such paper and such print so tastefully bound too, after the deluge of cheap trash with which we have been inundated. The very look of these volumes is enough to fill one who has any taste in such matters with pleasant sensations. This volume, number nineteen of the Miscellany, is a brief and exciting history of the Thirty Years' War, in which almost all the kingdoms of Europe were so warmly engaged. It is a capital history of many nations, during that period, all wrangling together, and all influencing each other. One would be compelled to wade through many a huge tome of history to obtain half the information contained in this single volume. The prices of these books are only fifty cents, and some of them are crowded with embellishments.

Trees of America. By D. J. Brown, Illustrated. Harper & Brothers.—Here is another of those splendid works that the Harpers have from time to time sent forth to the world since the publication of their great Pictorial Bible, as if that noble enterprise had excited their pride to rival England in the form and material of their standard works. Besides its great beauty and the value of its numerous illustrations, this is a work of sterling merit. To the agriculturalist—and of that class is every man, woman and child who plants a handful of flower seed, or cultivates a hot-house rose—the Trees of America will form a most useful and interesting library book. It contains all sorts of information regarding the habits, properties, geographical position and history of all the forest and fruit trees known to our country. In its pages too may be found rules for the cultivation of any tree or vine, fruitful or ornamental, that can be desired. In truth it is a book worthy of all the praise our pen is capable of bestowing.

Dealings with the Firm of Dombey & Sons, Wholesale, Retail and for Exportation. By Charles Dickens. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The numbers of this new novel, as far as received, show that Boz, on his re-appearance after so long a silence, is as good as ever. In describing cockney life he is at home, and we may look, in "Dombey & Sons" for one of his best works. The novel will be finished in twenty numbers.

ANNUALS FOR THE SEASON.—We call attention to Mr. T. B. Peterson's advertisement on the second page of our cover. Occupying the same building with himself, we can testify to the splendid assortment he has on hand of Annuals, Bibles, Prayer-Books, and other richly bound volumes suitable for presents. His terms are the very lowest. Our country friends would do well to send their orders to him, as he will supply them with punctuality and despatch. He has also all the late publications.

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